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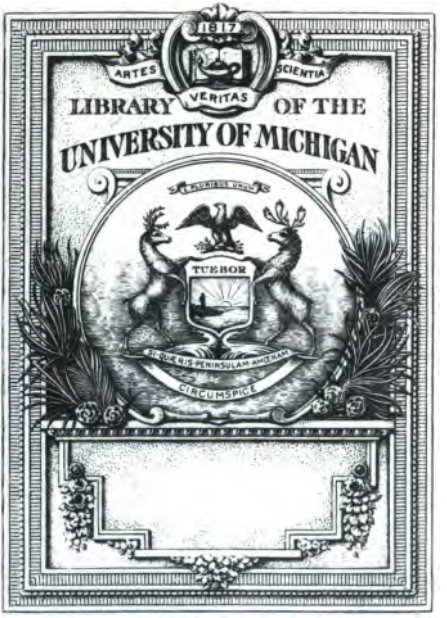

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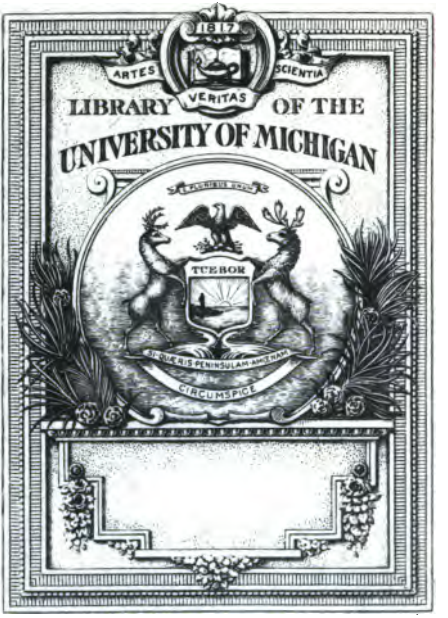

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THE

NAPOLEAD,

IN TWELVE BOOKS;

BY THOMAS H. GENIN, ESQ.

St. Clairsville:
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PREFACE.

The epic story of the following poem begins with Napoleon's Russian campaign, and terminates with his departure for Elba. Its events, though recent, are of such magnitude, and importance, that they affect the imagination, perhaps, as much as adventures which relate to more distant and fabulous times.

So many persons and things enter into the action, that there is little room by frequent recurrence to the same person to delineate individual character. Great masses being oftener in view, than individuals, few persons interest more than others, as in the works of Camoens and Virgil.—Still, the boldness of Murat, the perseverance and courage of Ney, the magnanimity and ardor of Benningsen and Poniatowski, the obstinate valor of Blucher, and the peculiar traits of some others may be noticed.

To preserve the epic action entire, and state the material occurrences, it was necessary to describe many battles; some of these are described generally, others particularly, according to their importance, and the information obtained of the movements of the combatants.

From the nature of the story, Napoleon is the centre and object of all operations. The war is commenced to advance his power, and is only terminated by his dethronement. The motions of the machinery (always preceding the action) tend to this catastrophe, and uniformly, what agitates the heavenly councils, bears affirmatively on his

destiny, and only negatively influences the fate of others.

The Deity, Angels, Providence, Passions, Principles, Virtues, and Vices mostly constitute the machinery, wherein the first is represented as directing all events through the others, his subordinate agents. This machinery is well adapted to late events: The allegorical personages may be tolerated by the reason, which would reject in events so recent, the open interference of theological beings; These are never made visible to man; but communicate with him intellectually, and through the immortal part of his nature; thus their dignity is preserved and the probability of their actions maintained. If a part of this plan be thought too metaphysical, it may not disgust reason; the date of the action, made it necessary; without it fancy could not be gratified, but at the expense of judgment, and that harmony would be broken, whence spring the pleasures of taste. The incorruptible objects of religious adoration should not be represented as holding intercourse with corporeal man, except through the medium of the principles, and passions, which have a mental existence, and are known to influence his thoughts and actions.

The Deity, from the greatness of his character, is seldom introduced: In the first book, in answer to Philanthropy, he develops his views with respect to man: In the sixth, by directing Wisdom not to assist the counsels of the passions, he lays the foundation of Napoleon's disasters; and in the twelfth he is exhibited to show his regard for fortitude, and the man who is superior to fortune,

that the moral grandeur of the hero may appear more conspicuous, and in his moral be seen a prospective physical triumph.

The events are narrated in the order they occurred; there is, nevertheless, an anachronism in the date of the dismission of the Legislative body.

In the Temple of Fame is held the court of Providence; because it is a classic edifice, and renown, it may be supposed, was a main object of the exploits, which the poem celebrates: For this reason the Temple is represented as impaired by the conflict of the allegorical Deities in the sixth book. The debate and combat of the gods there mentioned are intended to show, that the passions, uninfluenced by wisdom, retained Napoleon in Moscow too long, whereby his power was diminished. The same principle governs the movements of the machinery with respect to other events.

Seventeen years have elapsed, since the poem and the above preface were written; during which period the author has been laboring in a profession, unfriendly to the muses, and the greater part of the time the publication of the work was not contemplated; it has, therefore, not ripened in proportion to its age. But such attention has been paid to its sentiments and language, that it will not, it is hoped, corrupt the style, or morals of the reader. If Deceit, War, and Intrigue, are introduced, acting according to their nature, they are not commended, but rebuked. Who goes far in a straight line, must cross precipices and rivers, as

well as plains, so, who treats of things as they are, must describe vices, as well as virtues.

In 1823, a well written poem in ten cantos, in French, was published, of which Napoleon is the hero. In this work the principal acts of his political and military life are mentioned and justified.—The author in his preface advances the opinion, which is perhaps entertained by others, that it is difficult if not impossible to find the subject of a good epic poem in the life of Napoleon; because, whatever epoch might be selected for the principal action; after describing the triumphs of the hero, the reader's eye would penetrate beyond the picture; see him unhappy, and banished to the Island of St. Helena, which he says "*detruirait l'illusion, et par consequent, la vie et l'ame du poeme.*"

One prepossession may be removed by another: He who admits, that the Iliad is the most perfect of poems, will not admit, that the knowledge, which the author unnecessarily gives the reader of the future misfortunes of Achilles, destroys its life and soul. Homer attempts no illusion respecting the fall of his hero on the Trojan plain. He sings with candor the wrath of Achilles, and the will of Jove. He sometimes makes known the catastrophe at the beginning of the action; as, when Patroclus goes to the field in Achilles' arms, it is explained, that he will not return in safety.—The future calamities of his heroes, like Milton's, are obtruded on the eye of the reader.

Successful campaigns abound in the life of Napoleon; but his conduct in adversity recommended him to me, as the hero of a poem. It was suggested that eighteen hundred years after the

propagation of christianity, and two hundred after the publication of the works of lord Bacon, such as deemed it important, would perceive more glory in a moral triumph, than in one of mere force, which could be achieved by a brute, as well as a man—by a Tamerlane, as well as a Washington. A period, therefore, was selected for the action, in which the Emperor, though almost uniformly victorious in the field, was at last compelled to abdicate the throne by the force of events, and his own magnanimous regard for the happiness of his country.

He has been reproached for not committing suicide when he ceased to rule France. Was this done by persons capable of comprehending the true heroic character? Homer says:—

"The great will glory to submit to Jove."

The general and better opinion is, that suicide is a cowardly retreat from the blows of fortune.—Some Stoicks, however, took the notion that the act, which admitted they were vanquished, was evidence of their victory; and probably their error has been the source of the false ideas entertained by some, who doubtless had thought a child foolish to beat the floor with his head for the loss of a toy.*

*The following ode, (written while the Emperor was at Elba,) expresses among other things, what I would farther hint, on the advantages of that elevation of mind in which true heroism consists.

How weak the props of human trust!
All earthly things go down to dust:
The chief who order'd many a throne,
Who view'd great nations as his own,
The friend of merit and her train,
Or seen in princes or the swain

Poetry is sometimes judged by rules, or opinions, which very little concern the general reader, as they affect the head, not the heart, while what constitutes the excellence of the poem—its spirit, style, sentiments, and conduct is not duly considered. Hence the Cid was condemned by the French, and the Jerusalem Delivered by the Florentine Academy, though time has proved these works to be the best in their respective languages.

Is reft of lofty sway how soon!
What darkness clouds his blazing noon!

Though his great mind, and matchless power,
That aw'd the world, now awe no more,
False friends forsake, and lowering night
Succeed fair victory's dazzling light,
His fame shall still refulgent rise;
Misfortune lifts him to the skies!

In moral strength he soars elate,
And triumphs o'er the storms of fate;
With firmness fortune's anger braves;
The mind, (his better kingdom,) saves;
Nor needs the aid of suicide,
The fools relief for wounded pride.

Gay fancy oft shall haunt his isle
To see him o'er earth's bawbles smile:
And thither admiration stray
To view the evening of his day;
To see the great by doom severe,
Upon misfortune's bosom drear
In converse with the glorious past.
He knows his fame with earth will last;
That kings perceive he fills the world,
A throne whence one cannot be hurl'd,
feels that he all eyes confines,
hough in ruins, realms out shines.

Among these opinions is that concerning the successful termination of the action, which Milton has disregarded—and that entertained against poems on subjects of recent date; as to the latter I would observe, that genuine poetry can not be affected by dates more than genuine beauty can be affected by ornaments. Gold is not the less gold for its modern stamp. If one prefers a guinea of ancient date, it is from a regard for antiquity, not the gold: neither the metal of the coin, nor the spirit of the poetry is changed by the time, to which it refers. The opinion arises from mistaking a circumstance for the person, antiquity for poetry; though the latter can only derive from the former an adventitious aid in occasionally escaping from a dull to a venerable air. If the notoriety of modern facts prevent fabulous statements, no harm can result: poetry, like prose, gains lustre from truth; and superhuman movements, whether the date of the action be recent, or remote, should be confined to the ideal beings, who may at pleasure be given a pygmean, or gigantic stature.

St. Clairsville, Oct. 17, 1833.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK I.

ANALYSIS.

The angel of Death delegates his ministers to confirm Napoleon's determination to invade Russia. Philanthropy grieved at the prospect of war, implores the Deity to prevent it, who refuses her request—while Napoleon raises armies preparatory to hostilities—Policy advises him how to proceed, and solicits Intrigue to aid him. She mentions the extent of her ability to assist, and enters on her work. Then Napoleon, agreeable to the advice of Policy, demands of Alexander through his minister the adoption of the continental System in terms calculated to offend. Napoleon, angry at his reply, accuses him of provoking hostilities. Alexander prepares to defend himself; He repairs to Wilna, calls a council wherein De Tolly Benningsen, and Tolstoy debate, and conclude to devastate Lithuania as the French advance—Napoleon after an interview with his wife and child proceeds to his army.

Sing heavenly muse, of arms, and him who
mov'd
All Europe, warring on the Russian realm,
By federate kings constrain'd; his empire's fall,
His passive valor midst the storms of fate,
And moral grandeur:—Aid ye deathless powers,
And give to immortality the song!
He, the great victor of unnumber'd fields,
Had long gigantic stalk'd o'er prostrate thrones
And humbled realms, supreme of mortal men;
His great achievements blooming in renown,
Surpass'd the fam'd exploits of heroes old;

While, like a comet blazing through the heavens,
The wonder, and the dread of neighboring orbs,
He soar'd refulgent o'er the astonish'd world
And fill'd the breasts of mightiest kings with awe;
When he resolv'd to shield the fruitful south
Against th' encroachments of the threat'ning north;
The cause of much disaster and lament:
For this he led puissant hosts to war,
Beyond the sphere, that fate ordain'd his sway.
God mov'd him so, to check his proud career.
When first th' ambition seiz'd his restless soul,
Death's angel knew, and fearing human change,
From his pale nation delegates his sprites,
Instructed to infest the monarch's dome,
Where nightly he reposed, and him inspire
With greater wrath against the Russian Prince:
To elevate his mind with flattering dreams
Of his brave legions deck'd with victory's bays—
Of conquer'd kingdoms trembling at his nod,
And ocean's ruler humbled on the waves.
The ghostly ministers in darkness flew,
Spreading diseases through the wilds of air;
While hell rejoiced, as erst, when they led kings
T' avenge the Bourbon doom: the shades of men
Of ancient days, that haunt their native land,
Fled murmuring from their course, and to their sons
Moan'd in the vagrant wind, and sorrow mov'd,
That thousands wept, nor knew why flow'd the tears;
Thunders low roll'd along th' unclouded sky—
Philanthropy with dove-like voice complain'd
O'er spacious Europe, and on holy wings

Of love and virtue borne, to heaven ascends;
A pensive wanderer through the field of stars—
And flies majestic past th' ambrosial groves,
Angelic seats, where evil never comes,
And jasper mansions, while her robes of light,
Refulgent flowing on the balmy gales,
The pavement clear reflected with new charms;
And soon before the Lord of nature stands,
Veil'd by his radiance from celestial eyes,
And generous thus his sovereign aid implores:
Great sire of worlds, I mount the blest abodes,
Afflicted so, that e'en no time I spare
To wander through my native heavenly groves
And view the grateful haunts of happier years:
For Europe's race I mourn; Ambition late
In fame's bright dome propos'd to lift Gaul's king
To peerless eminence, though Europe wail'd
Besmear'd with gore, and death and ruin march'd
O'er all her lands; then him inspired to war
On Russia's empire. While he doubtful stands
What course to take, lo! Earth's grim tyrant sends
His ministry, commission'd to invest
His palace, and induce conclusion bad.
I saw and wept; nor can I more than seek
Thy high tribunal, and invoke thy aid
To stop that odious embassy, and save
Long suffering nations from contention's flames—
Which, gracious sire, permit me to implore,
If yet in thy pure eyes I lovely seem—
If yet Earth's fairest realms deserve thy care;
If yet thou lov'st the land where science dwells,
And countless temples to thy glory rise.
O still regard thy undeserving world;
Nor by neglecting man, let carnage blot

Her brightest sphere. O let the Earth have peace,
Wisdom prevail, and men learn war no more.
To whom th' Almighty sovereign thus replies:
Offspring belov'd, perverse are human kind—
They madly rush on wo, then heaven arraign.
Created free; they still are passion's slaves,
And from the light of reason devious stray.
Yet on Columbia, freedom's proud abode!
I look, delighted: Reason there high thron'd
Rejects the monsters Europe's darkness bred,
That have my laws infring'd, and robb'd mankind
Of sacred rights: Like her France will'd to be;
Assuming human dignity, she drove
Her tyrants from her lands, when round the kings
Conspir'd with impious aim; then one I chose
To guide her arms to victory, and chastise
Them sore, but not destroy; he now must fall,
And vicious France endure great misery:
Fate's ministry shall unimpeded march,
And all that I have preordain'd transpire.
Beseech me not to end the reign of war;
Man works his doom; by knowledge dearly bought;
Bought by long ages of destructive strife,
He will consent to change his deadly arms
For implements of husbandry: that time
Is yet remote—past many evil days.
Then shall all nations in loud chorus join
To celebrate our name, and hell will mourn
Its empire lost among the sons of men.
He spoke, with reverent sign the fair retir'd
From 'midst the great effulgence; sighing soft,
With head erect, she spreads her wings of light
And rapid flies along th' immortal plains,
'Then through day's rosy gates; 'twixt heaven and
earth

She moves sublime, till circumfus'd in clouds,
Slow on the breeze o'er Fontainbleau she pass'd,
There view'd a Synod of the Furies dark,
All ghastly smiling at portended war:
Griev'd by the scene her tender bosom heav'd;
The lucid tears roll'd from her lovely eyes;
The clouds seem'd sorrowing with the fair they bore,
Dissolving round in gently falling showers,
While she exclaims:—"Ah blind and hapless man!
Thy want of virtue, heaven will e'er avenge
With blood-stain'd fields and their attendant woes."
Mars, hideous monster, heard and angry grasp'd
His arms, thus speaking, loud as thundering storms:
Frail slanderer avaunt! Is not my field
Bright Honor's richest mine? Fortune's great test?
And Fame's most brilliant road? Why then a curse?
A punishment by heav'n of man deprav'd?
'Tis what man seeks, and will he seek distress?
Thus he declaim'd, fluttering on cloudy wings;
Nor more the fair one heard; with light'ning speed
Shrieking she fled his terrible approach.
While at his dome arriv'd, the deathful crew
Surround Napoleon, and in him inspire
Visions of glory, and victorious war;
Of millions bowing at his potent nod;
Of ocean's sovereign struggling in despair
Against his greater power; of Russia's ire
And stern defiance of his arms; of kings
And principalities subjected by her fall;
And Europe's crown by him in triumph worn;
As one bespeaks him thus:—Illustrious chief!
Behold thy favoring Star in happiest blaze!

Lo! Fortune smiling beckons thee to arms!
How long wilt thou in ease inglorious bide
Possessing power to grasp these prizes great!
How long wilt thou see Russia disobey
And let thy thunder sleep? E'en now she aids
The queen of ocean—views with hostile scorn
Thy menaces severe, and dares thy power.
Prowess withheld grants impotence to boast;
Vice, timely banish'd, gives to virtue birth;
But when too late assail'd, it greater swells
With soul vindictive, and above control.
His bad example to the neighb'ring realms,
Unless soon punish'd will thy plans confound,
And wide rebellion thy proud hopes destroy.
Learn then th' importance of immediate war—
Russia subdu'd, broad Europe's crown is thine,
Thy revolutionary throne confirm'd.
E'en farthest Asia may confess thy sway,
Thy troops hold every land, thy ships rule every sea!

He heard, and with desire of conquest burn'd;
Rag'd his great mind, soaring on fancy's wings
Sublime, above all height of mortal power!
He deem'd him marching over subject worlds,
Thrones and dominions trembling as he strode
And reverencing his dignity; but day,
In rosy vestments showering gold advanced,
Dispelling sleep and fancy's glorious scenes;
Then disappointments algor palls the soul—
In his fierce eyes the burning passions play;
And am I thus, he cries, who late supreme
Of mortals towered? Alas! what toil remains
Ere Europe shall be mine, and all Earth's kings
Rule by just laws! Ere then what plains shall reek

With heroes gore! What hosts untimely fall!
E'en Jena, Austerlitz, and Freidland's fields,
May be surpass'd in slaughter and renown.
Thus he, and of Rhine's federate States, Denmark,
Austria and Prussia, Italy and France,
Demands four hundred thousand warriors arm'd
To cross the Niemen. At his high behest
Obedient mov'd the nations call'd to war:
On Poland's plains collecting their dun lines,
Tipt with tri-color'd plumes and bayonets, seem'd
Like a wide ocean mov'd by boisterous winds,
Wave following wave, white-edg'd, o'er the dark deep;
While boding Russia circumveil'd her realm,
With banded warriors, and with equal pride,
Return'd th' imposing frown of Gallic war.
Fair Policy, the various color'd dame,
Meantime descending from her mystic throne,
Whence she surveys the state and deeds of men,
Addresses thus Gaul's high designing king:
To point thy course I leave my chambers bright,
Whence late I saw thee, heedless of my rule,
Alarm the Russian king; when in red car
By steeds of lightning drawn, to him I flew,
Advising thus:—"'Tis prudent to provide
For evil days, thou see'st those days are near—
Increase thy martial stores, and call to arms
Thy country's bravest myriads; let them guard
Her wide frontier, and wait portended war."
He took my lore: 'Tis now your part to lull
His apprehensions with the voice of peace,
So negligence may wave her palsying wand,
And hold her slack dominion o'er his arms

That in the first thou giv'st decisive blow;
For hard will be the task to force such hosts,
If vigilant and brave; then well excuse
Your hostile movements. But the task remains
To justify thy ways to men, and shroud
With well wov'n cloak of justice thy designs;
Lest all believe thou striv'st from lust of sway,
And thy allies with dread thy power behold;
Whence may much ill result—they then will cry:
"Napoleon deems unjust, who have to lose!
Because we have, he next may us assail!
Why should we aid him to devour ourselves?
Time wisdom gives; but fools are wise too late."
If facts are scarce, diplomacy will aid:
Now in thy capital Kowrakin bides;
Through him make some demand his king will scorn;
As quick t' observe thy Albion-blighting law
Pretence thou thus shalt gain t' unsheath the sword.
Before thou enterest on this great campaign,
Form strict alliance with the neighboring realms,
And seek th' assistance of profound intrigue,
By whose sole arm great monarchies have fallen;
Her piercing eyes will Russia's realm explore,
And round its sovereign wake rebellion's flames.
She ended—thus th' aspiring chief replied:
Lov'd counsellor, omit not to suggest
New means, conducive to my weal, my aims
Are wonderous—wonderous therefore be thy arts;
Exertions bold produce superior things;
What can we not effect with all our power?
Thy presence glads me like the rosy morn—
Thy voice delights like music of the grove—

Be ever present, courting fortune's gales
To waft me peerless down the stream of time;
Thy various light will cast on future years
One pure effulgence; all thy hues unite
As Sol's, and shine like his, if we succeed:
Let then the occasion and thy toil accord.
Thy early precepts ripen'd in my breast,
Have crown'd my hopes in cabinet and field:
Opinion, queen of earth, and numbers vast
I follow, arm'd with all their giant power.
What now thou offerest statesmen oft have tried
With undeserv'd success; but seek her aid,
And bid her see me ere the golden dawn.
The monarch spoke, her witty eyes she rolls,
With reverence bows, and nimbly mounts her car;
With glowing countenance waves a signal bright,
When vivid light'nings fitful quiver round
And thunders hoarsely growl; the burning wheels
Spontaneous roll; a blaze before her flies;
Behind the angry circling streams expire—
In awful grandeur o'er heaven's rolling hills she rides;
Soon o'er the chambers of the boisterous winds
Ascends, and enters fast the azure halls,
(Near fairy land, involv'd in shining bloom,
Whose tenants wondering, view'd her flaming march,
And ran, disorder'd, through th' enchanting bowers.)
There, on an emerald throne, Intrigue she 'spies,
Her Syrens round creating tender strains;
When quickly through the hall unnumber'd sounds
Symphoneous, rose; the voices of thin shades
Lightly disporting on the lazy air.

After short space, the queen bids silence and ex
claims:
Draw near, fair sister, and thy embassy reveal;
But come not with those red, unbridled steeds!
When thus the dame: Gaul's mighty king in-
tends
To conquer Russia, and admits thy aid.
I bade him quick thy subtle arms employ,
By whose sole power great monarchies have fall'n,
Thou know'st to him our choicest skill belongs;
Through him we have the fame of great events
Which nothing but his power could have controll'd;
We wear the laurels oft his valor wins;
Withhold not then thy aid; to him repair
Before yon moon resigns her borrow'd day,
Or rosy beaming morning dances on,
And all thou know'st of Russia's clime, reveal;
The while myself will fill thy crystal throne,
And hear the music of thy tuneful Hall;
Th' electric steeds shall slumber in my car,
Or, inoffensive, sport in azure plains.
Stay if thou wilt, the sister queen replies;
But this thou'lt deem the organ of the heavens,
Or where the winds hold festival, and tell
Of all their boisterous frolics round the world:
Of inundating lands with ocean's waves;
Of burying navies and o'erturning towers.
Not far below the stormy brethren dwell,
In hail of fairy-land, whose silver trains
Their lucid mantles tore, and ran confus'd
Along their dusky bowers at thy approach
With vivid lightnings darting round thy wheels:
Superior splendor shocks these darkling tribes:
They erst were low soul'd mortals, scarcely touch'd

With fire ethereal, more than brutal forms:
Hell spurn'd the mites, heav'n left them to their mood;
They have no power except the power to hate;
Too small e'en for damnation, save their own!
Like fangless vipers strike but cannot wound;
Their efforts prove their venom, not their strength:
To sooth their enmity they now propound
To conjure up the winds to spread thy fires,
And whelm thyself and car in ruinous flames.
Thus she, the many color'd guest rejoins:
If such their means, their hatred I'll withstand;
My fires diminish as the winds increase;
Then all their fury shall subside in shame.
She ended, and Intrigue forsook her throne—
Bewitching Nymphs and Syrens round her throng'd;
Then spreads her pinions on the southern gale,
And streams, a meteor, through the starry field.
Alighting soon in Russsia, she assumes
Unnumber'd shapes; the master-passions learns,
Seeks every entrance to th' unguarded heart,
And tempts to treason by persuasive gold,
Or grateful promises of future pomp.
Then, swift, from realm to realm round Europe flies,
Discerning means to waken discord's flames
In regal palaces, and wield their stores
Against their lords to aid the king of kings.
Soon to St. Cloud with confidence repairs;
Grac'd with Minerva's soul-enlivening robes,
Demure, she thus address'd the chief of France:
Sire, the wide world presents a comely field
Wherein to wander, and thy will perform.
And since with kings my fellowship began,

Than thou I have no greater patron found:
By thy sole influence, over half the world
I stretch my sceptre; make its sovereigns own
Thy supereminence, or fear thy arms;
Make realms engage, (assisted by Deceit,
The friend and kind companion of my toils,)
In thy behalf, allur'd by Freedom's charms;
For those were ill inform'd who have declar'd
"She with thee walks precarious—her sweet flowers
Oft withering in the cold blast of thy power;"
Ah no—thy laws sustain her fragile vine
Amidst the frowns of her inclement foes.
Make victory grace thy banners, when plain force
Could nought avail, and give thee to renown.
Say in whose cause such triumphs have I won?
Or in whose breast with like success have rul'd?
No ancient hero had thy skill; not him
Of Macedon who valiant Greece subdued;
Nor conquering Cesar, nor e'en Gallic Charles.
Deep schemes on thy behalf I pondering sate,
When Policy, involv'd in streams of light
Enter'd my Hall, revealing thy commands;
Thence swift round Russia with my trains I sped,
Discerning who were pervious to my shafts;
Whose hearts were treacherous, or unbrac'd against
The charms of gold; but few of these I saw;
Yet one there is of high repute and power,
Near Russia's king deserving our regard:
If he ungrateful prove to Lord so kind;
Though cruel our commands, he will perform;
For thou, Ingratitude, monster fiends!
Art high enthron'd on crime—cold matricide,
No pity has thy breast, nor virtue there
Can harbor; seat of vice, and hateful lust,

That waits but fortune's beck to ruin realms.
Curs'd with a heart so foul he would not loth
To bear his king to thee in chains, and view
With hostile scorn his benefactor's tears,
And royal mourning; or of Russia's strength,
Intentions, numbers, and resources tell.
But thou my friend—beware what may thee wait,
Thy throne, though high, exists on dubious base;
Heaven blasts the hopes of men and humbles kings;
Makes flowery scenes the gloomy seat of wo,
And barren lands in sweet contentment smile—
Ambition kills when in resplendent bloom,
And hurls its glories to an early grave.
As witness many a chief in deathless story bright!
Like theirs thy end may be; thy offspring mourn
Thy dismal doom, or, throneless, wretched roam
Through this tempestuous world that smiles in pain.
Thy guards may be corrupted, all thy realm
Yield treason foul; ev'n now the hideous fiend
May lurk around thee, waiting thy ill days
To rise in all his horrors, and destroy
Thy boasted eminence. Fortune deceives,
In ways unseen she flits before our eyes.
My vassals wait our call in panoply
And through impatience ride the eddying winds.
Make known thy will; their movements will be thine,
And reach all regions of the peopled world;
So thou may'st wield ubiquitary sword.
She spoke, and thus replied th' impatient king:
Thy speech is like thyself, exciting hope
To pain with disappointment—why should'st thou
With scarce an useful thought, declaim so long,

And take my time, more precious than thy lore?
One easy man, it seems, thou hast beheld;
Can Russia's realm but one dissembler hold?
While mine, perchance, enough contains to shake
My proud throne's base when lowers the day of life!
Are some high-born offended of their king
Whose influence and resources much would aid?
If such there be them promise wealth and power;
Round Russia's sovereign wake rebellion bold.
Go, work our will, while fickle fortune smiles—
For thou wilt plot our ruin when she frowns!
We scarcely know, why we with vipers play—
We want success, not egotism here:
No vulgar mind ere brought a folly forth,
But straight it went to worshipping its spawn:
Though small the service that thou canst perform,
Didst thou not deem it indispensable
One might believe thou art not what thou art.
Or thou or not assist, our sword ere long
Shall as we please dispose the Russian race:
Their monarch then the evil time will mourn
He suffer'd commerce with the ocean queen.
Thus he—Intrigue departs, her train divides,
And diverse sends them through the kingdoms round,
Swelling her empire, and enticing whom
Most sacred ties requir'd to spurn her lures:
As thou, Shouvaloff, fated to endure
The wo of unsuccessful treason; torn
Yet by fair mercy's hand, away from scenes
Of past delight, to roam Siberian wilds,
n the loss of honor, wealth, and fame.
base desert with wo be crown'd!

The stream of vice will disembogue in hell,
And that of virtue in celestial bliss:
Heaven's potent arbiter ordains their ends;
He indiscriminately on man bestows;
Prizing so low the circumstance of wealth
He gives it to the vilest of the race—
Thus teaching him to look in other worlds
For merit's meed: Ah why should aught on earth
Allure poor man to whet oppression's fangs,
Destroy his brethren, and his God offend!
Fair peace, in thee delight the wise and good;
Daughter of heaven, that man to reason gave,
That thou might'st fill his road of life with joy;
Yet he the dupe of tyranny becomes,
Whose bloody fury let the page reveal,
Where toils the tragic muse to picture woes.
O'er the sad story virtue pours her tears
And blames th' ambition that afflicts the world.
Ah, much neglected Fair! thy charms might move
The high aspiring hero of my song;
But doom'd to guard what revolution gain'd,
And Freedom shield from leagued monarchal powers,
Nought but vast kingdoms added to his reign
He deems will save; the Russian king must fall,
And thou awhile from half the world be driven.
Pursuant of what Policy advis'd,
He forms alliance with the neighboring kings,
And Alexander through Kourakin thus bespeaks:
Thou know'st, O king, my main desire is peace;
Her charms most tempt me to forgive the past,
And slumber in disgrace; to let just claims
In dark oblivion dwell, and you deride
My sovereignty; but deem not, stubborn king,

The living lion unreveng'd endures
Indignities so odious: My commands
Shall be respected, and my country's rights,
More sacred than her blood, be unprofan'd.
Think'st thou that my just system shall expire
By thy contumacy? Presumption wild!
Esperance false! Behold the vanquish'd realms
That dar'd oppose my will; view Austerlitz,
And in thy former see thy future doom!
We yet are brave, an undegenerate race;
Dread then our coming, nor irreverent treat
Our high decrees, conceiv'd in justice pure
For ocean's scourge, that foe of man's repose,
Whose impudence has oft impugn'd thy throne;
Yet to thy glory blind, or urg'd by fate,
Thou seek'st discordance with politic friends
To her great joy. 'Tis thine to give Earth peace
Or waken direst war. Adopt my plan
Without reserve, and thou may'st call me friend,
And honor'd reign among Earth's scepter'd sons;
But this refus'd, prepare to shun our ire—
Thy throne may totter, and thy kingdom mourn.
Thus he, the Russian king indignant heard
The stern demand reveal'd; yet rage restrain'd,
And through his ministry thus mild replied:
O brother sovereign, since our interests jar,
Is thine the right to dictate what shall rule?
My country's welfare shall my actions guide,
Though e'en thyself, than I—art not more fond
Of blissful peace; for whom I fain would grant
What e'en might harm my dignity and realm.
Than I none else will sooner heed thy claim;
it just; for Russia's not so frail,
ess of her honor as to mind

Unjust demands—and ere she be so mean
Her Alexander seeks a glorious grave,
And half her warriors moulder in the tomb.
'Tis true, Britannia has on ocean wrong'd,
As France on land; but Russia's just to all,
And none, we dare presage, will give her law,
Though much with France we wish to stand in peace,
No sacrifice of commerce with thy foe
Shall gain the boon, but justice, or our arms!
This is our fix'd resolve: It now remains
With thee to ope the gorgon gates of war,
And deluge many a field with human gore,
Or let ill fated Europe find repose.
Ours is the part to threat and seek redress;
Our commerce check'd, Dantzic retain'd, the Poles
Fill'd with rebellious hopes, the ominous rise
Of Warsaw's dukedom, and its rapid growth
At Austria's cost, gives reason to complain:
Besides, you have the seven Venetian isles;
And Tilsit's treaty thou hast not perform'd:
By that thy troops should leave the Prussian posts:
Has this been done? They now keep Oldenberg;
Against it I protest, and humbly hope
Thou wilt delay not to withdraw them thence.
Thus Russia's king—Napoleon then exclaims;
What singular and arrogant demands!
Can Russia peace desire, while seeking war?
For war is ripening in her deeds—in all her deeds;
Deems she we hear her loud defiance, pleas'd,
Or trembling? Impotence! Fate leads her on;
Her end is near: In evil hour and dark,
When all her genius slumber'd, she conceiv'd
The daring insults, that provoke our ire,

And on her head unwilling vengeance draw.
I long suspected Alexander's aim;
'Tis now reveal'd—his hostile views appear.
Invaded rights, and wounded honor, call
Our monarchy to arms—the sad resource
Of injur'd nations! In short time our might
Will teach his arrogance the lesson given
At Austerlitz, where France convinc'd him once
Her claims to justice were not ill premis'd.
  Thus he, while Wisdom, from her high abode,
Whence she, deep pondering, views the deeds of men,
Involv'd in clouds to Russia's king repairs,
And counsels thus: Beware what France intends!
From all transpir'd expect immediate war;
For lo, her chief imperiously requires,
What, well he wist, thou never would'st concede,
And what he meant should much thy pride offend,
Some pretence seeking to invade thy realm;
Which given, prepare to meet his vengeful arm—
Your utmost vigor, all your means employ—
Then if thou fall'st, thou fall'st exempt from blame;
Without chagrin, that thy inactive arm
Permitted haughty France to bring thee low;
But patient bearing heaven's severe decree;
Severe, yet just, and hoping better days.
Convene thy martial council, and be sure
What way to combat, when the foe invade;
Protracted war will most successful prove.
  The armies vast, by Policy array'd
On thy frontier, thy presence much require;
Let them be ready to maintain the war,
Well train'd and ardent to protect their land;
Yet in their rear let other hosts abide,

Them to support, if driven by stronger powers.
Implore thy nation to dispose its sons
In the defence of all to patriots dear.
Request the cities to pour forth their swarms—
Their bright example will advance thy cause;
Their generous fire induce more generous deeds,
And all thy kingdom bent on victory rise.
She spoke—the king submiss to Wilna speeds;
He scans the movements of his artful foe,
And martial council calls to seek defence
Against Napoleon's kingdom-shaking power.
The chiefs conven'd, the monarch thus begins:
France, doubtless, soon will our lov'd realm invade;
Already Poland holds her mighty host—
With peerless impudence her Emperor late
Demanded our adoption of his plans,
A pretence seeking to unsheath the sword.
I scorn'd his message; but o'errul'd our pride;
His fierceness by our firmness was rebuk'd;
Now Wisdom bids, prepare to guard our throne,
Our utmost vigor and resource employ,
That if we fall, we fall by heaven's decree.
The means best suited to our end devise;
Protracted warfare most successful proves
Against our enemy bold; our frigid clime
Must with his southern armies disagree,
If food and shelter be from them withheld:
For these, I doubt not, they on us depend.
If Domes exist to shield them from the storms,
Their sustenance might come from other climes,
And we lament their stay; but these consum'd,
Though food they have, the elements will blast
Their mighty legions, and destroy their power.

I then propose to make Lithuania waste
Full many a league around where he invades;
This was intended when our hosts were spread
Along our wide frontier from Baltic's shore
To Niester's stream, that where the foe advanc'd
A general ruin should his course precede.
The monarch spoke and from the court withdrew:
Then rose De Tolly and address'd his peers:
Confederate friends, ye view the storm of war
Fast lowering on our land, by him impelled
Who many realms controls; whose potent arm
Is garb'd with victory, and who heretofore
Has trampled on the nations: now he wills
To subjugate our monarchy and throne:
O how will mortals marvel, if defeat
From Russian hands on his proud head rebound!
What high acclaim betide our valiant king!
But hope not to o'ercome in battle fields
That enemy strong, so oft triumphant there:
Some surer blow must rend him; some sad means
He ne'er anticipated, be employed
To disarrange his plans, and foil his arms.
What our high chief propounds is safe defence;
None surer though less dismal may be sought—
Dire is the evil, let the remedy be dire;
In desperate plight, we desperate means employ.
What if our arms avail not, and the foe
In domes our imbecility provides
Remain till spring return? O spring may bloom;
But Russia's majesty will fade, as flowers
Chill'd by autumnal winds; a winter then
Thrice dreary, sad, and mournful, will destroy
Our budding honors, glories of our realm,

Our rights divine, and all to Russians dear,
What shall we then, in such unhappy state?
Fall sheath'd in armor? Or degraded mourn?
Submit inglorious? Or to Tartary fly?
All there, at length constrain'd by want severe,
Submissive kiss the rod of victor France?
And seem more dreadful, than Lithuania fled
On burning wings away; accord then peers
With our high sovreign: where the foe invade
Wide round let things flame, and ruin drear
In sterile pomp precede his daring bands;
That they not with impunity abide,
But learn to dread our frigid clime, and arms.
He ended, and Benningsen thus replied:
Thy ardor merits praise; great is our charge,
Our monarch's glory, and our country's weal.
The first, attain'd with conflagration wide,
But ill secures the last—then which prefer?
Kings should belong to realms, not realms to kings,
And perish for their people; not depend
On their distress to save themselves from harm:
Else would they prove a curse to whom they rul'd—
A bane to social state, and type of wo.
Then to secure our monarch's future reign,
Should many millions be of home bereav'd?
General destruction o'er Lithuania hold
Mournful dominion? Widows, aged sires,
And tender orphans meet untimely graves?
Is it not wiser all we can t' employ
In potent combat, and before Gaul's king
Attain Smolensk, or Wilna, with vast power,
Make terrible assault on his long front,
Hurling him backward with o'erwhelming might
Confounded and dismay'd, while native scenes,

Of ancient habitations, the glad haunts
Of playful childhood, and ancestors lov'd,
Be with their sweet endearments undisturb'd?
  In numbers, as in valor, we excel;
Our dauntless legions will impervious stand,
Till wither'd by the iron blast of death,
Or victory crowns their toil—and though they fall
Envied will be their fate; their race will bask
In the undying brightness of their fame—
Fair Honor sorrowing deck their tomb with flowers,
At which posterity will pointing say:
  "There rest who ne'er beheld their country weep,
Who valiant fought; nor by them pass'd the foe;
But o'er their corses grac'd with glorious wounds"
And if we conquer, what applause betides!
Russia will then pronounce the fate of realms—
Her future generations boast the war,
In which, by firm reliance on her sons,
She humbled the Leviathan of kings;
And not by conflagration of our homes,
Wherein, methinks, more shame than honor lies.
Can generous souls indulge the cruel scheme!
It will not tend to prove us great and brave—
Decline it then, and nobler means employ
T' avenge our country, and repel its foes.
  Thus spoke the chief—and Tolstoy thus began:
More glorious it might be, to so repulse
Our enemy victory-wing'd, but perilous more;
And if we fail small glory will ensue:
What is unfortunate the world derides:
View suffering virtue, and successful vice;
That meets with scorn; with adoration this.
  Than we the foe should not be deem'd more
    brave;

Our armies doubtless would contend and die;
But from some cause unknown in vain might strive
In combat fair, though fir'd by spirit bold,
While he, careering high at all points round,
Plays ruinous game; and if compell'd to fly
His ruthless front, while means exist to keep
Him in our land, from cold and want secure,
How low will be our state! in what sad plight
Will be our much-lov'd country! now the proud,
The lofty Russia, then a vassal power!
Oh holy saints! Apostles rob'd in light,
And thou high thron'd in heaven, Saviour of man!
Swift interpose t' avert the dreaded doom,
And judge ambition's lawless strides in wrath.
My friends, our object is defence, not fame;
Still glory springs from acting well our part:
The means that ward the foe will glorious prove.
How can they else when in our country's cause?
Then where the foe invade, let all things flame,
And ruin drear his impious march precede—
Though many millions mourn the hard resolve,
And deem it needless, cruel, and unjust.
But what is wrong that guards our monarch's throne?
Or what is too severe, that forms such guard?
Ev'n Moscow's ancient turrets should be wrapp'd
In dire combustion to the foe destroy.
The general spoke—the chiefs assent declare
To waste the land the enemy might o'erpass.
The king delighted saw his plan prevail;
Himself the sole projector of his weal—
And them address'd: Illustrious chiefs, ye prove
By this resolve I trust whom wisdom guides.

Some well conceive unfaithful to fulfil—
May all your deeds, be as your counsels, wise.
A noble weakness too may disapprove
What we adopt—we could not better act.
Where comes the foe, our troops will waste the land
Far round and quick our wide-stretch'd army tell
Of his approach; when it will rapid strive
To concentrate at Drissa; where if Heaven
Us not indulges with esperance vain,
Our arms shall triumph o'er the daring foe.
  Thus they—meantime the Gallic chief prepares
To lead his conquering hosts to war and thus
Addresses his Louisa, blooming queen:
  Fond empress of my heart as of our realm—
War calls me hence; his clangorous trumpet soon
Will roar tremendous through all Europe's bounds:
Thrice on his burning wain round the huge world
Sublime I rode, when last sleep seal'd these eyes.
No more I slumber here; for rest no more
Visits Napoleon in inglorious sloth:
To tented fields I fly, where first I woo'd
Fortune and Fame; where yet my glory grows.
There, midst the clang of arms, bliss o'er me spreads
Her wings in martial majesty; ev'n thou
Art not more lovely than the iron groves—
And ev'n thy voice less pleases than their sound.
  Expect ere long to share the mighty crown
Of subject Europe; for our armies grand
Go no vain errand to the Russian realm,
Which, vanquish'd, soon shall haughty Britain bow,
Spain cease to combat, and our eagles wave
O'er half the world; know, fate th' alternate gives
To make such conquests, or resign our crown.

Holding the spoils of many conquer'd states
What glory would be ours, what peerless height
Our rising son enjoy! Nations unborn
Shall marvel at our deeds; renown will say:
"Napoleon liv'd, Louisa was his Queen."
Mourn not my absence, then; thy form will play
In memory's light till to thy arms return'd.
The Emperor ended and his spouse replied:
Ah were thy love like mine, nor war, nor arms
Could be more pleasing than Louisa's voice.
Frail woman gives to affection all her soul
Nor knows why peril, and ev'n peerless fame
Bestow more happiness than peace and love.
How can I mourn thy absence for our weal!
Yet if we govern'd all mankind I deem
We still would murmur, as no bounds are known
To human avarice; all th' unnumber'd worlds
That shine through night, would scarce allay its rage.
Be not too sure of Fortune—oft with smiles
And Syren voice she leads mankind astray;
As wandering lights belated travellers guide;
Who journeying o'er some unfrequented land,
While sombre night her dark dominion holds,
Elated think they view bright taper, sign
Of man's abode, and bless its cheering beams,
Hastening toward the beacon false, till lost,
Inextricably lost in mirey fen,
Or forest, briary, lonesome, dark and wild,
Where beasts howl hideous threatening to devour.
Though prince of matchless armies, this campaign
May terminate thy sway—He who awes realms
May claim the humble tribute of a tear:

Condemn'd to mourn his dazzling glories gone,
With eyes reverted on his erring days—
Beholding fickle Fortune lift him high
T' increase the depth, and terror of his fall.
When men resistless seem they feeble prove;
Their efforts vain high Heaven with laughter views.
And lets them work their ruin. O, I fear,
My son's great sire may rove in sorrows gloom—
His aims so high, so doubtful Fortune's smiles,
And so mysterious all the springs of Fate!
Louisa spoke—the Emperor thus rejoin'd:
I'll boding partner, what disturbs thy breast
And clouds thy reason? wouldst thou have me stay
Inglorious? nothing ventur'd nothing will be gain'd.
Can Russia cause my ruin? nought but arm
Of treason can disturb my lofty reign;
That arm I heed not leading my brave powers.
Sure Fortune plays strange game with man; but me?
I earn her smiles; the means are mine to bend
All hostile Europe. But if I am doom'd
To mourn lost glory, soon the day will come;
Why then anticipate the hated time?
I shun the darksome coast where sorrow reigns;
My genius shall conduct to happier end,
Safe steering midst the veering winds of life.
Thus he, and kind embrac'd the blooming Queen,
His infant son, yet stranger to the world,
With heavenly mildness gamboling on her knee
With sweet reluctance meets his parent's arms,
Who thus begins; "O lovely boy, if e'er
Thou liv'st to know a hero's fire, or father's care,
And shine the wonder of the future age,
My hopes fulfil'd, my soul will quaff repose,

Though in that land whence travellers ne'er return.
Oh thou who know'st the secret thoughts of men,
Grant him what e'er a parent's fondness craves."
Thus the great chief, by sacred love inspir'd,
And from his arms releas'd th' imperial flower.
Then bids adieu—and hemm'd by guards around
With martial pomp moves to the field of war
O'er Vistula's blue waves, where throng'd his powers.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK II.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon advancing towards the Niemen, is advised by Policy to seek peace by negociation, secure the aid of Lithuania and Poland, and conciliate Sweden.—Narbonne is deputed to demand redress of Alexander; who denies that any right is withheld. Napoleon addresses his soldiers. His army having crossed the Niemen, he directs a proclamation to the Polanders, inviting their co-operation. A Diet held at Warsaw expresses the feelings, hopes, and views of the Poles—Mean time in the Temple of Fame, before the Tribunal of Providence, Ambition, Wisdom, Pride, Vanity, Rashness, and Folly, debate whether Napoleon shall attempt to terminate the war by one campaign, and pass the winter in Moscow.—Deceit, observing that Napoleon was embarrassed by the proceedings of the Polish Diet, assumes the form of one of his favorites, and endeavors to increase the discord between him and the Poles. He dissents to the plan communicated to him by a Deputation from the Diet—Alexander the while summons his subjects to arms.

Th' imperial chief, in peerless might, advanc'd
Towards Niemen's stream and glorious hopes indulg'd;
Unknowing what high heaven had preordain'd,
Confounding Wisdom, and debasing Pride.
Of that enormous host so fair and proud,
Alas, how few will to their sires return!
Or native land, and pleasing home behold!
Doom'd the sad prey of unrelenting storms
And vengeful enemies, where the tears of love

And friendship's tender cares, cannot console
Their dying moments, nor bestow a tomb:
Their limbs, unburied, hungry wolves will rend;
Pale winter's moaning blast, or cannon's roar,
Shall be their knell; their winding sheet, the snow
Shrewd Policy involv'd in light appears,
And thus bespeaks the head of matchless hosts:
In my bright path, which girds the ponderous globe,
I just have shot the western continents o'er;
The giant Andes see on every side
Rebellion winning Patriotism's name.
The land of Franklin brandishes the sword
At ocean's queen, for freedom of the seas.
Her lion, bearded on his own domain,
Distrustful views the stars and stripes, and owns
Unwonted thunders roll beneath their shade—
And thinks of Jones, the Seraphis, and fate,
With mingled pride and grief; for in the shock
He sees his own unfaltering spirit shine.
The men of thrift, in *strategy* unskill'd,
Their general in a false position plac'd;
Who with his host surrendered to the foe.
Be not concern'd; the ministers are safe:
The servant suffers for the master's deed!
Their next campaign, proportion'd to its base,
The flanks and rear secured, may better end:
They soon will launch a fleet on Erie's waves,
And then, for palms, their naval prowess claims!
But these are distant aids, more near 'tis seen
Great Wellington defeats thy arms in Spain.
The Prussian, and perhaps the Austrian troops
Would straight withdraw, if thou shouldst greatly need.

At Dresden, when thy sun put out the stars,
Heardst thou no whispers, couldst thou see no
frowns,
No chaff'd and troubled royal wanderers, lost
In thy surpassing splendor, and scarce held
Above thy Marshals? Couldst thou doubt their
thoughts?
Thy long neglect of my advice, in not
Engaging Turkey to pursue her war
On Russia; and th' injurious restraint,
Thy recent pact with Austria, has impos'd
On Poland's restoration, will impede
Thy progress, and deprive thee of the aid
Of millions, and the satisfaction sweet
Of raising fallen nations:—and besides,
Unless thou canst preserve o'erwhelming strength,
I see grim danger float from Sweden's shores!
Disdain not to conciliate her prince:
Mere force can never safely slight my voice.
Strong as thou art 'tis possible for thee
To rashly enter Russia. Heed my lore:
Employ not force save when persuasion fails—
Though that be surer, this is more humane.
Kind means, before severe, should be employ'd;
The wounds of suffering Russia may be thine.
The sequel view, to that thy deeds conform;
For few and evil are that mortal's days,
Who of his actions no result conceives.
'Tis true kind heaven conceals th' events to come,
That hope may have an ample range to bless;
But reason by the lamp of history sees
The future in the mirror of the past.
Far o'er the rolling clouds I met Intrigue,
With mien dejected moving towards her Hall,

Her varied train proceeding mute and slow:
Said she "My arts have fail'd, the Russian race
With noble rage despise Napoleon's lures:
They say "we better dwell in humble state
Chill'd by drear poverty, and scorn'd by fools,
Than guilty wealth enjoy." Now arms alone
Must yield thee triumph; these with skill dispose;
Take unawares the foe. Some one depute
To ask of Russia's King redress of wrongs;
That he withdraw his arrogant demands.
Him offer to renew th' alliance past;
Which if accepted, may compose the feud;
Or spurn'd, may fill thy mighty host with ire,
Urge them to war, and thy pretensions great
In all the majesty of justice show.
When thy vast host Lithuania's plains o'erspread,
Expedients then, to rouse her sons to arms,
'Twere well to use; past independence tempts
To claim exemption from the Russian sway;
And leads the Poles to reassume the rank,
Their State of old enjoyed. First demonstrate
Thy power to give protection, then propose
That they assist t' effect their own success:
So may'st thou gain immense resource to swell
The tide of conquest o'er the Russian realm.
Thus Policy—the monarch answer'd soon:
Impatient to assail, Intrigue I ply'd,
By thee advis'd; but nought her arts avail'd.
Surrounded by my powers, I treat no more,
Save with the voice of arms: Force shall dispute,
And Heaven decide our claims. Think ye I doubt
In matchless panoply what way to chide
Th' insulting enemy? Expedience erst
Caus'd my employment of seductive wiles;

But thus resistless arm'd brief time I wait
Before some realm-astounding blows shall give
Plain lessons to his arrogance. Why need
Napoleon parley with half conquer'd foes?
Know, ere again fair Summer spreads her green,
Proud Alexander shall my ruth implore,
(As once he did on Austerlitz' fam'd field,)
France, high exalted o'er the states of earth,
Shall give him and his vanquish'd nation law.

The Queen rejoins:—Be not by passion driv'n
And proud impatience to begin great deeds:
The weak and prudent frightful perils brave,
While rush the daring strong on hapless doom.
Look ere ye move; know victory dear obtain'd
Gives painful triumph. Though success be sure,
The mode which gets it cheap the best will prove.
Endeavor then to gain, or time or peace,
That unresisted thou the object win.

She spoke, and disappear'd—The King commands:

Go thou Narbonne, the Russian monarch tell,
France still wants peace. Advise him to withdraw
His singular and arrogant demands.
Bid him learn timely to respect our will;
For peace and justice we alike adore.
If yet he frown, request him to reflect
On other days, Friedland and Austerlitz,
And in his former, learn his future doom.

Thus he; forthwith Narbonne to Wilna speeds,
And courteous asks the Russian king for peace;
His prudence, hopes, and fears alternate moves—
Nor seems to intend to touch the chord he strikes:
With such adroitness casts the galling bolt,
That while the head approves the heart grows sore

If what diplomacy could heal, had been
The source of strife, th' ambassador had shut
The gates of war; but in each sovereign's breast
The fire of rivalry burn'd: The leader one
Might prove of realms, opposed to Gallic sway;
The other saw his safety in the fall
Of Russia from the sphere of Europe's states:
'Twas plain the fatal struggle must ensue,
Or soon, or late—and thus the Russian Head:
Engag'd in war, your emperor talks of peace;
Peace he may have, but not so near my realm.
Th' alleg'd injustice, need we disavow?
His plans are known; Ambition tells him false.
We dare his vengeance! Go, him thus bespeak:
'The Russian king will not negotiate more,
'Till thou withdraw thy troops from Prussia's
bounds.
He ceas'd—Napoleon heard, and anger rous'd:
He cries, what effront'ry! The conquer'd claim
The place of conquerors sure! Fate leads them on;
Accomplish'd be their destiny. I pass
O'er Neimen's stream—brief argument, and loud,
In carnage predicated, and reveal'd
With voice of thunder, shall our rights defend.
Soldiers!—the second Polish war begins,
Which shall conclude as glorious as the past.
The first at Tilsit and Friedland did end:
There Russia swore with France eternal league,
With England, ceaseless war; she breaks her oaths;
Nor will explain, till we repass the Rhine,
And leave at her disposal our allies!
Fate so conducts—her doom must be fulfill'd.
re we degenerate deem'd, nor longer those
o fought at Austerlitz? She gives us choice

Of war, or shame: We well know which to choose.
We march; the Niemen pass; and war shall rage.
The peace concluded shall itself uphold:
'Twill ruin that high influence, Russia long
Has exercis'd beyond her proper sphere.
Thus he, and when dark Evening spread her veil
Spangled with light of distant worlds unknown,
Bent to fulfil the purpose of his soul,
Commands Junot, Poniatowski, and Regnier
Rul'd by Jerome, at Grodno to o'erpass
The Niemen; Beauharnois, at Ollitta—
Davoust at Yourbourg—Oudinot, Murat,
And Ney, at Kowno—at his hest all mov'd
Like mighty oceans, o'er devoted land,
Deep deluging its groves, and flow'ry plains.
First Kowno witness'd the loud din of arms,
War's gory visage, dolorous groans, and death;
There Gaul's Dragoons the Cossac host surpris'd,
And drove them thence, and stain'd the ground
with blood.
Just then a giant form on Niemen's stream
Like ancient warrior stood, in gloomy state.
His hand sustain'd a spear of quivering fire,
His shield a promontory seem'd, or ocean isle
Snatch'd from its rocky base, and high upborne;
His plume a grove, pluck'd from a mountain's brow,
Majestic nodded o'er his sullen head,
And riv'd the shaggy deeps of gloomy clouds,
That round him roll'd assuming monstrous forms.
His eyes from o'er his ample shield, beheld
The angry conflict with malicious smiles.
Then wrapt in night, a formless mass he seems,
And bursts, a storm, upon the affrighted world;
From Hæmus' top to Scandinavia's cliffs

He dreadful roars, and flings his lightning arms,
And pours thick pattering showers and wakes the winds;
Rous'd Auster blusters o'er th' Icarian waves;
Strong Eurus rolls the Baltic into foam,
And sweeps o'er Europe to th' Atlantic main:
Far Albion hears, and startled views her seas,
And sympathizes with her roving sons.
High Caucasus returns Carpathia's groans,
And sounds of rustling wilds, and rushing floods,
And uproar of the labor'd world between.
While sudden flashes strike, and o'er all sounds
The thunder rises, and the smoaking earth,
Lash'd by the floods of heaven, lies drench'd and torn,
And cries aloud from all her vales, and rills
That rush impetuous to th' involving main.
And now prevailing over Eurus lull'd
Cold Boreas blusters round in fitful gusts,
Disperses clouds and rends heaven's misty veil,
Dishevelling summer's tresses; the tall oaks
Toss from his breath their leafy heads, and mourn
That autumn's spirit haunts the days of June.
The tented fields are delug'd, the cold winds
The mighty myriads chill, and long intrude
On summer's gentle reign; forerunner sad
Of evil days, to Gaul yet unreveal'd;
When wrapt in forests groaning under load
Of lucid ice, her sons shall fall a prey
To storms, and foes, and meagre Famine's rage.
To Wilia's waves Ambition adds a tear:
As in obedience to the order, strove
A Polish troop to swim his rushing stream,
She saw the flood engulphing steeds, and arms,

And valiant men, and stifling loyal breath,
That bade the Emperor live, while he who spoke
Was gone forever, ere the air had ceas'd
To feel the impulse of th' extinguish'd voice.
The Gallic armies unresisted march'd
(Save by obstructions nature interposed,)
O'er sad Lithuania, while the Russian powers
Obedient to their monarch, concentrate
At Drissa; but that aim Napoleon strives
To frustrate; brave Davoust with furious speed
Pursues Bagration; at Mohilow soon
Their angry legions, breathing death, contend;
Loud iron showers with ruinous fury fall,
And earth groans, gasps, and weeps, with mortals slain.
Ostrowno, next experienc'd battle's storm;
Murat with fierce dragoons spread terror there,
And vanquish'd Russia, crimsoning all the field.—
And when ten days had spent their golden light,
On Dwina's banks th' invading armies swarm'd,
Like clouds along the ridge of Andes vast,
When eastern tempests from hoarse ocean blow.
Then Witepsk witness'd fierce contention's flames,
Rousell and Liedot weltering in their gore.
Dinabourg yields to thunders of Ricard;
Klengel submits to Marckoff's greater power;
Inkovo views Sebastiani's flight—
Strong Riga trembles at McDonald's arms;
Regnier and Swartzenburg Tormasoff foils
And Jakoubovo Koulniew's doom deplores,
Where Oudinot successful battle rules.
Now mindful of what Policy advis'd,
Lithuania circled with his arms, and giv'n
Provisional government, Napoleon thus

Her sons address'd:—"Lithuanians, Poles, dear
names
To those, who proudly view Hedwiga's days,
Sigismund's power, or Kosciusko mourn;
Behold! your enemies fly our face; their eyes
Reverted on your smoking, ruin'd land;
Their prey destroying, since they cannot save,
And pouring on your heads the bitter dregs
Of their unhallow'd might; but hence their hate
You shall not feel; deserving happier doom,
Protecting France shall heal where Russia wounds;
Though great the cost and toil, your gratitude,
Will aid our arms, recruit the ranks of war:
And you whose sacred office 'tis to seek
Heaven's favor, will not fail to move the gods
In our behalf: Sure Deity's pure mind
Your Land's emancipation approbates;
For he is thron'd on Justice, and perhaps,
Ev'n now his hand is stretch'd t' avenge her wrongs.
Within his Sanctuary let each exhort
His hearers to contend; his country's claims
Assert; her grievances expose, and reap
The praise of godliness and patriotism.
And you, brave Polanders in Russia's train,—
Ill suits, your service with your country's good;
Though once it might, when not so blest to boast
A country yours; but, Poland is redeem'd!
Her safety needs your aid—Russia compel
To render, what her usurpation gain'd.
Confederate Poland and Lithuania calls
Her generals, soldiers, from th' oppressor's flag—
Will they neglect their country's voice? Haste then
To bear the Eagle of the Jaggellons—
The Casimirs and Sobieskies; 'tis required

By patriotism, honor, and your God."
Meantime the Seniors of the Polish State,
At Warsaw Diet held, as he advis'd.
Czart'risky, Marshal grand, th' assembly rul'd.—
Joy'd they to see their country's worthies met
To hear, whom erst they gave in charge, to build
Their state from its disjointed fragments old
Report of its construction. One arose,
On that committee's part t' express the plan
Devis'd and means t' effect the end propos'd:
Nestor of Polish patriots! as thou sitt'st
In this assembly high, methinks the gods
Of Poland, that escap'd her overthrow,
With thee departed, and with thee return'd,
And now await the worship of her sons:
O let her utmost bounds their temple be!
In which the Poles, taught vigilance by wiles
Of enemies sly, and Wisdom by distress
Shall long adore, with peace and glory crown'd.
Once was our country great in arts and arms;
What time fair Vanda crush'd th' enamor'd king,
And Boleslaus nations six subdued,
She gave to Prussia and Bohemia law;
So wide her conquering Eagles stretch'd their wings!
Plac'd as a barrier 'gainst the barbarous tribes,
Our valor luckily circumscribed their power;
Withstood th' uncivil war, and Europe gave
Exemption from the intrusion of fierce hordes:
It check'd Mahomet's votaries; headlong zeal
Dared not advance, while Poland frown'd behind:
Let Leopold attest, and Austria laud
The arm, that snatch'd them from th' impending grasp

Of Turkish power!—To fill our throne was deem'd
An envied honor; mightiest monarchs strove
To win our confidence, and gain the crown;
See Russia's sovereign disappointed, wage
Exterminating war to sooth his pride,
While brave Batori whelms him in defeat
So bright the prize! Its loss he so deplor'd!
Although disunion oft disturb'd our state,
We bore the evil, not the neighboring realms,
Who should have suffer'd; for their rulers oft
Fomented our disorder; yet, when three
Imperial robbers sought excuse to spoil
Our territory, they alledg'd—alas!
Shall I rehearse what insults reason? So
Replete with stupid wickedness and shame!
Who wak'd the *veto* into mischief? 'Twas
Those royal plunderers of our injur'd land,
Who bear the curse of many an orphan child—
The shame of many a patriot's massacre,
And guilt of Poland's wrongs. Kind memory
(To us, alas! unkind) recall not Praga's groans
O'erwhelm'd with slaughter, and combustion dire,
For infants, sisters, wives, and husbands slain;
Let Lethe o'er her roll, and hide the shame
Of civiliz'd mankind, and Europe's thrones!
Can her destroyers view her doom, nor quake
That Heaven is just? Sure angel never wrote
The tragic story without tears, nor sees
Stern Justice the red page, but empires reel
Beneath her frown; ev'n now I see her point
Her vast artillery at the Russian power—
Combine the troops of mighty realms with him
Whom victory fondly follows, and with whom
'Twere well to be united: Europe long

Has roll'd upon contention's angry sea,
And needs ropose; but cannot while the north
May vomit barbarous hordes—no longer those
Who quit their savage clime in search of food;
But learn'd in arts of polish'd states, they prowl
More formidable: Heads refin'd, conduct
T' enjoyment savage hearts; religious slaves
Obedient act, what vicious lords command.
Twice ten times have their banners rov'd the south;
Constantinople totters for their war:
Firm league with France then, only, will secure
Against their might, as now emancipate
From their detested chains.—Our valor too,
I doubt not, will command respect—our land
So fruitful once in heroes, shall produce
Sigismunds and Sobieskies, glory-crown'd!
Our children shall be proud to bear the name
Of Piast, Jagellon, at which our foes,
Whom fraud hath made our masters, oft grew pale!
Our scheme of union every part combines
Of ancient Poland in one realm; the crown
We will to tender to the Saxon king,
Who heaven approving, may our state revive
With all its wonted splendor, and the sound,
"Long live our country," through Podolia's plains,
And rich Wolhynia vibrate endless time.
We deem it suits th' occasion, to depute
Some of our noble body, to make known
Unto Napoleon this result, and seek,
That he give sure protection to the child
Of Polish Liberty, so heavenly fair!
Thus he—the Diet approbate the scheme,
And Deputation to the emperor send.
Meantime in Fame's refulgent Temple, meet

Fate's workers, summon'd by the Sire of heaven.
His Agent, Providence, enthron'd on gold,
High o'er the rest, the great assembly rul'd.
The wide-spread roof, on diamond columns plac'd,
Of height immense shone like the heavenly bow,
Unnumber'd ways reflecting soften'd light.
The crystal floor, to west, was edg'd with groves
Of am'ranth, myrtle, laurel, happy scenes!
Amidst them sculptur'd shapes of other days
Stood musing, frowning, great for arts, or arms.
With beryl seats the ample Hall was grac'd;
Not oft encumber'd by the ærial guests:
Ambition pac'd the air, and fiery bright,
His eyes look'd heaven-ward, fill'd with high designs.
Rashness beside him stood with sullen mien,
Folly's unmeaning countenance close behind.
Pleas'd *Vanity*, with self-complacent air
Seem'd to invite applause. Imperious *Pride*
Indifferent stood, or look'd to claim regard.
Mild *Valor* sat serene near *Wisdom* grave
And keen eyed *Prudence;* fair *Deceit, Intrigue,*
Wrinkled *Necessity*, with eye intent
Upon relief; pale trembling *Fear*, and all
Th' invisible directors of mankind,
Mov'd to and fro around the brilliant throne.
Loud peal'd the thunder o'er the dazzling Dome;
Silence ensued, and Providence thus speaks:
Europe with Europe wars.—Napoleon fronts
The fiery south against the hoary north.
Shall Russia subjugated own his law?
But first, shall one campaign decide the strife?
The means of fate propound—As suits the end
Let each the course declare before our throne.

Thus he, and murmurs rose from all the powers,
Loud, as when breezes bend the rustling grove—
Subsiding soon, Ambition rob'd in fire,
Impatient of delay with zeal declaim'd:
Fame blazes, and her ample field invites
Unfading signs of deathless deeds, inspire
The soul with gladness, and to emulate
Their dignity; but who beholds Gaul's chief
Thron'd above thrones, and doubts he will surpass
All monarchs old, in magnitude of power?
Shall not the Russian autocrat low bend
Before his conquering banners, and behold
Departed days with sorrow-streaming eyes?
Ev'n you, proud Isle, and stubborn Spain shall cower
Beneath his sceptre—Germany rejoice
In his resplendent beams; and Poland shine
Resuscitated by his might, and live
In his protection; but who builds her state
Shall wear her crown, maugre the Saxon King!
Sure armies vast should not inactive, waste
Winter's long gloom on Nieper's stream, and give
To Russia to prepare resistance strong,
That spring would bloom with bloody fields, and death
Triumphant ride on victory's flaming car!
Gaul's host may now resistless penetrate
Moscow or Petersburg: When spring returns
Can they do more than make resistless march
To the high summit of their Emperor's hopes?
Let not procrastination dull the edge
Of lofty war.—I would that he advance
'Till snowy winter wear his mantle cold,
Or till the enemy quite concede the field.
He ceased, turn'd from the throne his beaming face,

Flush'd with celestial light, and restless rov'd
Round the bright forum.—Wisdom soon replies:
What exaltation may Napoleon wait
Why should we boast, unknowing heaven's designs?
His future weal and wo, the Sire of worlds
Alone has measur'd. Let us not, for truth
Assert, what hope has whisper'd on frail ground.
How oft fair morning ushers stormy noon!
Ev'n this campaign if stretch'd to Moscow's walls
O'er the sing'd country, may contract his power:
Ere there arrived he wades through fields of blood—
Hears famine's wail, and views exhausted ranks—
Stern winter finds him destitute of food;
Perhaps expos'd to insults of his foes,
Unable to retreat. The dire defence
By Russia made, presents no easy task
To those who would subdue: at any time
We shall not see them unprepar'd t' oppose
Th' intrusion; sword and flames e'en now they wield;
Too well prepar'd! Protracted war might quench
Their daring ardor, not increase its rage:
The troops of France, at other times, will have
The same inducements to contend as now.
Each party may gain strength; but France 'tis sure
Possesses greatest means to swell her host:
Delay then injures Russia more than her—
By which Napoleon safely may contend.
Encamp'd, while winter chills, on Nieper's banks,
The spring would view Lithuania organized,
And launching armies to assist his arm,
If he politic act, or sanction give
To rules that Poland for herself provides;
Who has the right, and well deserves to stand
Restor'd, with all her provinces, as erst,

When barbarous nations broke against her shield.
No treaty made with Austria can impose
An obligation to do wrong; for heaven
Holds none to infringe his laws, that man may keep
Rash promises to man; the less offence
Would be to disregard the treaty's terms—
As faults are less detestable than crimes.
Alas, when will the golden era come,
When kings deserve the plaudits of the just;
Perverse ambition fires their breasts no more,
And guilty pomp is scorn'd; while generous zeal
To bless their subject children points their ways!
Then shall they justly bear the name of sires,
And guardians of the happiness of realms;
The people aid their king in peace and war,
Convinc'd for them, and not for him, is call'd
The man-destroying monster into life.
Ah! were the nations just, nay, merely wise,
War's death-drawn chariot never more would roll;
But held as barbarous folly, sink despis'd,
Companion of exploded errors past.
Who warr'd to gratify ambition, pride,
Or base revenge, no myrtle honors wear
The good would envy: what therefore is just,
If justice be in war, ye powers, advise
Your favorite king; for there may come a time,
When bloody chaplets pain the wearer's head.
He has not means to force his foe to yield
By one campaign; those will abortive prove
Employ'd beyond their strength; one arm may lift
Huge promontories from their bases deep;
But not by one exertion, lest o'erwhelm'd
Its force expire: Let not th' attempt exceed
The means possess'd.—Stern winter's freezing
blasts

Midst lands made desolate, and Russia's arms
Must be resisted: Moscow may depart
On wings of fire: Ev'n doubtful Shelter holds
Her hand far distant, beyond seas of blood.
Thus mild, great Wisdom held the happier course.
Ambition then rejoins: Forget me Fame
If Wisdom speaks sincere. My favorite, sure!
And only mine, or theirs, is this great chief?
On me is lavish'd undeserved applause!
Could I have lifted mortal to his height
In deeds, or power, this voice, importunate,
Had not so oft, ask'd Wisdom's useful aid.
But say, fair pleader, hast thou long believ'd
I fir'd the hero for inglorious ends?
Late didst thou boast that he thy lessons prov'd,
Solv'd doubtful theories by practice brave,
Scann'd civil polity, and darkness drove
Before, as he advanc'd in war, and peace.
He, thus expert, may well extend his power.
If o'er the tripple flames another crown,
Tis merit's due reward. Strange Policy
Thou hast commended! Should he guarantee
To new-form'd Poland, that which Austria claims,
And Prussia—strong allies, and in his rear?
Could then this embrio, faction-riven state
More aid, or harm, than they? Can Poland claim
Exemption from his sceptre, who upbears
Her state from deepest ruin? But without
Lithuania's legions, and by one campaign,
'Tis his to give defeated Russia law.
Shall he, O Providence, who kings controls,
Whom empires fear, unnumber'd warriors rules,
Meet such repulse from foes, or winter's storms,
As will prove vain his vast array? when, lo!

His enemy trembles for the great result
And feels already lost! Let winter dart
His keenest arrows, and the foe employ
His utmost valor; all can France endure,
But not inglorious rest. Moscow will shield
Her numerous host, till blooming spring return;
Then he march forth, all potent, to subdue
Th' opposing foe, and ratify their doom.
Thus he—then Wisdom: Reason's ill employ'd
In superstructing dangerous results
On falsities. Let Russia's winter reign
With common force, and France will doubtless want
No greater foe. If safe Napoleon camp
Within rich Moscow's walls while winter storms,
Just heaven must stop the rolling world's career:
Suspend great nature's laws, till one vain man
Accomplish what pure Justice disapproves!
If Jove hath preordain'd that Russia fall,
Of which we know not, need it cost too dear?
Must France then combat elements and men?
Sure wasteful victory should be less preferred,
Than that which comes exempt from blood and tears.
I deem it well, Napoleon justly choose,
Between Lithuania's aid, and Austria's ire.
The first will swell his power—the last will naught
Increase his danger. 'Tis his power arrays
Th' allies beneath his standard; this improv'd,
Confirms th' alliance: Let the mode offend—
Are Prussia's fortresses not held by France?
The cause enlarg'd will that th' effect decrease?
Will bonds, less strong embrace, for added strength?
It ill befits to obstacles despise;
Or blind remain to what denies desire:

Who walking looks at stars in pits may fall—
Ev'n he may look beh ind on better days,
Mourning thy counsels, and his hapless doom.
Let generous passion never tempt to trust
Inconstant fortune, without constant watch,
And careful use of every mean to gain
The joyful gaol; for she delights to throw
The golden apples to restrain your speed.
Be self-denying perseverance term'd
The harbinger of greatness and renown.
She ended; Vanity then loud began:
Shall mightiest armies dwindle at the voice
Of slow contriving Wisdom, that defeat
Will be their portion, or ill-timed delay;
Though led by him who dictates law to Kings—
Who soars on victory's pinions, and who oft
Defeated congregated nations, bent
To whelm him in destruction? Now he wields
The force of conjunct states, will he be deem'd
Incapable of combatting one realm,
Inferior than his own, for winter's sway,
Which though severe, the Russians too must feel?
Ambition, parent of my joys! how oft
Has wisdom help'd thee climb the slippery steep
Of doubtful fortune, and how seldom, erst,
Beheld our object with imperfect sight!
But e'en the radiant sun hath isles opaque—
Frailties the strong, and follies have the wise—
The fragrant rose on prickly branches blooms.
'Tis untrue picture that presents no shade—
E'en wisdom hath her darkness, as her light.
The frost of years the lovliest beauty kills—
The vigorous hero totters frail with age;
And ah, it seems that Wisdom too, may fade!

With me, it is not doubtful, one campaign
Will every object of the war secure.
Europe's great crown ere thrice more rolls the year,
Shall flame above the glory-beaming brows
Of Gaul's imperial chief, the pride of fields!
Thus spoke she, like a thoughtless wanton girl,
Whose inexperience, but in plenty's lap,
On other's toil, befits her not to roam
From guardian care, on life's eventful stream.
The powers, with laughter heard the critic fair
Assign to dotage deathless Wisdom's lore.
Rashness succeeded and thus stern declaim'd:
Repose is shame to one so great in arms
As he, the lofty subject of debate,
Whose numerous army like autumnal clouds
Spreads o'er wide climes, and gladly hails the war—
Pregnant with ruin to the Russian throne.
I see, as with prophetic eye, his host,
Rush over Moscow's walls, with victory plum'd,
Before Spring twice resumes her green, grim war
Tame fawning at his feet; nor dares to roar,
But when he bids; and Kings now proudly thron'd,
Enquire his pleasure ere they act, as should
Th' emancipated Poles. What can delay
His veteran legions, but supernal power?
Already fly the foe before his arms
Like falling snow, or wither'd leaves, before
The screaming tempest, sweeping bleak champaigns.
Nought shall withstand—he will triumphing, bold
Rush o'er his enemy's throne, like ponderous rock
Lax'd from some clouded peak, that thundering rolls
Resistless, wild, and furious to the vale

O'er bending saplins, crackling shrubs and herds.
Thus he, with countenance beaming fiery rays.
Pride next, with sullen vizage, thus begins:
Why waste we time, resolving problems solv'd!
As whether Gaul's fam'd chief shall winter waste
By cowardly delay on Nieper's banks?
Midst glorious war, I scorn inglorious ease!
Wisdom's remarks ill with th' occasion suit;
She deems war's laurels will prove curses; so they may
If reap'd by her direction, in dull camps,
Conceal'd by ramparts, lest a flying foe,
His eye reverting, might his conquerors see!
A plight so foul could Folly's self endure?
Say which is best, to linger meanly there,
Or, in a storm of horrors seek renown,
Or, dying nobly, sleep in glory's arms?
Ambition fitly taught; her language fell
Into my ear, as gold in miser's hand;
Not to instruct, but to convince, she form'd
Due estimation of Napoleon's means;
Who moving shakes the nations—Conquest crowds
Before, and Fame, loud thundering, moves behind!
She finish'd, and from out the golden cloud,
That providence enshrin'd 'twas heard: "'Tis fix'd;
Napoleon shall attempt by one campaign
To enter Moscow, and the contest end."
Immediately Fame's trumpet rent the air—
At the loud peal, the sculptur'd myriads glow'd
With momentary life; and when the sound
Ceas'd echoing through th' immortal pile, resum'd
The passive monument in stillness cold.
Deceit, the while, in mute attention hung

On Wisdom's eloquence, and quick perceiv'd
The gulph, in which Napoleon might be plung'd.
Swift from the Temple now she wings her flight,
Assumes the form of one the Emperor lov'd
And to his dome repairs, who mus'd intent
On what wild rumour told of Poland's State—
Griev'd that she claim'd what his allies possess'd;
He asks his visitor: Can it be true
Deceit replied: I know not of its truth;
But sure, it should prove false; the Poles will
scarce
Attempt such measures heedless of their prop—
As well might creatures their Creator rule!
Were they a nation, but beneath thy shield?
Whose being thou uphold'st, should first consult
Thy pleasure, ere they act; and O were I
Napoleon, doubtless, they would quickly learn,
The crown was not at their disposal blind;
Russia in vain expect another Charles
Wandering Borysthenes to Pultowa;
But see our banners shade her Moscow's walls,
Ere fading autumn fall in winter's arms.
Thus she—The Deputation of the poles
Now of Napoleon his protection crave
Of Poland's Liberty. He thus replies:
I much regret Gallicia cannot form
What of your state I may defend; engag'd
Th' integrity of Austria's realm to guard.
You have my kindest wishes, had I reign'd
When that partition was decreed, my arms
Had foil'd the sentence. Go assist yourselves:
Pour forth your legions; let your people all
Make war on Russia, France and Poland's foe!
You thus will make efficient your resolves.

The Deputation answered: "Sire our State
Will make all prudent sacrifices to deserve
Your great regard." Then to their peers return'd;
Napoleon to his armies. Russia's king
The while, his realm bespeaks: We long beheld
The Gallic emperor frowning, while we smil'd—
Hoping to pacify. When war shone through
His actions, we rais'd armies to defend;
Yet wish'd our mildness might disarm his rage.
Peace we have sought in vain; Kowno has bled
By Gallic spear; Napoleon launches war
O'er Niemen's waves; we must oppose his arms.
Heaven's Lord attests our innocence; invok'd
He will defend. Our soldiers' duty need we tell?
Does not Sclavonian blood flow in their veins?
Your liberty, religion, and your homes—
Warriors, your all you must defend! With you
I am, and God cannot be with the foe.
From when, France, wild with liberty, o'erthrew
God's altars, and th' annointed's throne profan'd,
Heaven's vengeance has pursued; and those who
went
In her bad ways: The vicious should be shunn'd.
To anarchy, oppression's hideous sway
Succeeded, with unnumber'd woes; e'en peace
Repos'd her not: Jove maddens whom he wrecks.
Long guarded by Heaven's mercy, we beheld
Compassionate, the ills the nations bore.
Dreadful examples! Heed their warning voice,
That bids us shun the gulph in which they roll'd,
And trust in arms, and Heaven, in danger's hour.
Russians, that hour is come: An enemy
Insatiable, who violates his vows,
Would gore your country's bosom; he disdains

Your altars, while affecting to adore;
Speaks friendly while he wields the murderous sword:
Such is the foe we ask you to oppose.
What should we fear, with justice arm'd? Not war,
So long to Russia glorious? Erst the North
Alarm'd the South; but when refinement bends
Our minds to peace, the latter lifts the sword,
By mad ambition driv'n, her fertile plains
Neglecting to invade our frozen clime.
T' avoid oppression must we needs oppress?
Must peaceful conduct our misfortune prove?
In vain Napoleon boasts, he wars to check
Our influence and barbarism; an artifice,
Which only can deceive, who know us not.
He fears our civilization more: What realm
Exists, so virtuous, as to view unmov'd
With jealousy, our empire's wonderous growth?
One century scarce has roll'd, since it was rank'd
By Peter of illustrious name, with powerful states;
Since then, what conquests have we made! How oft
Our arms have triumph'd! Grander trophies still,
Are towns, and universities we rear'd,
And provinces our kindness civiliz'd.
Our foes reproach for conquests o'er the Turks;
Pretending not to know, our arms alone
Have long exempted Europe from their rage:
To us Hungary owes her peaceful state,
And Italy her safety. Thus our wars
Have even prov'd a constant source of peace,
But when excuse is for injustice sought
Expect absurd, or false. It now behoves

To lift the sword for all to Russians dear.
Arm, children of our church! Our fathers' faith
Defend, and emulate their patriotism—
Make sacrifice of wealth, and life, to save
Your progeny, your homes, your church and state;
Recall the times, your sires, shielded by faith,
Withstood black infidelity in arms.
Ye nobles first advance in honor's path—
The nation looks to you; may ye go forth,
Like Judea's Judges in her evil days;
But while ye war remember to be just:
From deeds, unworthy our great cause, refrain,
That all beholding Heaven may bless our arms.

NAPOLEAD,

BOOK III.

ANALYSIS.

The Russian army being concentrated at Smolensko, Napoleon directs the order of the attack on the town. Amidst the tumult of the fight the motions of the passions are described. Davoust proceeds to storm the suburbs, which are obtained by the exertions of Gudin's, and Morand's divisions, and of their brigadiers, Colbert, Huard, and Pajol. The battle being favorable to France, De Tolly consults his generals and withdraws his troops from Smolensko. Napoleon, anticipating their movements, directs a bridge to be thrown across the Borysthenes, by which his army pursues the Russians and overtaking them at Voluntina or the sacred field, a bloody battle is fought in which the Russians are defeated.

Conversation of the wounded on the field. Napoleon's view of war under the alternate influence of Ambition and Wisdom, and ultimate intentions.

War in procinct frowns round Smolensko's walls;
The gathering storm of fatal battle lowers;
Hope still on Russia's genius throws her rays.
Bagration's legion from Mohilow fled
De Tolly's myriads near Smolensko joins,
Where Korff, Rajefski, Platoff, and Eugene,
Threat to revert the war from Nieper's shores,
And stop th' invader's march, who far had strode
Impetuous, unresisted, like wild winds
O'er passive groves, or ponderous rolling floods
Fast inundating some devoted land.
In sight both hosts approach, the steel-clad lines

Wide space o'ershadow, and portentous frown,
Like gloomy clouds, that under thunder groan.
Decisive valor fir'd the Russian powers,
Breathing revenge, or patriotic wrath;
Nor less Gaul's host; proud of departed days
And glorying in their chief, were fearless all:
By him controll'd they smil'd at danger's frown;
Joy'd in his front to pluck undying flowers,
And climb the slippery, lofty height of fame.
Along the sable lines, the martial chiefs
Fly on the trampling horse, with tempest speed,
Correcting and arranging: beam their eyes
With stern delight; war round them grimly smiles,
And rebel nature yields to glory's call.
There in proud majesty Napoleon blaz'd
On a bold steed, that conscious of his load
Seem'd sharing empires; swift careering round
His piercing sight arraigns defects, and marks
The hill or vale, where war shall scatter fate;
While clamorous joy along his course resounds,
Loud, as when autumn views Long-Island's bays
Dark-robed with fowls of heaven, while blustering winds
High toss her sand, and rend her waving pines,
And on spread wings the feather'd nations soar
Tumultuous on the blast, with cadence hoarse
Above the dashing waves, and mingled sounds
Confusedly rise along the foamy strand,
Prepar'd for fight, he thus address'd his chiefs:
A long sought object yonder! lo the foe!
Oppos'd to our dull course; for dull it seems,
When no hard conflicts rouse the slumbering soul.
Harvest of glory ripening shines before—
Our army yearns to reap the splendid field.

Know, waken'd valor soon shall sweep yon plain
Of Russia's myriads; the absorbing land
Be satiate of their blood; its herbage tell
In future times of this eventful day;
Reminding swains, France fought with glory here,
Or recreant fled before a braver foe.
Four days have seen De Tolly strike the wind;
While round his left our numerous armies mov'd.
We now had held Smolensko, broke his lines
Of intercourse with Moscow, had not fate,
And Newerowski otherwise ordain'd.
That town will still be ours, though now we see
De Tolly thither come involv'd in dust.
Bagration too has reach'd th' endanger'd point.
O! ere their coming had its walls been storm'd
Successfully, and Ney got aught but wounds!
But now we have them, if not, hope deceives.
Murat! in yonder glade the horse retain;
There wait my pleasure, when the headlong charge
Of snorting steeds, shall swell the battle's roar.
Davoust! in quadrate lead our centre up
Yon eminence, there left-deploying, tempt
The foe from his high towers, which, if he leave
Receive him with destructive compliments,
Or such civility he knew before,
On Eylau, Austerlitz, or Friedland's fields
Thou, Poniatowski, on Borysthenes
Conduct our right—on yonder hills place guns,
To send destruction on the foe's arm'd mounts.—
His ramparts storm, and roaring tiers dethrone.
Ney, on our left shall guide the battle's rage.
Here, with our guard we shall o'erlook the storm
And watch the moment to decide the fight.
So speaking from his presence flew the chiefs

Each to his reign, and summon'd all his band;
Them counsel'd of their course, and needful acts,
When burn'd th' impending combat. Soon Davoust
Outled his legions; seem'd they forests wide
Careering gay to sound of Orphean lyre;
And simultaneous in long splendor move
The brother marshals; loud the trumpets roar—
The road to death the voice of music cheers.
Sudden tremendous thunders shake the land,
With jaculation of destructive globes
Through bleeding myriads, and reclining trees,
Involving all the hosts in murky clouds,
Inspiring terror and confusion wild:
As Ætna when he to the centre groans
With turbulence of entrails, and upheaves
Huge rocks, & burning floods, and kingdoms quake,
Towns reel, and giant terror empire holds.
Then, far as human ken at once extends,
The vast earth-shaking armies aim their tubes,
Surcharg'd with death; immediate bursts aloud
The nitrous fire, swift sending heavy load
Commission'd to destroy; so either host
Begin destructive fray; wide sheets of flame
Corruscant, pierce the darkening cloak of war.
The deafening sounds of cannon, muskets, drums,
And dying groans, convulse the region round.
A scene more awful, than the midnight heavens
Torn with contentious storm, when angry Jove
Seems borne on howling winds, rob'd in dark clouds,
Grasping ten thousand thunders and fork'd bolts
To singe the guilty land, and starry cope.
Huge iron globes thick dart from foes to foes,
Disgorg'd by thundering engines, darkly thron'd

On frowning hills, suffus'd with smoke and fire.
At different points the adverse powers condense,
With bayonets sharp protended, death-fraught arms,
In dreadful expectation and suspense.
While the rude clangor of the fight benumbs
Their senses, the fierce warriors desperate charge:
Thousands on thousands sternly rush, intent
On slaughter; the tremendous din sounds far
Of clashing arms, and lamentable cries
Of victims writhing on the pointed steel.
The sub-commanders of each host, behind,
With brandish'd swords excite to bloody deeds.
Alternately the hostile nations yield.
Fortune with various smiles looks on each realm;
But most on France, whom her great son controll'd.

The centre still at distant combat stands,
Discharging bullets through the sighing air:
The winged deaths in many a hero's breast
End their fleet course, relax his arm, and shade
His eyes with night that has no morn; supine,
He gasping falls upon the gory ground.

Napoleon lofty seated in war's rear,
With optic tube surveys the stormy field.
Valor, perception keen, august design,
On his bright mien in pleasing triumph sate.
With pleasure vaulting from the dome of Fame,
Its tenants wander over half the world:
Gay Vanity in sun-like splendor, drives
Her coursers headlong through the southern skies,
O'er Ottoman, and Russian kingdoms wide,
To Norway's barren hills, and deserts cold,
Thence o'er the Finland gulph, and German states,
To Britain's sea-girt Isle; astriferous robes,

Back streaming, streak'd her wake with silver light.
Full in his view flam'd Glory's gorgeous wain,
Rolling o'er iron groves, and thundering storm,
Swift as tower-rocking whirlwinds sweep the skies,
By Admiration drawn, with wings emblaz'd
By living fire of eyes; her voice swell'd wild,
Loud as vex'd ocean greets his leeward shore,
By ponderous arm of tempest smote to foam—
When waves and clouds commix'd, the nether sand,
From the blue deep upborne by eddies strong,
Rolls on the tumbling surges, snowy-crown'd,
And dashes on the whitening roaring shore.
High sat the world-enchanting power; her scourge
Round waving, form'd circumference of fire
Above her stellar crown, whose living light
Inspired immortal thoughts in lofty souls.
Before her, valor rode with unsheath'd sword,
Like lightning flaming; oft he look'd behind
On scenes of following radiance, Glory's pomp!
Ambition's steed fast gallops round the gloom—
Now treads the land, now leaps from cloud to cloud
Dark floating o'er the war—Wisdom drew near
Th' imperial hero, in dun clouds involv'd,
Thus speaking: Miserable race! again
Earth drinks her children's blood, untimely shed;
Ungrateful to God's eye; good spirits weep,
That useful steel to murderous bayonets turns—
That Wisdom aids in Heaven-offending schemes.
Then end the strife with least expense of blood;
Necessity alone be Havoc's plea.
Canst thou look through futurity, or tell
How long thy sway may last, or fortune bless?
A time may be, when thou wilt move in gloom

Of drear misfortune, and lament the day,
Ambition urg'd thee to this doubtful war;
For know, when mortals pass the sacred bounds,
Prescrib'd by common will, the voice of Heaven,
They wander dangerous ground. He soon replied:
Fortune 'tis true, oft tricks the human race;
What Heaven imposes, man must bear; I ne'er
Shall try to seize yon sun, or alter fate.
If man were as he ought, I would control
With correspondent virtue; as he is
My measures fit: or good or ill befall,
I'll win renown by acting well my part;
But nought of human power shall bring me low;
Ev'n Jove's dread arm must wield the adverse sword.
He ceas'd; his Herald then address'd: Go thou,
Davoust command yon suburbs quick to storm.
The Herald flew, his emperor's will reveal'd,
And straight his post resum'd. Davoust the while directs
Gudin, Morand, with their divisions swift
Against the suburb ramparts to advance,
Assail their roaring tiers with bayonet red,
And turn their deadly fury on the foe.
Quick either chief disposes to begin
The close encounter; fast they prance along
Brigades, firm standing under iron showers,
When this Morand to Huard gives in charge
See'st thou yon ruin-dealing mount? Defer
Not to reverse his thunderer's loud, by force
Of bayonet—Every moment this way prone,
They toss the heads of Frenchmen o'er the field.
In three divisions will my host advance,
And yours the fiery battery will scale

By sudden *coup de main*, or merit shame;
While Colbert, and Pajol, on each side rout
The infantry, there clamoring to secure
The pillars of the war. He spoke, and turn'd
To guide the growing conflict—moving high,
He rode in sullen majesty along.
When Huard through his train arranging speeds,
Revealing lessons to subordinate grades,
Exhorting to be bold. Soon forward move
Through death-pervaded space the storming powers,
Closing and opening as befits the way
Amidst destructive vollies of swift globes
Gregarious whistling grape, and bursting bombs.
Huard, with every martial virtue fir'd,
Feigns to ascend the bastions with his steed,
Then, veering, swift as lightning darts to rear,
High brandishing his javelin midst the storm,
Inspiring bravery in the rushing bands,
And loud thus to his officers declaims:
Impel who dare to lag, excite the bold;
Our feat shall be the pride of this red day,
Shall give our sovereign joy, by happy change
Of battle's aspect; all our host rejoice,
Butcher'd so long by this far-rending hill!
Then, fierce as tigers to secure their prey,
Rush from a rural gloom, with tusks unveil'd,
The valiant train with vigorous shouts ascend
The dangerous bulwark, midst the adverse tide
Of fiery arms, swift waving swords, and spears,
That rag'd tumultuous to oppose, in clouds
Of braying steel; in smoke and streaming flames
Encountering dreadful: first discharg'd their tubes,
Then rush'd amain; bayonets in bayonets clash'd;

Loud ringing sabres flew; wing'd bullets hiss'd;
Muskets revers'd, high lifted, ponderous fell
Dispensing death; foes rush'd on foes enrag'd,
Thirsting for slaughter; mutual vengeance burn'd,
Terrific butchery toil'd, hoarse dying groans
Rose midst dread clangor; horrible uproar
Deep consternation, and wild discord reign'd
O'er bloody prospect wide: soon Russia flies
At the foul signal of retreat, drove out
Defac'd with gory wounds from the trench'd hill
By haughty France; nor ended here the fray—
On either wing, tremendous battle sounds:
Where Colbert rul'd a night of clouds o'erspread,
Scarce pierc'd by flash of arms, disploding dire;
His banners rent, on shatter'd muskets swung—
Firm stood his host, like Ocean's storm-rack'd shore
Projected, or retir'd, as weak, or strong;
But nought decided; Huard reinforc'd
With half his powers, the much enduring chief:
Nor wanting rest from late victorious toil,
They rapid join their kindred bands engag'd.
A war-like host! fast blaz'd their levell'd tubes;
Both nations send fell death through narrow space,
Thick scattering slaughter; the long fields are red
With blood of heroes; fierce contention grows
And horrid shrieks of bleeding mortals rise.
Now draw they near, portending charge; then aw'd
By the close terrors slow recoil, and pour
Redoubled vollies through the sighing air.
But Colbert, with impatience to subdue,
Like winged whirlwind hurried through the lines,
Where discord greatest rag'd, and loud exclaim'd:
Frenchmen, why wait ye on the dreadful field

To die in distant combat, or why fear to charge?
Go then, revenge your mates, that slumber pale,
And put to ceaseless flight by bayonet point
Yon hostile host. Swift at his voice they fly
Amain through deadly iron showers, nor pause
But headlong rushing with sharp bayonets pois'd,
Spread consternation, death and wounds around.
Such fury Russia stands not; fear out-spreads
Her wings of darkness o'er the scene; retreat
Commences, with wild disarray, and ruinous rout;
France follows close behind, like torrent floods
In harsh uproar, staining her arms with blood.
So sharks, the dreaded rovers of the deep,
Dart headlong in pursuit of scaly tribes
Through ocean's spacious field, by hunger urg'd.
The Russians from their bulwarks driv'n, the chiefs
Recall their bands to occupy, and turn
Their wide destroying force against the powers
Whom late they shielded; sudden deaf'ning peals
Of thundering guns imbowell'd the dun air,
And vollied balls far wasting orbits tore
Through ranks, that on Pajol successful warr'd;
These fly confused before the deadly blast,
And mourn their valor vain. Brave Ney, the while,
Floods Russia's right with ruin—Gudin drives
The foe before—Bruyere's fleet squadrons wheel
Victorious through the war; the heights secure,
Where Poniatowski sixty thunderers thrones,
And shades Borysthenes with iron showers,
Rending the bridge that links the Russian host.
Touzhkoff with equal rage returns the storm:
From fort to fort balls dart; the space between

Sighs at their speed; they in mid heaven oppose
With dreadful shock, and bound along the clouds.
Incessant thunders shake the region round.
Each mount, involv'd in smoke and flame, appears
Like Sinai, as described in story old,
When God alighted from his Heaven, inwrap'd
In thunder-burthen'd clouds, to give his law—
The mountain trembled at his touch, inspir'd
With dread intelligence of Nature's King;
Fork'd lightnings angry quivered on its brow,
And deepening roar of thunder shook the globe.
De Tolly far descrying the sad rout
Of what his right consisted, and his host
In evil plight, thus with his chiefs: Misfortune comes,
O valiant kindred! with depressive mien
On this day's toils, and dismal sacrifice
Of many a Russian, bold and brave in vain!
The fate, O heavens! which quite too oft attends
Th' opposers of Napoleon, who careers
In bloody triumph over humbled realms.
But thou, fair virtue's friend, the foe of vice,
Well know'st his merit, and if he deserve
T' enjoy dominion o'er all earthly states.
O grant to wretched Russia happier days!
Though undeserving thy benign regard,
She erst thy gracious providence enjoyed.
Our barriers all are forc'd without yon town;
Shall we then seek sad shelter in retreat,
Or desperate conflict longer try, and plunge
Our state in deeper misery, for faint hope
Of victory? Flight may lead to conquest soon,
While unavailing valor leads to death:
We hence can safe withdraw; Smolensko's tower

Will long obstruct the foe—until our bands
Shall have advanc'd beyond this ruinous storm.
Advise what measures most our welfare needs.
So spoke the chief; and Tornoff thus replied:
'Tis wise of evils to select the least
And turn ill fortune to some good result;
Still glorying in our fate, or foul or fair.
What you insinuate has my full assent:
To make retreat, till on more hopeful ground,
We may the losses of this day retrieve.
Good angels wipe the tears by Virtue shed;
Fortune not always frowns upon the just:
This mighty hero misery's cup may drain,
Supplied by Russian arm; his France may hear
Sad story of her sons, and mournful weep
O'er robes prepar'd to greet their glad return;
Because they slumber cold in distant lands,
And feel no guilty triumph in our wo.
So speaking all the chiefs assent declare,
To flee the fatal foe. De Tolly straight
Bids Korff o'er-cross blood-stain'd Borysthenes,
And quickly with redoubled might rebuff
The combat from Smolensko's antique towers;
There check the enemy, till the army main
Is safe removed beyond the battle's rage;
Then following, guard its rear; first give to flames
The war-worn town, that for destructive toil
The foe may win destruction; harvest meet
From deadly seed! He ceas'd, Korff swiftly rides
Through whizzing tempest; his division leads
In fourfold file, o'er Heaven-invading bridge,
Midst goring hail of balls. Now battle shakes
Smolensko's base; her shatter'd bulwarks blaze;

Darkness and thunder awful round her roll—
France under the dread storm, astounded reels;
But all her thunderers points against the walls
Disploding ponderous rock-destroying showers
Of iron globes, while thick vast ruins fall
As leaves, when cold winds scream through faded groves,
While autumn lingers near pale winter's reign.
Sol from the bloody prospect turn'd his eye,
And left the bleeding field in double night.
Toward Bradichino Touchkoff soon proceeds—
Dochroff for Postilo advances—Korff
The rear war slackens, wraps the town in fire,
Each bridge destroys to obstruct pursuing France,
And follows with brave remnant. Night had run
Full half her race, and now the French prepare
To mount the breach by iron tempests torn;
When lo! the fearful passage none disputes;
No guardian warrior breasts th' invading tide.
Disconsolate, forlorn, Smolensko groans
From all her domes, distain'd with patriot gore,
And plunges in the flames; nor will survive
The agony of defeat. Her funeral blaze
High streaming through the vault of night, appear'd
Like huge Vesuvius, when he quaking throws
A flaming ocean heavenward, and illumes
Far countries round; France forces and entreats
To save her mansions; but fast decompos'd
By fierce combustion, quickly is transform'd—
Ah, how unlike her shape in better days!
Ere Sol forsook the fight, proud victory bore
The Gallic standards high; Napoleon saw,

And prudent thus commands: Haxo! swift bridge
Borysthenes beyond yon hill; for soon
The foe will fly the field, and interpose
That stream divested of o'er-arching ways,
To interrupt our progress—his defeat.
Straight from his presence Haxo fled—the air
Sigh'd on his bending plume, as prancing high
He sought his bands, and led them to fulfil
His Emperor's mandate—Soon the river foams
Beneath the lofty road of war; and now,
Like dark clouds hurried by autumnal winds,
The squadron'd legions o'er his bosom glide,
Forsaking the red field in swift pursuit
Of Russia's army; where lie thousands pale,
Of shame and glory heedless; no bright sun
Cheers their dark hours; no sorrow clouds their time,
They feel not Fortune's frown, nor court her smiles.
In mingled prospect lie the small and great:
Grabouski there forgets his Poland's wrongs,
On gory couch prostrated, wan and cold;
Injustice cannot sting, nor Envy harm;
He minds not Ruin's spear; the fame he sought
In Peril's jaws, and studious midnight hours
No more concerns—the toys of life ne'er haunt
The silent grave; for him the poor will mourn
Whom awful Virtue thron'd o'er Fortune's power—
Who meekly, greatly liv'd, and nobly died
Guiding the storm of combat—Heaven recall'd
From the same charity that mov'd his breast.

There, ghastly, prone on crimson earth, and stiff
In death's eternal slumber, Minot ends—
His eyes and arms inflame the war no more—
In days of peace he strove with lofty zeal
For civil glory and the good of man.

In time of war no toils nor dangers turn'd
His course from victory or deserv'd renown.
So Liedot graces the red plain, deform'd—
His youthful bloom, and rosy beauty chill'd
Has ceas'd to please—his bosom heaves no more
At battle's clangor panting to excel;
Nor feeds his mind on science' sacred charms,
That once delighted all his peaceful hours,
And rais'd his soul above all vulgar themes—
That mighty mind is lost to human race,
Untimely sped from life's uncertain stage—
Let Virtue mourn her votary's early fall,
With choicest flowerets grace his humble tomb,
And from oblivion his example save.
And prostrate there Laroul in blood abides;
A champion bold, who knew of nought he fear'd,
But want of strength to wield the conquering sword.
Through many troubles had he pass'd, and long
O'er perils triumph'd, in the dreadful fields
Of Jenna, Acre, Lodi, Austerlitz
And red Marengo—death o'ertakes him now,
Clay cold, unconscious mingles with the dust;
His country's hope and foeman's dread no more.

Thus myriads perish'd in the hideous fray,
And heap'd the field with mountains spouting gore,
And uttering cries that bard can never sing.

On Voluntina now harsh Discord roars—
Ney's close on Korff's embattled ranks, as waves
On some dismasted fleet, that haply floats
Floundering before earth-racking wind, and sheath
In man their bayonets; horrid Conflict shakes
His gorgon head, that shakes the ample field.
Each gonfalon, high-streaming, seems a sail,
In whirlwinds bounding over waves of steel.

Korff plunges through the bristling tide, surpris'd
By sudden onset; undejected still,
He bids Rajefski breast the furious war,
While on a neighboring hill, his forces main
Deploy, and with his left conjoin'd, attain
Position meet to turn the deadly blast.
To shield the movement brave Rajefski rides
Behind his staggering troops, and thus declaims:
Soldiers! stand firm: To you the honor's giv'n
To prove our army's bulwark: Soon the foe
Will mourn his rashness, when from yonder mount
Our park shall sweep his legions hellward—Stand,
Or falls your country! Lives there one so mean
As would survive her ruin? Warriors, hear!
Let him prove recreant and be Russia's foe!
Thus he—and seem'd the genius of the storm;
Nor less than Russia's shield, or rock of war
That stopp'd the hostile ocean dashing dire.
He saw foul Havoc crush full half his train;
Still none retreated; the torn remnant gor'd
Ney's thickest cloud, till in position strong
Their comrades thunder'd on the dark'ning field;
Then, order'd, they retired. De Tolly hears
The growing conflict—bids Touchkoff, Eugene,
With their divisions aid the struggling rear.
They swift retrace their road of flight; and now
Davoust o'erspreads the field with num'rous bands,
And loudly answers Russia's roaring tiers.
Murat's vast cavalry fill the ample plain—
Part mix in war, part wait momentous hour
To make the charge victorious. Karpoff hurls
A deadly tempest on the squadrons thick,
That bound like troubled waves Careering proud,
Murat along the steed-borne army flies,

(Far recogniz'd by snowy plume he wears)
And Grouchy thus bespeaks: Lead thy fleet train
On yonder infantry—dart through—obstruct
That thundering park. He ceas'd, brave Grouchy speeds
Around his troops; till rang'd in order due,
His thousands guides in gallop on the foe
Through murky space, and iron whistling shower—
He headlong rushes into bristling sqares
O'er broken men and arms; long ranks give way,
Confus'd and frighten'd, to the hideous charge;
As flexile reeds, or slender corn, assail'd,
But unrelenting tempests, fury-wing'd.
Break, bend, and sigh, beneath their boundless rage.
Touchkoff this saw, advancing fast to aid
Beleaguer'd Karpoff; sudden comes his host
With brandish'd arms—And now, as flaming stars,
Deep in the void, from gravity enstrang'd,
Toward each other rush with angry air,
To ruin dashing their conflicting orbs,
Meet the contending powers—plunging midst death—
Thick gleaming sabres ring in horrid clash;
Sparks from the attrition fly—tremendous shouts
Rend the dark heavens, and groans the passive ground,
With streaming crimson stain'd; Discord unveils
Her frightful visage; fury, terror, wounds,
Confusion wild, and stern encounter grows—
Horses, wild staggering, tumble round, aghast
Their riders, lopt of limbs, recline; fast whelm'd
By waves of fight, thick crouding o'er, they sink,
Where crush'd by hoofs of steeds, they gasp in death,

And endless darkness veils their fearful eyes.
The while Davoust directs, that Gudin sweep
Korff from his haughty post: The brave man leads
His bold division on, to lead no more!
The dark air groan'd, as burthen'd with his doom,
While high the warrior moved, proclaiming loud,
Companions in renown! to us 'tis given
Before thrice thirty thousand French, to prove
Our valor, and new face the field: Behold!
What myrtle harvest for your victor arms!
Rush then resistless, seize the glorious prize—
Be what ye were, when in more direful storm,
You swept the foe from fall'n Smolensko's shield!
He spoke, advancing fast through iron shower—
A thirsty ball impatient rends the air
And Gudin's heart: He reeling lifeless falls
Before his rushing train, that instant paus'd,
While filial sighs from warrior bosoms burst:
Through the stern ranks dejecting Rumor ran,
And told, the son of victory was no more.
Fame's trumpet sudden dolorous sounded far
Through legions gather'd on the verge of fight,
Revealing Gallic wo, and Gudin's fall.
Collected vengeance now lowers dark to burst
In stormy combat on the Russian host.
Murat with lion rage, careers above
The iron forest on a lofty steed,
With sword high brandish'd midst the waxing gloom,
And loud exhorts inferior chiefs around:
Why stand ye idle this eventful hour,
When Jove in doubtful balance holds the fate
Of this important day? Or vainly hie
Behind the fight upon your flying steeds,

And deedless view the tide of horror rise?
The swelling mountains of your Frenchmen dead!
When timely ardor by your force inpir'd,
Might rout the foe, and shortly stop the strife,
Who stand sublimely brave, nor seem to fear,
Though our artillery sweep whole bands away;
And cavalry bold with whirlwind fury charge,
Breaking long lines, whose bruis'd remains renew
The deathful toil, and sternly wait their doom.
Quick then excite the troops, nor slothful yield
Th' event of this great combat to the slow
Impulse of duty: Admiration tread
In all your steps! fly swift where honor calls—
Disdain to reap the praise without the toil!
So speaking, all the chiefs the same enjoin
On sub-commanders; swift the spirit flies
Of courage stern, from grade to grade, as light-
ning sprung
From gloomy bellowing clouds, illumes the void;
And thus they speak: What glories wait this day,
Or black disgrace! for now no giant towers,
No preestablish'd rampart shrouds the foe—
Be not our cowardice, or sloth, his shield!
Who then shall shrink, regardless of our fame,
And not be level'd with the gasping slain?
Or, if immediate justice not o'ertake,
Be high expos'd, where scorn shall point her wand
To curse his load of life, and conduct past.
Forget not, Frenchmen, your renown'd exploits.
Know, yonder foes you conquer'd oft before,
When they excell'd in numbers, and fierce plung'd,
Of battle satiate, on their bleeding rear.
Now shudders Earth beneath the laboring war;
Thrice sixty thousand meet, conflicting dire—

The vollied thunder heaven's high concave rends;
Dark rolling clouds exclude the day; by fits,
A strong wind sweeps the field of clouds, and shows
Th' Earth-shaking battle flaming, thundering far.
Davoust fast rends the field with hundred guns
Of huge dimensions, hurling grape and ball
Thick as descending hail or flakes of snow,
When icy winter tumbles from the skies:
The glimmering bands before their rage decay;
Disdain they to recede, nor dare advance—
But bleeding stand amidst the hideous storm
Disgorging deadly shower. Murat in front
Conducts his fleet array on bristling groves,
Which reek with gore; impetuous, sanguine, bold,
He plunges through the storm; fierce combat burns
Thrice dreadful where he moves; example great!
A valorous king! His lofty plume, half shorn
By whizzing globes thick ranging princes o'er,
Still mark'd him bounding through the raging war.
Beauharnois near, impels the tide of fight,
Which round him swells tumultuous, dark'ning deep.
Russia recoils, faint reeling, midst the flood
Of ponderous rushing cavalry; great Eugene
Darts through the storm to rouse the drooping host:
Korff, Skallon, Balla, on like errand ride
Close on the raging ranks with tempest speed,
And words like these from either chief are heard:
This is the field deem'd sacred by our sires;
Whence, erst, back roll'd the tide of war; repell'd
By Russian valor: Be it not renown'd,
That we first let pollution pass this ground—

'Twere odious precedence, and damning fame.
Russians, stand firm—this great occasion calls
Your utmost might; Religion, Vengeance, Love
Forbid defeat—the loss of things adored—
Our altars, fire-sides, monarchy and name!
To us our country looks with anxious eyes;
In us her safety is repos'd; then prove
Worthy of confidence; her losses past
Retrieve, avenge her injuries on the foe—
Th' audacious spoiler of our peace, and cause
Of countless miseries to extensive realms.
What aggravated shame on those attends,
Who suffer overthrow in native land;
Where all things sacred to the patriot soul
Should kindle ardor to repel, which burns
In Peril's jaws, nor cools this side the grave.
Have we not more incentives to contend
Than those intruders, who have nought to lose,
But the drear glory of their haughty lord?
Then teach the enemy soon, though loth to learn,
That Russians dare to die, though fortune frown
On their endeavors, and exalt their foe.
Korff headlong midst thick cloud of combat plung'd
O'er yielding ranks, with shriek and uproar wild—
'Rush on brave troop,' he cries 'your general leads:'
Infuriate they pursue with flaming arms;
Like whirlwind, midst the adverse nation wheel—
But soon rebound, by deadly torrent driven—
Korff, pale, lies victim of all-conquering death,
The songs of hope scarce sounding in his ears;
Great kings and empires swim before his eyes,
And round him spreads the spectre-peopled world.
His troops dishearten'd fly the war, and swift

Through all the field commences wild retreat
Of Russia's legions; France hangs on their rear
With javelin lifted to rebathe in blood.
So Tigers from the fiercer Lion run—
So chaff, or smoke, before the tempest flies.
Now day retires—the chiefs bid cease pursuit.
Swift, as night flies the sun, the order spread
Through all the host; but Fury rul'd the fray—
Insatiate of wide slaughter fierce she strode,
While wounds, and death, and terror swell'd before
Each leader, bent to quell the soldiers' rage,
Darting like whirlwind midst th' opposing hosts,
Stalk'd high, with brandish'd sword forbidding strife;
While here, and there, the bands forget their wrath
Till all surcease in crooked line, far stretch'd,
And scatter'd wide, like ocean weed, or foam
Stranded on some long coast by high-swoln tides.
Selected bands surviving wounded bear
From gory beds, where midst the storm of fight
Machaon's sons had stanch'd their gushing blood.
Some wail their destiny and torturing wounds,
Griev'd for the past, and of the future 'fraid.
Some writh'd by pain, immediate death implore,
Of all things heedless but the quiet grave.
Some oft repeat the well-remember'd names
Of parents, sisters, lovers, wives and friends
Their fall might bring to wretchedness and want:
As poor Lerault lamented near his tomb,
In dismal converse with a suffering peer.
Ah mournful date! he cries, for this I left
My peaceful home close bordering on the Rhine.
Contented, there I liv'd, of swains approv'd—
And of domestic train inspir'd my breast

With soft affection, ocean great of joy!
They sooth'd my woes, if any woes were mine.
A lovely spouse, the fairest of the fair,
With every charm that waits a virtuous mind—
A blooming daughter, and an infant son,
Dependant on my aid—ah! much I fear
Their happiness must perish with their sire:
Frail orphans ill can brave th' ungrateful world.
I see misfortune chill their early bloom;
Some careless guardian give their tender years
To base employ, in shade of cold neglect,
While their lorn mother unavailing weeps.
Too late I blame my fondness for renown
Of dangerous toil.—O cruel fate! must death
Thus terminate my hopes; this frame resolve
With the cold earth, its vital spirit flown,
That once beat high to glory, and no more
Delight or grieve, or feel reproach, or praise,
Or walk with festive friends my native land,
To hear the narrative of hoary age,
And teach my gentle offspring virtue's ways;
Which, Hope has said, would be my bliss, when freed
From toils of war, reposing on high fame.
So human prospects vanish: Hope's full wave
Breaks on death's shore, in cold oblivious gloom—
Man's generations in succession roll
To that dark limit, and are known no more!
  Disconsolate he speaks; and thus Labeur:
The grave is opening; all the doleful way
Unveil'd before me lies—distressful thoughts
Might pain my latest life; but e'er resign'd
To steadfast fate, they harmless pass me o'er.
I have dear relatives that need my aid:
A pious mother, venerable and poor,

The kind controller of my youthful years;
For whom with filial zeal I long have toil'd—
And a fond spouse, whose sweet attention charms
The soul to grateful transport, and unloads
The mind of half its woes: Oft have I said
Labeur has greater woes than most of men,
Forever struggling with misfortune's flood.
Alas! they soon will end: fell Ruin points
At my sad being her inveterate darts;
Ev'n now strange scenes, and other worlds appear;
Their forms decay, that bind me on time's shore.
Fear not, frail twain, the years to come; for though
The proud neglect, God ne'er forsakes the poor.
As thus they convers'd, on the ground reclin'd,
Lemair, though dying, thus jocosely speaks:
And fear ye then to die? Such dismal strain
Two aged maids might utter fraught with spleen,
Not warriors resting on the gory field—
Who should not fail of courage to lie down.
Perhaps ye came not here to seek a bed;
Yet many a year in undisturb'd repose
Ye will this land encumber, and perhaps
Have pleasant dreams of fame this day acquir'd.
In various mood the wounded thus employ
Life's remnant, sinking into death's cold arms,
Midst hills of slain. Strown o'er the bloody scene
Two of distinguish'd name the muse descries:
Skallon, the pride of camps, the soldier's sire,
The dauntless patriot, who erst vow'd no foe
Should pass the sacred field, but o'er his corpse;
And Balla, dreadful midst the files of fight,
Of equal zeal and firmness; like some oak,
That shielded forests with its giant arms,
Thrown down by tempest on the crackling grove,

Leaving wide blank on high, the hero fell
Amidst his falling ranks, while Russia sigh'd,
And droop'd her battle, of its crest bereav'd.
The combat past, Napoleon o'er the field
Rides with attendant suit: Rapp, Caulincourt,
Lauriston and Duroc; who round him shine
With port majestic, and attentive mien.
Before, on steed of light, Minerva mov'd,
By none beheld. "Great feats of arms impress
This ground," remarked the monarch: "Folly's toil!"
Exclaim'd the goddess, flaming on his view
With mournful dignity, and mild disdain,
Which fools approve, which vice incites: O when
Will mortals learn, that innocence is praise,
Forever young, while fame of warlike deeds
Decays with vice, contention's deadly spring!
When her dark reign expires, let men of blood
No more expect acclaim. When virtuous peace
Toward them shall look with pity, or with scorn,
From universal throne, will they not be
Preeminent in shame, and wish to plunge
Beneath oblivion's waves to hide their state—
As heroes once, but now as evils view'd?
Ere twice five hundred years from Faustus' birth
How chang'd will be the world! When those whose blood
And toil feed murderous war, shall all be taught
Their rights and duties, will they then permit
Arch rulers to destroy them as in sport,
And bleed, that chiefs may get Athenian praise,
And find no rational means to end disputes?
Know, worthy fame has an immortal base,
Immutable and firm midst wreck of realms,

The change of customs and the fall of power;
In times most evil it commands regard;
'Tis virtue's throne, where Justice guardian stands;
It gleams on vicious ages, as the Sun
Shines on the Earth, when clouds obscure the sky;
And like him, cloudless, beams on days of truth.
As vice it's own correctives bears 'twill come,
When the heal'd moral frame will marvel much,
That splendid wickedness was e'er revered,
Or deeds of blood deem'd worthy of applause.
Vice to herself applies the scourge: Thy power,
Which shakes the guilty nations, ill employed,
Itself destroys: While borne on error's tide
The nations sail, if thou must with them run,
O do not urge their speed in courses wrong!
Shall those, to whom 'tis given to bless mankind,
Abuse their trust, for wild Ambition's lore,
Whose ill directed efforts bring reproach,
Nor dread the justice of insulted Heaven?
As thus she speaks, griev'd at the gory scene,
The Emperor signs assent; but to the sound
Of martial music, and the flattering smile
Of present victory, swell his passions high
For conquest, false renown, and fiery clouds
Swift interrupt his view of Wisdom's charms:
Ambition, in her stead, beside him rode
On blazing steed, proud champing scepter'd curb;
And other thrones, she cries, shall to thee bow,
Or own thy guidance—other countries feel
Thy man-exalting influence; but why mourn
In victory's arms, the fate of human kind?
War shakes the moral, storms the natural world,
Alike devoted to the good, and ill.
Grant vice the cause—can we the cause remove?

If war must burn, why we not guide its rage?
The surgeon bleeds a man, the king a realm,
To forward healthy action, and to save.
The cause remov'd, th' effect will shock no more.
The sound require not the physician's aid.
It is conceded Vice herself annoys;
Her offspring, war, is her main punishment,
Conducting which, serve we not Virtue's cause?
How oft have warriors had celestial aid
By Hebrew story? E'en thyself; high Jove
To thee imparts the rule of many thrones;
Inspires with genius, arms with power, and gives
To move victorious o'er the guilty world;
Would he aught sanction that promoted ill?
What evil may Timidity forebode
In garb of Prudence! If Heaven on thee war
Thy part may still be glorious; bearing wo
With passive valor, and unyielding mind,
Has equal honor to successful war.
My counsel then cannot have evil end
Provoking sad misfortune, as that fair
So lately fled thy presence durst assert,
Who blames presumption, while she most presumes.
Sure, gold, or thrones shall not move honor's scale—
She e'en attempts to scan the will of Jove,
Futurity's dark womb explore, to prove
(What faith discredits) Virtue insincere
When exercis'd in punishment of Vice!
Thus she: The Chief replies; I sought renown
No more in war than peace; her tranquil shade
Had baneful influence on my envied throne;
Yet all my battles have been fought for her,
And to her use I give the spoils of war.
When England, humbled, shall provoke no more,

Blithe Industry shall lead the dance of joy
In gay prosperity; the laurell'd head
Of venerable Science living light
Diffuse; the Muses clustering splendors weave;
The pencil rival nature; sacred laws
Guard justice, and the fabric of man's bliss
Be co-extensive with my great domain—
A grand memorial that Napoleon was!
Thus he, careering o'er the doleful field
Midst groans of wounded, shouts of shatter'd lines
That hail his coming with presented arms.
To every band, and each distinguish'd chief,
He grants the meed deserv'd, while myriads joy'd,
And wish'd in other fights to please their Lord.
Now Sol had sunk far o'er th' Atlantic waves,
And streak'd the western horizon with fire
Of farewell beams—the dusky car of night
Ascended orient climes, approaching fast
In sable pomp—war's hideous face was veil'd;
The host embrac'd the balmy power of sleep,
Except the wakeful centinel, walking slow,
All the long night to guard the slumbering camp.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK IV.

ANALYSIS.

In the night following the battle, the anxiety of Napoleon disturbing his slumbers, he rises, makes a soliloquy, and again retires to rest—While Fear summons her train and directs them to pervade the Russian camp—Which done, De Tolly, after a consultation with his officers, continues to retreat during the night; While Chimera is addressed by Disquietude, respecting a dream for Napoleon. Chimera decrees what shall be presented to him, which a Vigil is charged to convey to his mind. He performs the mission. The Emperor awaking remarks its influence—has an interview with his marshals, and learning the direction of the retreat of the Russians, pursues them with his army.

Slumbering the mighty chief of nations lay
In his distinguish'd tent; his warriors round
Enjoying soft repose forgot the hours;
But he was mov'd by soul corroding care,
And doubts, prevailing in his troubled breast.
'Twas midnight's peaceful hour; th' unwearied world
In darkness roll'd beneath far twinkling stars,
Which gild night's throne; bright oracles of God!
That lead the mind in contemplation deep
Till reason in immensity expires!
The drowsy camp muttered somnific sounds;
Th' unharness'd steeds neigh'd to the echoing hills,
Disturbing oft calm silence' pensive reign
Who in lone cells and night-invested fields

Conducts the mind to nature and to truth.
The lamps were dim with age, and feebly shed
Unwelcome radiance on reflecting robes
That grac'd the royal tent, when wak'd by cares,
Rose from his downy couch th' aspiring king:
His mien bespoke the hero and the seer;
And musing of his state, thus talks alone:
In night's dark silence sober thoughts invade
The breasts of kings, depressive of their pride.
The gloomy scowl of yonder heaven, the stars,
Which distant shed a doubtful glimmering light
In the dark vault, and chilling winds, that breathe
On hills austere, moving the rustling leaves,
In solemn hour invite to nature's court
My burdened soul; no flatterers there it finds:
"Thy race will soon be run," some voice exclaims,
"Thou with thy pompous myriads must descend
And be no more, while nature glorious shines,
Heedless of mortal deeds; or great or small;
Whose fame shall please not the cold mouldering corse,
Its spirit quench'd in death's eternal night.
Alas! how irksome this pursuit of fame;
This sublunary power, and transient throne,
Or held by lineage high, or bravely won:
Though mine the partial voice of millions gave,
I hold it of less worth than most of men;
For miserable is all this gorgeous pomp,
Compared with the poor peasant's unconcern;
But small (Oh fate of pride!) is all the peasant's bliss
To glory's deathless light, immortal fame!
Which providence has doom'd me to pursue
On wings of war, o'er floods of human gore.

Sad mean, and hurtful to my peace of soul!
Too frequent wounded, oft I thus exclaim:
"Admired philosophers and bards of old,
Who with increasing splendor walk with time,
Diffusing virtue's seeds through every age,
In human breasts awaking heavenly fires;
Much would I joy to tread your honor'd road,
So bright with charms divine, and guiltless fame;
There blest with peace, with competence and health,
Far from fool dazzling pomp and troubling cares,
In mild, yet lofty state, my days should pass."
But now, my course ordain'd, when deeds of kings
And heroes of old time before me rise,
Conscious that man, through ages long, admires
Them as supreme of mortals, burns my breast
In emulation bold; all sober thoughts,
Philosophy inspires forthwith depart
Their native seat; the fragrant blooming grove,
And shady bower, at Fame's loud summons fly
My ravish'd sight; Hope, Valor, Glory stir
The impatient soul; my hand spontaneous grasps
Th' assuring sword; armies I hail and crowns,
And spectres of the mighty dead appear,
Thus mov'd, I conquer'd kingdoms, and attain'd
This high preeminence; saw potentates,
Princedoms, dominions, realms, and mighty thrones,
Before my banners cower; vast armies rise,
Obsequious to my will, of matchless force,
And distant nations court my kind regard.
Ah! had this fortune sweet contentment given,
My toil had been repaid; but thou Renown,

Shalt tell in future times of all my deeds,
And to my name unceasing tribute pay;
Which, as through long revolving years it glides,
Shall, like huge rivers deep'ning as they flow,
Increase in praise, till Earth shall be no more!
But what uncertainty clouds Fortune's march!
How feeble the support of human trust!
Misfortunes great may lie before, conceal'd
From human prescience—Prone on Niemen's bank
My courser fell—I saw the giant storm,
In shape of ancient hero arm'd, that burst
As Alexander's or a Cesar's rage,
Or Homer's mighty spirit were its soul;
Me paralizing: When Intrigue, ere while,
Presum'd to caution of my dubious state
Till receiv'd her lore; but sure her tongue
Reechoed history's voice—and might instruct
To shun the perils, frowning on my course.
Unpleasant seem my prospects: What to urge
Decisive combat, and victorious move
To the proud acme of this great campaign,
And shield my myriads from the wintery storms,
Pondering, I loose calm sleep's refection kind;
A victim to anxiety and care.
So speaks Napoleon—then the maps unfolds,
Which all the Russian clime display; the roads,
Champaigns, extensive forests, rivers, groves,
Cities and guarded seats; examines these,
His course determines and his couch resumes.
Meantime wan Fear in her chill residence
Felt sudden agitation; wild concern
Was in her visage, though her speech was bold.
She cast unquiet looks, and round her hall

Saw monstrous things, gorgonian forms and death.
Upon the darker shore of life's bleak stream
Her palace stands, just opposite, where Hope's,
In gorgeous splendor, throws undying light
To cheer the storm-tost wanderer; strong the tide
Runs to the sullen strand, and thither bears
Th' infirm midst rocks and shoals. In that huge pile,
Shapeless and gloomy, superstition toils;
She forges fetters for the crouching world—
For reason's votaries scaffolds builds, and shows
Midst other trophies, great Galileo's chains;
While druids, augurs, priests of various name,
And kings of Earth at human weakness smile.
There Syrens sing and demons snarl by turns;
Immagination trembles at her brood;
Blank Indecision, faction-tost, is seen,
The happy moment losing of success—
And all the unquiet spirits: Near her throne
Chimera sits, her counsels aids, and states
The crude inventions of her numerous train,
Whom she on various embassies deputes,
Inspiring dreams of happiness or wo.
She quickly summon'd her tumultuous powers;
They came with startled faces, hurrying wild—
While roar'd her trump, as fill'd by stormy winds;
Hope echo'd its harsh sound in music sweet.
The wild assembly on each other glar'd,
And shriek'd at times, as quiver'd, crack'd and groan'd
The tempest shaken mansion. Soon the queen
Thus loud began: Defeat waits Russia's powers,
Who me have worshipp'd since th' approach of night
This understood, and in due time implor'd,

'Tis fit, we interpose to keep from harm
A host so vast—Our Flight, her wings dispread,
Shall guide them from th' impending danger soon,
Convincing man, the strongest needs our aid;
Ah me, what miseries might vain mortals shun
In Pride and Valor's lore! How oft they fall
And own my sway too late to change their doom!
Though all these Russians ridicul'd my power,
Deeming me peccant, and a ruthless pest
Among their ranks the last man-butchering day,
Full weighty cause they knew, ere Sol roll'd down
The western heaven, to seek our humble aid,
Now, timorous agents of the trembling Dome,
Endeavor our wild spirit to diffuse
Through all the Russian myriads; them convince
Of the necessity of rapid flight
Under thick darkness' all concealing wings;
Lest fast approaching day should ghastly stare
On their corse-cumber'd camp, and Ruin drag
Their throneless monarch at his blasting wheels.
Well had they done in former times to own
My safe dominion, when that mighty Chief
To battle's verge came towering in fierce war,
And they, in strength too confident, essay'd,
His overthrow, and dar'd imprudent, front
The armies train'd by his victorious hand,
Which cost them deep remorse, and floods of gore.
Instructed thus, they mount the wilds of air,
So swift, the winds lull panting far behind,
Unequal to the race: In Russia's camp
Soon ply their mission—through the army move,
The cold infection spreading; while above,
The timorous queen sat gathering sevenfold night
About the dangerous scene, and stretch'd her hand

Towards th' inclement north, that show'd relief
And promis'd safety from Destruction's jaws.
De Tolly felt the spirit which prevail'd;
A general's cares incumbent on his mind—
(He fear'd not for himself; but for his King,
And the vast host he ruled;) to council call'd
His nation's leaders, and thus spoke the chief:
The toils of yesterday, crown'd with defeat,
And loss of thousands, warn us to depart
This evil post, and undetected speed
To Borodino, or to Moscow's walls:
There, with collected strength, we may resume
The arduous conflict, and successful prove;
For soon Kutusoff, freed from Turkish war,
May with his skill, and numbers, swell our force.
Driven from intrenchments, and selected ground,
Where late we deem'd ourselves secure in vain,
What shall we here, but fall an easy prey
To our insidious foe by morrow's dawn?
Who now believes our forces fit to cope
With those of France from past experience? Say—
With myriads fallen, captur'd, or dispers'd,
On inauspicious ground can we contend
Victorious? When, before defeat sustain'd,
Of hope possess'd, which some possess no more,
We cower'd before their Eagles, and retir'd
Reluctant, nor attain'd this worthless spot,
Till much respected darkness lent her aid;
Else had the foe, insatiate, still pursu'd
Our hapless legions; his tempestuous horse,
Plunging amain, deep bath'd in crimson floods
On the far scatter'd rear of our large host,
Of which full half had now imprison'd groan'd,
Or in death's pale embrace their fathers join'd,

The general ended—Touchkoff thus replied:
Impending danger loud forbids delay
Of speedy flight; solicitude immense
Disturbs this breast, as if some evil spirit
Had enter'd there, and whisper'd ills to come,
Causing chill thoughts, and darkness of my soul.
'Twould better end to give in brief our will,
In this consult, and swift departure haste;
Each moment lost, plucks honors from our name;
'Twill haunt our future years, and cloud our joys;
For now, methinks a dreadful storm is near,
Of woful end, to burst in boundless rage
Ere morning glides us by in saffron robes,
Displaying the grim face of ruthless war.
Thus he—and sprightly Platoff thus rejoins:
Heavens! could Napoleon hear our brave resolves,
His seine of arms might trap our timorous shoals;
But Voluntina's warriors, who, so late,
Trod thunder-beaten paths, and near rebuff'd
Smolensko's victors, he will not suspect
Of such dark transit, save to gain his rear;
By good opinion of our valor, dup'd!
Sure some with open eyes are fraught with dreams—
Far worse, than when a slumbering maid believes
Her wherry founders, and she stifled drowns;
Though morn belies the faith, she still conceives
Herself in evil plight; her neighbors plagues
With frequent lamentation, and long tales
Of coming trouble in the dream pourtray'd.
Nor stops her clamor, till new visions come,
Which promise husbands, or more golden days.
Though all appearances seem not so ill

As to destroy my hopes of victory here,
And fill me with thy terrors; yet our state
Is quite precarious and some prudence needs,
Join'd with true valor, to conduct us hence
Secure from peril, to the destin'd scite
Of the last combat, in defence of that
Long reverenc'd city, with good parsons bless'd,
In thee, De Tolly, those bright virtues live,
And recommend thee to control our course;
Which from this place, ere blushes rosy morn,
I hope shall have been sped: assent declare,
Who will to flee, and quick suspense conclude.
Advising thus, the whole consent to march,
And wish no moment lost. Their chief directs
What way, and how, the several leaders move
Their portions thence, and where conjunction form.
Then to his train each went, assembled straight
His sub-commanders, and this lesson gave:
We haste away from this unhopeful ground,
If possible, unseen, while darkness holds
Her friendly reign, and hides our humble march.
Lead cautious each his charge, forbid the sound
Of voice and instrument sonorous, lest
Our watchful enemy take heed, and strive
Against our purpose; all will strict maintain
Due order, rapid walk, and silence deep.
Then to their posts they hie, and at the sign
Of march, all secret move, in swift retreat:
Columns succeeding columns, long and dark,
Move sullen, like nigrescent clouds of even
In torrid summer, covering half the sky,
Which near the gloomy world, low muttering, glide,
While stars shoot fast behind, and sudden winds
Stir the black rustling forest cloth'd in night,

Meanwhile round Fear's abode a tempest rag'd:
Disquietude before the Queen uprose,
And thus bespoke her and Chimera wild:
A potent Emperor much perplexes now—
In Russia's wide domain he venturous sleeps;
But what concerns him most, 'tis hard to say;
His realm's rebellion, or the doubtful end
Of this gigantic contest, which must soon
Exalt him to unprecedented height,
Or cloud his history with surprising gloom
Of evil fortune; E'en the last he dreads,
While Sleep unwilling casts her balmy veil
O'er his days toils, and sadly sooths his soul.
Full well he knows of Fortune's treacherous ways;
His hope gleams faint, beyond herculean toils,
Like stars of evening, when autumnal clouds
Sail thick and dark along the windy heaven,
Twinkling at intervals on human eyes:—
Or beacons, that far off to windward lie,
By mariners seen from billowy mounts by night,
Which show the port past threatening rocks and shoals,
And surges adverse rolling raging wild—
Impatient to attain unequal'd power,
Renown unfading, and terrestrial pomp,
By swift dispersion of his neighboring foe;
Yet doubtful of success, and pain'd with care,
What vision shall we offer to his mind,
To cause him joy or wo, while held in sleep,
Unable to command the valorous fire,
Which sense of peril in its blaze consumes?
Recount thy practice, of what nature say,
Shall be the prospect to employ his mind,
Compounded of his plight; or good, or ill?

This having said, Chimera thus replied:
When night o'er spreads the busy walks of men,
And animal creation seek repose,
I give to all such mental scenes, as suit
Th' oblations various offered at my shrine:
From monarchs and the great I most receive
Incentives to construct unpleasant dreams,
That harm their quiet, and engender wo;
Which, though derided, oft diffuses gloom
Amidst their revels with unnotic'd hand.
But where stern Wisdom constant sway preserves,
Industriously seeks facts whereon to think,
Not building, till materials are procured,
And to conclusion brings perplexing doubt
'Tis seldom I obtain; for frowns severe
The rigid goddess, and forbids approach,
When rapid I retire, like smoke before the wind.
I to the theorist vain schemes unfold
Surcharg'd with sweet delusion and surmise.
Philosophers, well pleas'd, I bear away
Beyond the Pleiades, in the northern sky,
Or to some favorite planet, where they view
Its satellites, refulgent glowing round,
And comets, flaming through the field of stars,
And O, with Newton how I lov'd to rove!
The motions of his soul resembled heaven—
So easy, and so high! so placid and sublime!
The brazen quack I compliment with ghosts
In winding sheet, just fled the dreary tomb,
Untimely thither by his errors hurl'd;
Or please him midst deluded multitudes,
Prescribing, as blind Chance his Chaos rules.
The sage physician I perplex with news
Of deviations from prescriptions just—

And oft console him with the grateful voice
Of patients heal'd, and rescued from the grave.
The lawyer frequently inspir'd by me,
Harrangues a listening jury, and inflames
Their breasts with ardor to assert the laws—
The parson oft I lift to bright abodes
Of angels and blest saints, where he beholds
Immortal features, beaming light divine;
Hears song delectable, and converse holds
With happy spirits, then awaking smiles
At death's short sting, and the poor conquests of the grave.
Or strong temptations set before his view—
A beauteous maid, possess'd of matchless charms,
Her christian travail telling in sweet strain;
Think ye his thoughts quit Heaven on Earth to rove?
Old batchelors I haunt with marriage state—
The dismal penance of loquacious wife,
And vex with children and parental cares.
Poets I toss among the stars, where pleas'd,
They see the spheres along their orbits dance
To nature's harmony—they joyful rove
Amidst the clustering constellations bright,
And hear vast worlds melodious concert join,
Hymning the praise of Deity supreme.
Sometimes I place them midst tenebrious clouds,
Roaring, and flashing horrid day, compell'd
By furious tempests through the stormy skies;
When in high transport they enjoy the scene,
Regardless of the dust which girds them round.
At times show Envy and lame Ignorance,
Rolling dull eyes askance upon their muse;
When they, forgetful, from the prospect turn,

Or hope their pearls not wholly thrown to swine.
The glutton I provide with odious scenes,
And launch from precipices dread, while he,
In fearful expectation waits the blow.
I let the miser see the sneaking thief
His closet penetrate, and treasure grasp;
Let some behold their emulation's blaze
Portray'd in those, whose fame they would surpass:
And often to the laboring patriot show
The base injustice of ungrateful man.
And now methinks from all oblations giv'n
By this great chief, this dream to him belongs,
Which thou, strict Vigil, wilt to him convey,
Fulfil our purpose, and his rest annoy:
Before him bring the shapes of heroes old,
Beseeching Heaven, by various arguments,
To check his progress to superior fame.
Him show the victims of ingratitude—
Then grasp in cloudy hand, and lift on high
Between th' infolding skies and rolling world,
That in his sight great Europe may appear,
With all her realms reflecting sorrow's look;
When sudden, France sinks, leaving chasm dark,
While roll th' Atlantic, German, Midland floods,
Impetuous closing o'er her towers in foam
A rocky isle next where she was, is seen,
Round which tall navies glide, and ponderous whales,
That 'gainst the clouds expire their watery breath.
Then, in transition swift, midst barren wilds
Let winter's freezing stores profusely fall,
And cold winds round him drift the hoary snow;
While on a steed, forlorn he refuge seeks
In deep distress, but seeks in vain, and lo!

Forsaken armaments, disabled guns
Half whelm'd in hail, heaps of chill'd steeds,
And ghastly groves of frozen men reclin'd
On muskets, or in mountains pil'd around,
Ope on his sight, and fruitless he explores
The fetter'd lands in search of that great host,
So late his pride, and terror of his foes.
Then spread narcotic vapors o'er his mind,
Producing slumber soft, and transient truce
Of ominous toil; then soon midst squadrons arm'd,
Transport him at Misfortune's desperate call,
Contending for his liberty and life;
While heaven wears mournful aspect, bleak, and dark
With clouds, swift wafted by tempestuous winds.
Next place him in the hall of Russian kings,
Deep musing of old time, and trophies won
By valiant Russia, in fair order rang'd;
There conjure up a draggon, hideous, huge,
Affecting to conceal his latent ire,
Till near him, when he grasps the tripple crown,
Which breaking, and profaning in his view,
He hurls upon the winds; and straight 'tis gone—
Perceptible no more; then mute remains
The evil monster, and with scornful eye,
Beholds of crown bereft, th' astonish'd Chief;
But soon th' uncertainty of earthly things
And levelling Death's all conquering power proclaims.
So spoke the queen, then sudden quak'd the Dome,
As open flew the doors with grating sound;
Out rush'd the Vigil—soaring on the winds
Infuriate whistling through the clouded skies.

Behind he leaves the voice of troubled waves,
Of groaning trees, of misery and joy,
And enters clouds scarce pierc'd by Hope's fair beams:
He penetrates the sphere where Somnus reigns—
And now fast traverses the dusky land
On the still confines of the realm of Death,
Which has no interchange of night or day,
Nor sees a star, or sun, or silver moon—
'Tis cheerless all; no breezes wander there;
No sound e'er breaks upon that dreary wild:
Wan pensive spectres in deep silence glide
Athwart the gloom, into the darksome world;
On whose frontier gigantic phantoms frown
In all their monarch's terrors—here he paus'd,
And try'd to sigh, but fate refus'd the voice;
Then sped, while volitive of motion, lest
In immobility eternal held,
A night-clad monument he should abide
Unnumber'd tedious cycles—and attain'd
Th' imperial ear: And quick before him strides
Achilles, fiery, crown'd, whose nervous arm
Upbears the sculptur'd shield; its surface shows
His deeds and Ilion's fall: With earnest gaze,
As on some form, which mortals could not view,
He thus, address'd the power, that sports with kings:
Oh, fate dispensing being, nature's God!
If e'er I awkward toil'd to please, with smoke
Of victims slain, repress this rival Chief.
Short was my time on Earth, but fill'd with deeds,
Midst fierce contending squadrons, bath'd in blood,
And angry tempests on th' Earth-shaking seas.
With longer life I had acquir'd more fame;

But while in youthful bloom; while yet I shone
In proud defiance of my foes, and hurl'd
Them to the dust; while soothing hope pourtray'd
Bright scenes to come; ere half th' accustom'd race
Of life was run Death seiz'd: I could no more,
By destiny inexorable bound.
Shall he, permitted, flourish o'er my tomb?
My fame eclipse, while I in death repose?
While ways unnumber'd moves my mortal frame
In tempest, stream, or tree; the voice long mute
That frighten'd Troy: The Hector-conquering arm,
In ruin cold, can scatter fate no more!
Thus he, and mingled with the air—Then rose,
With head inclin'd, and stern, decisive mien,
Th' Emathian Alexander—round his feet
Lay crowns, and pale Darius; jealous still,
His eyes on Philip linger'd. Earnest, loud,
Napoleon heard him thus the God implore:
Let me co-equal shine with Gaul's great King,
In whom thou hast implanted lust of fame
Less strong than mine; so less be his renown—
Or in the apportionment of human lot
Is fitness unregarded? Is desire
Created to repine? Fix'd still and cold
Beneath increasing years, I can no more!
O silent footed time, how hast thou fled,
And left great Babylon—lost in thy long path!
Out-run my Greece, and proud world-conquering
Rome!
E'en my great tutor rules the mind no more,
Can nought but Homer's song keep pace with thee?
O could'st thou resurvey my reign on Earth,
Thou shouldst not see this Chief's excel my deeds;
Thou should'st not see my life so meanly end—

Nor stain'd, alas! by friendly Clitus' gore.
Th' inglorious revelry still blasts my peace;
No rest is mine, which humbler souls enjoy.
True, I was cruel; fatal need of Kings!
Too much the usage of my ancient age—
But is Napoleon free from similar stain?
Are not great faults depending to his charge,
Which, if compar'd with mine, of other date,
Would prove him far more blameable than I?
For what can he deserve superior grace?
Because more valiant generous, or humane?
Of this thou know'st, it useless were retold:
No just pretensions can that chief advance
For thee to smile on all his acts, and lift
Him to such height, as agitates the shades
To loud protest against the partial doom.
He ceas'd, victorious Cæsar in his stead
With grave aspect appear'd—about him shone
Barbaric spoils, half the great globe, his Rome
With muffled towers, and Pompey's sad remains—
He thus appeal'd: Immensity's dread Lord,
If fame of men thy notice merit, hear!
But what has Cæsar to demand of Heaven—
Less faithful to his country than himself!
Yet all may mercy crave, and thine is vast.
My fault was punish'd with life-killing stab
Of cold Ingratitude. O had that thrust
Restor'd the ancient virtues, then my wounds
Had prov'd less eloquent—my friends less vile!—
Dear Rome had suffer'd less from my decline!
Mean king of Nile, by you was Pompey slain;
The Stoic's pride laid worthy Cato low;
Triumvirs base, 'twas you that shackl'd Rome;
Th' executors of Luxury's decree

In her degenerate days! What her befel,
When I was ended, was no consequence
Of Cæsar's deeds. Had Cæsar ne'er been born
Rome still from thistles had not gather'd grapes,
Nor liberty from aught but virtue's seed.
I sought to save her from herself in vain.
Ingratitude, Deceit, and Folly foil'd
My generous aims: Ah! fate to me denied
To be my much lov'd country's sceptred sire;
Yet, nought was left undone, that height to gain:
What merits then Napoleon more than I?
He, luckily, longer holds the reins of power,
As yet, exempt from Treachery's mortal sting:
He this to fortune more than merit owes.
Night-shrouded Fraud eludes the hero's sword.
'Tis luckless, not reproachful, to be wrong'd.
In what have I offended, unatton'd,
To fail of equal greatness? Were my sins
At blushing altars insincerely mourn'd?
Was not my valor great in German climes,
On Britain's shores, on Gaul's and Asia's plains?
Does not Pharsalia boast my deeds humane,
And generous use of victory? Sure this chief
Is not more worthy, that success should crown
His war on Russia, menacing the Earth
With his dominion, and my ancient fame
With derogation: Not with greater dread
I saw ungrateful Brutus' murderous steel,
Than this distinguish'd fortune and renown;
Excelling luck of either Grecian chief
Of great desert; even his whose blest remains
Lie in Thermopylæ's death-glutted vale;
Or his, the Spartan foe's, Messenia's son's,
Whose race from god-like Hercules devolv'd;

Whom fate denied repose, and snatch'd from death,
By Reynard's aid, to help the Ellian race,
Endure the woes of war in noblest cause,
And save the relics of a falling State;
Or his, who did relent at Crœsus' groans,
For recollection of his converse wise
With Solon, and extinguish'd the red pyre.
Let not his fame engross the world's applause,
While noble deeds of others unobserv'd,
And unremember'd sink in time's deep stream.
Restore my life and power, I ask no more,
Then, who excels, our future deeds shall prove.
Thus he, and floated, viewless, on the air:
Then sudden Charlemagne, and Sweden's Charles,
With visage, beaming thought, and jealous mien,
Before him pass'd: Then reverend men appear'd,
Whose righteous claims ungrateful man denied;
These on him cast a pitying look and kind.
The Grecian orator among them stood,
In act to write, but suck'd the poison'd pen;
Great Aristides held th' injurious shell;
Themistocles from Persia look'd on Greece;
The ingrate's darts bristled on Scipio's shield;
Lank Famine at Pausanias bent her bow:
Great Socrates the cup of hemlock held;
The Grachi view'd deluded Rome with grief—
And Manlius, and Tarpeia's rock he saw;
And Miltiades, and Phocion, and the man
Whom his own dogs devour'd: Then straight himself he deems
Among the clouds, Realms, Princedoms, States in view,
Which he directed, or might hope to rule.
They seem'd to shine of evil, and presage

In silent eloquence, approaching wo.
Then soon around he hears increasing winds
Blow up dark storm, black'ning the welkin bleak,
And the far prospect snatching from his sight;
When midst inhospitable wilds he strays
Forlorn through frigid winds and drifted snow,
Seeking some place of rest on weary steed,
And mournful scenes he views: the wreck of arms
Once deem'd invincible, that aw'd the world;
Whereon esperance much he plac'd to hurl
The Russian monarch from his lofty seat.
Confounded, he surveys the myriads fallen
With sorrowing soul, till grief, benumb'd, expires
In Somnus' balmy dews. Next in cold field
On prancing steed, midst raging fight, he flies—
Directs the storm of war with stern regard,
And hears, exulting, battle's loudest din;
Though the drear prospect of the wintry sky
Augurs misfortune. Soon comes sad Defeat
With shiver'd arms, marr'd front, and tearful eyes—
"Henceforth (she said) we face to face will meet,
And interchange kind looks through bloody tears.
Ah, know'st me not? erst only seen in flight!
Then view my back familiar from Toulon
To Voluntina's field!" and pass'd away.
Then he the Kremlin walks in Moscow's bounds,
In melancholy muse of signals there,
The glories of his foe; when lo! uplifts
His grim, terrific form a Dragon huge,
With looks of confidence and friendly air,
Till bold he grasps the tripple crown, and high
Discharges the bright glory on the winds,
In shatter'd state, which, quick with air resolves;
Then bides the king in dumb amaze, and eyes

The Dragon, that with scornful look, and mute,
Returns the gaze, till thus abrupt he speaks:
So perish human things—vain is man's boast,
That future times in happy pomp will roll
And peerless grandeur—in the shades of death,
In transient time, may rove th' aspiring mind,
A meek companion of inglorious souls.
While saying this he vanish'd, and deep sleep
Pour'd in the Emperor's breast unmix'd repose.
The Vigil's task perform'd, he sought his queen
Through air in stillness dripping pearly dew:
He found her coasting on the twilight field;
They darted westward into darkness then;
While in bright pomp, the blushing morn advanc'd,
The league of night dissolving, (all the stars
Before her disappearing,) o'er the sphere
Diffusing day, and calling man to toil.
The hero wakes, with burden'd soul assumes
His wonted garb; reflecting on the night
He thus begins: Her dreams and terrors fled,
Why broods dejection on my soul, like clouds
Which darken Heaven's bread face? Depart sad thoughts,
Obtrusive phantoms caus'd; the mind now rules,
Divested of dull slumber; Reason points
My course with wand of light; more useful themes
Concern me now, and lofty hope inspire
Of my success, in this extensive war;
While the fantastic furies, that disturb
My nightly quietude, seek their dark caves,
Nor sally forth to blast a monarch's peace
While day dominion holds; but weak, alas,
Is human nature! quite too frail to ward
The approach of superstitious fear: How oft

Is reason baffled to erase the stain
Deluded fancy leaves! Ill grounded dread
May frequently perturb the wise and brave.
How wild a dream! How much it wandered from
My waking thoughts, when spoke the glorious dead
The envious language of ignoble souls!
Would I be great because all else is small?
No: Local greatness ne'er was ask'd of Heaven.
Tis my desire, that man, himself, excel;
I fain would raise him to angelic powers.
For it's own sake for excellence I toil;
Nor have the wretched weakness to believe
Myself am high, because mankind are low;
Nor good, because another vicious proves.
The great, alone, appreciate well the great,
Incomprehensible to vulgar minds;
Hence rival merit owns my fostering care—
Ah, what were glory in unpeopled worlds!
By these convincing legions I ere long
Far happier meditation will enjoy.
What boots it, that the Russian monarch wastes
By woeful conflagration half the wealth,
And blasts the fortune of his people poor;
But me to arm with weapons to diffuse
Thro' his harm'd subjects fell rebellion's flames,
Would I such means employ. But Valor's arm,
Cloth'd with its thunder, and intent on fame,
Shall vindicate my rights, without the scenes
Of nobles, slaughter'd by rebellious hands;
Of impious feats against the tender fair;
With universal havoc and dismay:
Dire consequence of slavery's fetters loos'd
From vicious multitudes—who like rude winds
Freed from Æolian rule, tumultuous rush

What way they find, and spread destruction round.
Thus meditates the monarch, when appears,
Majestic as the morn, his martial chiefs.
What tidings of the night, the king inquires;
Have ye from scouts or other means obtained?
When Ney, with courteous modesty, replied;
Imperial sire, the foe hath fled our view;
But whither is unknown; we soon will learn
From scouts returned. Meanwhile, the chief rejoins,
Arrange, brave marshals, your respective powers
For speedy march, whene'er occasion calls.
Fate, unpropitious, dooms us to pursue,
Or hunt the foe; nor, lets him tarry near,
Where, at a small expense, we might subdue
This day, methought, had seen the sudden fall
Of Russia's mightiest host, and sad Defeat,
By us commission'd, walk'd o'er all her realm
With down cast look, inspiring faint despair.
Then from the regal tent each to his charge
Forth sallied; loud the rattling drum begins
Summoning to arms; the mounted steeds prance round
Trampling the passive earth; in long array,
And iron groves, the shining host appears,
Arming to war: The busy hum of men,
Awak'd from slumber, and incessant voice
Of sub-commanders, forming each his band,
Made ceaseless clamor and confused uproar.
Napoleon on high steed in grandeur mov'd
Majestically formidable on,
Fleet as the winds, Heaven's radiance playing round,
Reflected brightly from refulgent arms.

Each way he sped through far-extended lines,
His host reviewing with imperial eye:
Glory, the while, smil'd round his nodding plume,
His head encircling with enchanting light;
While Admiration through the numerous powers
Breath'd praise, and talk'd of worlds he might subdue.
Soon the discoveries of returning scouts
Convince him, that the enemy's sudden flight
Is wing'd for Moscow; straight he thus begins:
Our foes stop not till near their Moscow's walls;
Where they will trench their land, make ramparts huge,
(If our too slow pursuit should give them time;)
Whence, they may throw some heavy balls, to vex,
But not repel our soldiers: Let us then,
By hasty march, decrease their bulwarks' height.
Nor win with blood what industry may gain.
Death's shades, ere long, proud Russia's power shall know;
Ruin, already, shakes her blasting brand
Over her crest, and waits, but our approach,
To strike the fatal blow. Let each wing hold
Due intercourse with me, and rapid tend
Whither the thunder of the centre roars.
The monarch ended: To their posts all hied;
And soon, as ample forests dancing, driven
By arm omnipotent from their old seats,
Their lofty branches nodding as they course,
To martial music all the army moves
In swift pursuit, intent on victory's spoils.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK V.

ANALYSIS.

The song of Glory and her Nymphs. Ambition complains, and is soothed by Vanity. They address Mars. His advent, and departure from the temple of Fame.—Wisdom consults Necessity, and goes with her to Kutusoff, DeTolly, and Bagration, with whom they confer; afterwards advise Severity, who presently alights on Russia. Battle of Borodino: Napoleon orders an attack on the Russian *left* by Davoust and Poniatowski, on the *centre* by Ney, on the *right* by Beauharnois. Kutusoff from the vigor of the attack on his *right*, inferring, that the French intended to exert their greatest strength against his *left*, detaches Bagawout, with his Division, to its assistance. The Russian *left* is driven back, and its redoubts are occupied by the French; to regain which, a fierce struggle ensues. Supposing Napoleon's *left* weakened, by his efforts to strengthen his *right*, Platoff charges it with his cavalry; but is repelled by a reserve under Claparede. At length, the whole *right* of the French, wheeled to the left, discloses the rear of the Russian *centre*. Night terminates the conflict, and finds the French victorious.

Far from his France he leads gigantic powers
To splendid conquest, or appalling woes;
Though victory cheers his march, his foes eludo
Decisive combat, while with wasteful speed
He fierce pursues, and his resources leaves;
Thus fickle Fortune sports with human kind!
Cry'd Glory, seated on her radiant throne,
Within the pillar'd temple of Renown,

As griev'd she saw her son on tedious march
To hostile frigid lands. Her shining Nymphs,
In harmony with their Queen, responsive sung:
"What toils, what perils, feeble man incurs!
By Heav'n ordain'd to reap his joys with pain,
In proud prosperity, or humble state.
Wild passions tempt him from the happy way—
How seldom Reason's chart the wanderer guides!
Erroneous Habit seizes Wisdom's throne,
Ere thought illumes the wilderness of mind.
Great nature's countless treasures to him given,
To bless, or curse, as used, or as abus'd,
And free of will he feeds our sacred flames.
Were shame, or honor not of human choice,
But by stern fate impos'd, our sway were vain.
Glory of difficulty, good of evil springs:
Were man possess'd of Heaven's refulgent seats,
Where, fame reports, no grief, nor misery comes,
He yet would sigh, unhappy, to attain
Something unknown in Heaven; some wo of Earth
Would then afford delight: Evil attends
The sons of men, constituent of their bliss,
And only rule for estimating good.
With greater honors we prepare to grace
Napoleon, noblest of the hero train!
Rejoice O Fame, that baffling fate disturbs
Our conqueror's course, and gives him arduous toil!
A crown of richest texture late we form'd,
Which blended nations three to him confirm'd;
But now a nobler task remains; to gem
With added states, and deck with glory's light
The splendid signal of imperial sway:
Then he, in this grand Temple, heavenly fair,

Shall long superior shine, like lordly Sol,
By greater brilliance hiding lesser orbs.
Thus they, and now she hears the voice of storm
Resounding through the Temple, hoarse, and loud,
And looking, lo! in blazing arms, and fierce,
Ambition stood, or danc'd on burning throne,
Restless as Ocean's waves, declaiming thus:
When, Oh! when, celestial and infernal powers,
Will that preeminence be mine! so much deserv'd!
How long shall fleeting time evolve events,
Which chill my joys, in Hope's wide range that bloom?
What ill occurrence shall obstruct my march
Up that great height, where fame eternal blows!
Ye stars, desert your orbits, sink, ye lands,
And thou, O sovereign Jove, quench Phœbus' orb,
Involve his worlds in tenfold night, and blast
With influence cold their vegetative powers,
Ere my lov'd hero be Misfortune's prey,
Or victim to the spleen of Europe's Kings;
For, sure the highest of Earth's sceptred sons,
In whom, triumphant, through eventful years
I live, and riot on successful war,
Needs not the Sultan's aid; nor aught may dread
Kutusoff's skill, or Borodino's lines,
Or Famine's threats, or e'en McDonald's stay
On Dwina's bloody shore: Still, where he moves,
Will Victory light his road, and nations bow!
Thus, with loud voice, by glorious hopes sublim'd,
She speaks, and speaking, shakes the region round.
Nor ceas'd, but thrice, wild Chaos, and Time's end,
With wreck of man, and countless worlds, she hail'd,
Before inglorious doom. Then Vanity
With confidence th' impetuous power address'd

Could thy desires have bounds they might be sought
Within the limits of Napoleon's reign.
Worlds gazing stand, admiring his great feats
Performed of yore, and perspicacious mind.
Already millions tune the harp of praise,
And Fame's loud trumpet thunders through the Earth
His potent name: What then, if Fortune grasp
Her bitterest tempest, and infuriate hurl
The wondrous monarch on her darkest shore
To brook the insults of the kings he spared;
Will that decrease the splendor of his deeds?
Or stop the voluntary voice of Fame?
Far different I surmise: All human race
Would view, with wonder, his throne-melting blaze
Of power and glory, clouded by the storm
Of ruthless destiny; but marvel more
At his great fortitude; he yet would seem
No less than Italy's conqueror, glory's boast,
To whom Berlin, and stiff Vienna bow'd,
And law's sagacious genius homage paid;
Or like day's orb, far in the west retir'd,
Faint beaming through deep atmosphere and mist
On human sight; his influence hot decreas'd,
But not his rays. Yet fortunate the result
Of this campaign shall be; late victory seems
Exordium to the conquest of yon realm,
However dark be Providence' decree
And Jove's high will. Bravery and skill belong
To his arm'd legions, and their power excels:
We hence, deduce success, if merit gain,
And calmly wait time's sentence in our pride.

Thus the self-loving being, while dissolv'd
In transport high, Ambition drank the sound.
And now they hear loud thunder distant roar;
Oceans of angry fire with cloudy van,
Edg'd with grim shapes fast onward thickning roll
From the bleak north; a sudden terror throws
A gloomy shade on every prospect round—
The passive world, Fame's field, and mortal men:
Ambition reddens with celestial fire—
In mild effulgence, Valor, joyful smiles;
But Vanity no longer boasts, fled to her bower,
While reverend horror reigns—above is seen
Relentless Mars, on flaming car, convey'd
By gorgon monsters, propp'd by cloudy wings;
Their hoofs career'd upon the fiery sea
In dreadful pace; while o'er them flam'd his shield,
And glittering arms, that cast a dazzling light.
His numerous retinue flam'd in circles broad,
With whirlwind speed, diffusing wondrous glare;
As twice ten thousand meteors, pent, were spread
By one strong blast o'er all the nightly skies.
Soon, near the precincts of Renown's bright walls,
The horrid power alighted from his car;
But stopp'd not the loud signal of his march;
Hoarse thunder shook the fabric of the world,
And lightnings fierce play'd round his gloomy head,
That mov'd so high the antoeci of each pole
Might see his crest along th' equator wave;
Then stern he went towards Fame's refulgent gate,
That, darting fiercer rays, spontaneous ope'd
With outcry, terrible, which pass'd, he hails
His shining aid, Ambition, who forth speeds,
And mutual salutation quick begins;

The latter, then, thus the grim power address'd;
Wide spread is thy dominion by Gaul's king;
O were his empire spread o'er Earth as wide,
Within its bounds would all her oceans roll!
But o'er his destiny darkness' raven wing,
Rests, hatching thoughts that cloud the days of joy.
With terror crown'd, yet glorious, thro' long time,
Thy sceptre smote the nations; Millions mourn'd—
While Peace asylum in Columbia sought;
Great name, from him, who ocean's barrier scal'd,
And gave to Europe's view another world;
Where heaven-born virtue toil'd, with Washington,
And many worthies, that among the good,
Where shine Fame's purest rays, sit snowy rob'd,
The ornaments, and friends of human kind.
Who well avoiding Europe's broils, till late,
Preserv'd their country's children from thy field.
Heaven's King saw Science' march, foreknew the storm
Engender'd by her rays, as by the songs
Of occidental Nymphs, that yearly crown
Columbia's youthful brows with festive wreaths;
And angry at the royal league, foreseen,
Pronounc'd Napoleon, Head of victor France,
(A hero fired with every noble theme,
My brightest gem,) to scourge the guilty realms,
And march o'er mighty thrones: Well has he rul'd,
The curse of those, who durst their hands imbrue
In Freedom's blood; with glory deck'd his state,
And working Heaven's high will wrought wonders here;
Out-wing'd the chiefs of old, and those excell'd,
Who ages had repos'd supreme of men.

Now to whose aid will mighty Mars incline?
To his, whom Jove uprais'd to punish vice?
Or theirs, whose crimes involv'd the world in war?
Mars silent heard; then walk'd with sullen frown
Around the spacious temple; in his eyes
Play'd natal lightnings, that incessant flam'd
Insufferable day what way he turn'd;
High on his head a bright tiara shone,
On which artillery frown'd, as on a tower,
And angry forms, and serpents dreadful curl'd,
Whose torrid breath oft fired the thundering tiers,
His brows surmounting with dark clouds, & flames.
Blood stain'd his feet, rich crowns his waist adorn'd,
His hand sinister Death's resemblance held,
The dexter grasp'd a weapon red with gore;
Around him flow'd a veil the sisters wove,
With quivering fringe, distilling sanguine shower;
Its thread, before his birth, the furies twined
Of matter deadly to the sons of men.
Distress and horror, where he rages, spread;
Day joyless shines, the night wears deeper gloom;
The homeward traveller sees his native land
In loneliest solitude, dejected, drear,
Amaz'd at miseries man inflicts on man;
While memory brings glad scenes of former days,
The hopeful virgin, and her brethren fair,
Who erst, in health, tranquility, and joy,
Their merry-making notes delighted sung;
But now, unhappy, breathe a lover's dirge,
Or, deadly pale, weep o'er a parent's grave.
He lingers on the long departed hours
That give a mournful pleasure to his soul;
So much unlike the hateful scenes of war!
The plains, neglected, yield no golden grain—

War-steeds repass their masters' gates unrode—
Dogs moan, wolves howl by day, and ravens croak,
O'er corse-clad fields; the owls, with hideous screams
Sit on the blasted trees, where cities stood,
Resounding desolation's tidings drear;
Unshelter'd widows, matrons, orphans, roam
The ravag'd clime, and weary Heaven with pray'r.
Dark floods of terror rush on human minds;
Shock'd reason reels; mysterious omens prey
On superstition; secret whispers, breath'd
By forms unseen, warn of impending dole.
Frail Vanity, now peering from her bower,
Presumptuous thus th' armipotent bespoke:
Great power of old, who snuff'd the scent of fields,
Semiramis, Sesostris, Xerxes heap'd,
And triumph'd in Alaric's grisly wake,
Thou stalk'st o'er Earth sublime; proud empires groan
Beneath thy tread; thy heroes lofty sail
Time's boundless stream, upborne by fair Renown,
And grace this Temple like great Science' sons,
Who rose without the aid of legions arm'd:
In yonder clime a greater hero lives
Than all of yore, whose feats in peace and war
Unequall'd flourish in the soil of fame;
Him of thy nide, the noblest, elevate
With long success, till Europe own his reign.
What myriads from their native land he leads!
They menace now the centre of the realm
On which they war; like a wide cloudy sea
Of coming storm, with lightning edg'd, impell'd
By blustering tempest, threatning Earth's broad face
With sudden change; when gathering darkness frowns

Along the gloomy van, and spreading gusts
Roar in the distant forests, with rude force
Dismantling lofty trees; and mortals fear
Th' impending deluge, and the rushing wind
May sweep their sublunary works away.
And soon concluding Fate shall glad his soul
With Russia's overthrow: What object then
Would next attract him, but the Sultan's reign;
Which, quick determin'd, and sad slavery driv'n
From its long residence, the purer air
Of liberty would fan Earth's fairest clime;
And groaning Greece, emancipated, lift
Her much dejected head, and hail the muse,
In emulation of her ancient race.

Thus she—the furious god complacent smil'd,
As day's bright king emits a transient gleam
Through intermittent darkness of a storm—
Nor more—but turning, strode majestic forth
Like Chimborazo, bounding from his base
With all his clouds—his car remounted, straight,
Impatient stamp'd, and smote his flaming steeds;
They start, high vaulting in the sky sublime,
Striking heaven's misty cliffs with brazen wings.
His gloomy chariot, deck'd with lightning, roll'd,
Shaking the sphere; its sound reach'd distant thrones,
And voices strange were heard in regal halls.
The sullen power lights on Himmaleh's brow,
And looks for battle over Asian plains.
He turns with scorn from China's servile realm
To holy Syria and the land of Nile;
There feasts his spirit on the fields of old:
Thence, o'er Pamphylia, drives to lofty Ide,
Beholds with joy the ground where Ilion was,

And thinks of Persian, Greek, and Roman wars:
Thence shoots, high bounding o'er the Alps, but eyes
In passing swift, his rich Italian shrine,
And Belgium, France, and Spain, with all their graves,
And the sea-circled realms, whose offerings rise
Where ever navies plough the watery world.
By Teneriffe, far o'er the western main
He speeds below th' horizon in the west:
He paused on ocean's trembling flood to see
Proud Albion's banner lower'd to conquering Hull;
But ere the vanquish'd Warrior ceas'd to burn,
And cast her giant fragments o'er the main,
Had stream'd o'er Allegheny, and back turn'd
T' enjoy the sounds of Borodino's field.
Meanwhile great Wisdom on the scragged mount,
Pass'd into Need's rough Temple; there is seen
In plight obscure, primeval instruments,
Employ'd in what their first invention caus'd.
There, crampp'd by Circumstance, Inventors work
Their own relief, and many an useful thing
Thus form, to far posterity a boon—
Society's chief good. Now scarce by Fame
Are these beheld, in Time's dark folds involv'd.
When first their works were by mankind approv'd,
While yet they liv'd, the foes of genius hiss'd,
Envy, and Ignorance, two serpents huge:
This crawls triumphantly in licensed shame,
And if new trees life's varied road adorn,
It climbs them straight; but dubious of their fruit,
Decrees them noxious, and deters their growth.
That, roars unhappy, midst prolific groves,
Nor rests contented in the dreary wild;
With its scaly mate it winds along,

Attacking what is beautiful and grand;
Oft on one tree of generous fruit both prey,
Devour its foliage, while their summer smiles,
Like worms unsightly, when they strip the grove;
Ephemeral insects, that will long have died,
When the sack'd tree its wonted green resumes,
And blooms with triumph of immortal praise.
Before Necessity resplendent stood
The storm allaying queen, with countenance mark'd
With resolution stern, and high command,
Thus speaking: Doom'd to this, imperious Need
What now remains, but energy, sore strife,
And mournful sacrifices, if we save
The Russian realm and armies, close beset
By proud Ambition's raging myrmidons,
Doubly equipp'd by confidence and skill;
But what alas! can mortals gainst such tide
All conquering, and impell'd by fiery soul?
If they, presumptuous, wait the shock of fight,
I see them ruin'd, or Jove such rebuff
Their enemy give, as shall relax his power;
But heaven's high king not thus the world controls:
Just as a warrior views the sword he wears,
Its handle and its point at once beholds;
So Jove all comprehends, life's deeds, its term,
The birth and death of Time; yet lets man work
As reason prompts, and when he fails to use
Due means for ends, he treads the road to wo.
As may the Gallic host, if Policy
Defeat Humanity; and much I loth
The victory harsh; but States, themselves to save,
Let misery wide dominion hold, and blast
The peace of myriads. Oh, distressful race!
And prone to folly, that one feeble man

Can rouse to tumult, and enlist in war:
I long have strove to lead the world to peace;
But ah! my votaries merely liv'd to mourn
The frailty of their kind; like fragrant flowers,
In deserts, chill'd by dreary shade, they pin'd
Among their race, unvalued, as unknown.
To show the want of conflagration's aid,
Th' efficiency of battle should appear;
Then luck of combat let the Russians try
In Moscow's front, which in dernier resort,
May up heaven's vault, in fierce combustion roll.
If Russia prove victorious in the fight,
Her city lives, with deathless glory won;
The French on Nieper's banks must camp till spring;
When, with increas'd preponderance, they will course
O'er yielding cities, and vain bleeding fields,
And Russia's lofty throne; but if defeat
Attend her efforts, and her Moscow burn,
The winter's rage will tame the furious Frank—
His legions strong to feeble vagrants turn—
Pale, starv'd, and shivering in the arms of death.
Perhaps Jove so decrees, in later hour
To hurl a storm of long collecting wrath
On Gaul's throne-shaking Monarch, and compel
His retrocession from the Russian realm,
And vex Ambition with prolix suspense.
Thus Wisdom spoke, then, wrapp'd in clouds, descends,
Accompanied by Invention's parent, where
The Russians meditated bloody fray;
And to Kutusoff, and his brave compeers,
Who stood consulting, thus her will reveal'd:
Since much disaster hath not quench'd the fire

By love of glory bred, 'tis well to join
With France in mortal conflict on this field,
In which your Moscow's destiny is involv'd:
If here repuls'd, you bear the yoke of Gaul,
Or give to flames, and devastation dread,
Her towering spires, and shock Humanity
With Misery's wail. Do which you will, but know,
That Heaven's high ruler will enrag'd behold,
And heap destruction on the odious head,
That without need involves the world in wo.
E'en savage Mars indignant views the wretch,
Who plays the butcher's, not the warrior's part.
So she: Then thus Necessity proceeds:
Your needful actions great indulgence claim;
So circumstanc'd what can you, if o'er come,
But forfeit loyalty, or Moscow burn?
E'en Moscow's ruin were a trivial price
For the well-being of the Russian state.
The solemn oath you took to guard the throne
Demands th' exertion of your utmost means,
By me suggested, or my sage compeer.
If circumstances in dilemma place,
Where fair Humanity, or loyal oath
Must be offended, should not that be done,
Which highest duty dictates? and for this,
Can the just powers above be wroth? for loud
Her voice commands what is propounded here:
Yet should your Sovereign sentence to destroy
The threaten'd town, and his high will the law
Irrevocable, what but treason rude
Such ruin could avert? for laws must rule,
And be enforc'd, though Earth be wreck'd the while.
But if the light of truth your minds illumes
'Tis clear, that Russia's King's is your success;

For Gaul's great Monarch hungry trains attend,
On whom he lavishes the spoils of war
As suits their merits—other names may rise,
And other dignitaries where you reign,
If he, victorious, dictate terms of peace.
So Wisdom counsell'd, and the warrior sage
Responded soon: Just is thy lore, and quick
Should ruin seize yon city's stately domes,
Were adverse counsels not preferr'd; but youth,
Untri'd in ills, who roves Hope's laurell'd field,
Inflam'd with love of glory, will oppose
The slow and sure, and rush on Danger's jaws
In doubtful fight; nor am I less attach'd
To the grand charmer, who from early days
Has been my theme, and urg'd me far from home,
And lov'd relations, to the tented fields
Of distant climes; but grey in her pursuit,
Instructed in life's harsh, but useful school,
I shun the dubious, and the safe prefer,
Which, in the sequel, will the happier prove;
For, what ends well, though by inglorious means,
The fortune-favouring world will most applaud:
Dazzled by pomp, they seek not whence it comes,
But fondly lick the feet of guilty men—
Treat with neglect and scorn the virtuous poor,
While the vile miser spurns their humble suit.
So far from merit worldlings justice place:
So far astray from justice avarice leads!
Thus he—DeTolly then: I glad perceive
One, whose attachment to the Russian State
Will not be doubted, all my views approves.
The chief, who sees beyond the vulgar sight,
Uncomprehended, blamed by those he saves,
And deaf to censure, seeks a nation's good,

In purpose firm, though popular error crown
His head with thorns, those thorns will turn to flowers,
Sure, as time's light dispels delusion's gloom.
Though much opposed to risque the chance of fight,
Yet since the public voice the battle claims,
With joy, I see the chief command resign'd
To one in whom all Russian hearts confide;
Whose name fires every breast, nerves every arm;
Beneath whose sway 'twill be my pride to toil
In thickest conflict, and to win the praise
Of well performing a subordinate part.
Thus he, the brave Bagration soon begins:
'Tis, doubtless, safest to inglorious run
Before the foe, and intermediate flames;
But most injurious to the general weal,
And what may cause dissatisfaction's roar,
More odious than war's din; if not, I straight
Would sign assent, and light the valued pile.
But thus to act, before resort to arms,
In Moscow's view, impolitic may prove;
Will it not bring reproach, and public wrath?
Ourselves may doubt the justness of the course,
When we behold our nation's seat of pride
Buried in fire, and o'er God's temples rave
Destruction's demon, flinging on high heaven
His angry gleams; as if the Titans bold,
Freed from their burning rocks, and brazen chains,
With us allied, resum'd the war on Jove.
Two weighty objects we attempt by fight:
Our country's approbation of our deeds,
And the protection of our church and realm;
That would be gain'd, were this achieved with arm

And not by Desolation's horrid reign;
Which may these eyes ne'er view, but swim in death
Midst direst slaughter, and Earth-shaking fray,
In its prevention: Ah, much have they seen
Of Ruin's scathful march—too much, alas!
Hark! what proclaims! (it is no enemy's voice;)
Russians, be firm! no more ignobly walk
With eyes reverted on convolving flames,
And wasting wealth; accoutre all your sons—
Let no more cities like Smolensko burn,
That the dread enemy may advance o'er blood,
And wreck of life, bravely resign'd, which soon
Will give him lamentation and regret.
No wonder he comes on such speedy pace,
While we, destroying fly, confessing fear:
Though many wounds we gave him and red fields,
Inferior numbers were unfit to cope
With his, superior, and with science train'd;
But now, with conjunct forces, we may turn
War's blasting current in less harmful course;
Perhaps compel the dreadful chief to flee
In ruinous defeat, close urg'd by steel,
To Poland's bounds, or o'er Elb's distant stream.
Already Witgenstein has check'd the tide
Towards Petersburgh careering with grim frowh;
Where Oudinot, McDonald, and St. Cyr,
Employ'd their federate arts, and armies vast.
Dwina's rough shores, grown odious to them now,
Since Kliastitzi, Yacobouva, saw
Their overthrow, and Polotzk drank their gore,
Shall henceforth bound their march, or be their grave.
Is Russia's bravery all concentred there?

Shall Moscow say, that cowards guard her towers?
Our efforts too, may with success be crown'd,
Or show we merit, though we not obtain:
Without the trial, none th' effect will know;
Without th' attempt man scales not Fortune's steep;
Who fickle, blind, the fate of empires throws:
Let Folly not deprive us of the chance,
To win the glory to our valor due,
Or take the favors which she might confer.
So he—his brother chiefs assent declare,
While resolution brighten'd in their eyes,
And glorious hope impell'd their souls to war.
Wisdom and her associate, with high bound,
Forsook the land, and swift as thoughts career,
Shot o'er the rolling clouds; far stream'd their robes
In quivering circles on the flowing air—
From her bright waist a radiant scroll depends,
Whereon is writ, the sum of days unborn;
What time, Sol from his orb extruded Earth,
And Luna rose from broad Pacific's deep,
Thrown by dilation of th' imprison'd air,
Rocks, floods, and mountains crumbling from her disk
Loud sounding down the chasm, whence she tower'd,
Where rival oceans, meeting, furious rav'd;
What time, giants trod Earth, and waded gulfs,
Which loftiest Navies sail; dread beasts, more huge
Than mammoths tall, and strange organic forms,
Monsters, unfit for being, early nipp'd:
(The forms more capable to life sustain,
Still flourish on; th' imperfect famish'd soon;
Th' unwieldy, struggling for the means of life,

Sunk gradually in death; oblivion seal'd,
And mortals learn no more their natures, or their
names.)
How oft poor human kind had been extinct,
Flourish'd and died, in earthquakes, floods, and
fire,
Ere Jove in Adam, last, the race restor'd.
And what the cycle, at whose close the Earth
Her green equator to the poles removes—
The frigid and the torrid zones exchang'd—
While tempests and bewildered oceans rage,
Grim wandering from their old abodes o'er realms,
And continents, sweeping cloud-capt hills before,
With all the feeble works of human pride.
Soon light the twain on the rough mount, and find
Severity, equipp'd to make descent—
And thus Necessity the power advis'd.
Since by the voice of Wisdom thou art call'd,
And part, by loyal duty, do not more,
Than what I dictate, and e'en then restrain
Thy hurtful fury: better not perform
My whole command, than that command exceed;
For fear thy conduct rouse the heavenly powers,
And fiery angels, ministers of wrath,
Rush on our mount, and me, thy mother, whelm
In dark oblivion, or some hellward gulph,
Midst roaring demons, and our native seat
Be rid of this unsullied fabrick, long
The shield of duty, and the mint of arts—
And thenceforth nam'd, oh, odious to repeat!
Th' excuse of cruelty, and barbarous crime.
She spoke, and he departed on swift wings.
Keen lightning seem'd his eyes; his head a cloud;
His voice harsh thunder, and his arm a storm,

That wielded death; a whirlwind flew before—
Air sigh'd, Heaven lower'd, and darkness round
him clos'd.
The marvelling world beheld; astounded kings,
Long suffering, doubted the result of strife
So burden'd with destruction; yet the beams
Of joyous hope illumin'd oft their breasts.
Stern Mars, astonish'd, heard the general groan,
And grew tenfold deform, haggard and wild.
Humanity loud mourn'd—round the vast globe
Her voice resounded, and her sufferings told:
The nations heard—tears roll'd down Pity's
mien:
Celestial Pity! as on Earth she roves,
She gilds the thorny maze of life with flowers;
Her kindness lights the countenance of Despair,
And her sweet language gladdens Pain's dull ear.
He, near the Russian chiefs alighted, half
Divested of his terrors; yet with grief
They saw the power they had invok'd, and felt
Their loyalty oppress; but short they paus'd;
For now in view a host, far spread, and bright,
On distant mountains threatning front display'd,
That rage inspired: magnificent, the gleams
Of bristling bayonets cast a dazzling flood
Before them, as they mov'd to martial sounds.
Thick rising either way, as far as one
Could view splendid scene. Glory the while
In open sight, between both hosts appear'd;
Her crown of rays, divine effulgence shed—
Her veil celestial stream'd upon the wind;
Sparkling with star-like gems; her eyes sublime
Seem'd Heaven's semblance, and bespoke a soul
Fir'd with the love of honorable deeds.

Upon her arm she bore unnumber'd wreaths,
Form'd by her sportive train, that frequent rove
With pensive spectres of the mighty dead,
And o'er the youthful breast enchantment hold.
Upon a neighboring mount she takes her post.
Fame from her hall impetuous downward wheels,
And by her side illustrious station fills;
Unwinds the snowy scroll, and sits serene,
Waiting the impulse of distinguished deeds.
Valor at distance stood in tower-like calm;
Ambition, restless as the foaming waves,
With antic gestures strange, amus'd the powers.
Wisdom was near, e'en all the inspiring train;
For now no trivial game the nations play'd:
The prize, the mighty empire of the world;
No disrespected warriors trod the field;
And heroes of tried worth must guide the storm.
Napoleon, meteor-like, in lofty state
Sped through his lines with all observing eye;
As quick as light from Sol to Saturn darts,
He comprehends the posture of his powers:
By rapid glance of eye a map is spread
Full in his soul, displaying hill, and vale.
Enthusiastic clamor waits his course,
Or silent reverence, and refulgent blaze,
Reflected by presentment of bright arms.
His charger, snorting, with superior grace
Careers along, partaker of the fire
And dignity he bears: fleet as the winds,
On either side of the embattled host,
Majestically, gracefully, he moves;
Then takes his station, and forthwith gives sign,
Inviting to his presence all his chiefs,
Who swift around him meet: He thus begins;

We need not tell th' importance of this day
To our campaign; full twice ten days are gone,
Since near Smolensko we the victory won;
Yet Dwina's shores McDonald's progress bounds.
'Tis time to renovate successful strife;
With one decisive blow end Russia's reign;
Such chance we long have sought; we find it here;
Then let exerted skill your genius prove.
The task is hard, with numbers less, to hurl
The foe from his trench'd hill and chosen post;
But dexterous bravery may effect it soon.
Fly to Death's arms in preference to Defeat's:
If one be near me faithless of this creed,
Let him go theorise on war—not practice—wheel
In tranquil studious moments the fierce steeds,
And shape the lines of bloody battle: Know,
Tis easier to conceive than to perform:
Not always rules with circumstances suit;
How oft unskilful valor ruins states!
O, could my body with my thoughts career!
The mind grasps the wide range of Earth and Heaven;
But yon poor hill dares me with hateful frown.
You, Poniatowski and Davoust, will lead
Our right against Bagration's thundering lines,
And half form'd batteries, labored work of night,
Which vanquish'd, let the cavalry rush amain
Through their sore ranks, and on their centre's rear
Make deadly charge: While Ney, with timely speed,
Will lead our centre, and Beauharnois' skill
Control our *left* and make the foe believe,
Tis there we mean to employ our utmost might.
Each act as circumstances shall require.
Here from Schwardino's rampart we will hold

The reins of Battle, and to victory guide.
First let each captain of our host make known
What we proclaim: Soldiers! the era comes
You much desired. You stand in Glory's field.
If not successful now, the fault is yours.
We victory need, and all the joys she brings;
A quick return to our lov'd native land,
And plenteous fare, while winter reigns, 'twill give.
Do as on Austerlitz', Smolensko's fields,
And late posterity will boast your deeds:
Our countrymen will say, when you pass by:
"He fought in that great fight by Moscow's walls."
Thus speaks the sovereign warrior. Tendance mute
The chiefs around observe; then reverence sign,
And to their posts depart. The sun had risen
In cloudless pomp; but soon in misty veil
He wrapt his blazing face, and dusky shades
Spread o'er the world, favoring Napoleon's views.
When done preluding Poniatowski mov'd
With his great host against the Russian powers.
Davoust close follow'd, like a gloomy flood
By winds disturb'd, rolling in vengeance forth;
Their coming, thunder told, and missive globes
From neighboring heights, swift darting with dread force,
Tormenting the dark air, and bearing death.
Wide through the Russian ranks they ruthless sweep,
While red streams flow, and dying groans arise.
Now, burrowing in the ground, they toss up clouds
Of dust and gravel; thousands loose the light,
And stand distracted midst th' increasing storm.

Russia returns the dreadful messengers:
Loud *houras* rise; her heroes angry smile,
With fearless ardor; laboring far and wide
Begins tremendous fray: Ney pours along
With all his myriads; next Beauharnois comes
With torrent speed; opes wide the gates of death;
Attacks a main redoubt, with boundless rage,
That Russia thither may her forces bring,
Weakening her left; but well Kutusoff knew
His enemy's aim, and Bagawout thus commands:
Lead your Division to Bagrations aid,
Lest, soon the French in thunder o'er him drive.
'Tis not on his opponent's strongest point
Napoleon spends his choicest strength: Ere long,
A fiercer storm upon our left will fall;
Which back upon his lines I trust will roll;
Then swift our cavalry to our right transferr'd,
Shall teach the foe, a feint has still its snares,
And give his own left, what he meant for ours!
Thus he, meanwhile all Borodino roars—
Herself in flames shoots up a hideous glare—
Full twice twelve hundred thunderers huge spread death
From flank to flank of fierce contending powers.
The heavens & earth are snatch'd from human sight.
A darkness horrible envelopes all,
In which tremendous tragedy careers.
More plenteous fly the whizzing balls than flakes,
When Boreas drives tumultuous, clouds on clouds,
Scattering o'er half the nations seas of hail.
Big gulfs of fire gleam frightful, and dark truce
Rapid succeeds, while round the thundering din,
And screams of ghastly mortals, trampled low,
Heaven's concave rend. Fast on the Russian left

Davoust impels his legions, fury-arm'd,
And thus addresses Marion: Yon redoubts
That flame, defensive of the desperate foe,
With your brigade ascend. Let Fucher rush
With all his cavalry sudden on their guns
In tempest fury, that they swift recede,
From their far butchering ramparts, big with death!
Thus order'd, rapid as Niagara's floods
Pour down their lofty cataract, the grim powers
On Russia headlong rush, spreading dismay,
In close embattled ranks, and squadrons deep,
Through which huge globes assert their fatal course.
High o'er the parapets the French advance;
The thunderers of the battle cease, and o'er them fall
Their bold defenders, fighting e'en in death.
While Russia's shatter'd phalanx backward moves,
Still scattering ruin on the following foe.
Bagration sees, and thus to Karpoff speaks:
Lo! Hope's main prospect darkening—forthwith speed
To renovate resistance; urge our bands
To their lost ground; those hundred guns regain
Halfyielded to the foe. Karpoff departs
Precipitate through the long flashing lines,
High brandishing bright sword, where thickest fight
Roar'd hideous, wild! and audience thus essays:
Soldiers! where fly ye? cease, Oh! shameful rout;
For though Sol veils his head in clouds; though night
Seems lurking here; yet know, your country soon
Will see this sad reverse in deep regret,
And damn her recreant sons, as she deplores

Her holy saints profan'd, her altars ras'd,
And writhes in conflagration: Turn! then, turn!
The sword of vengeance wield! Let every nerve
With our great cause accord; nor let Hell's arm,
Though cloth'd with thunder, gainst our God prevail.
The toil-worn heroes hear; their weary souls
Swell doubly wrathful, and like bullets hurl'd
From their deep dark recesses, rush they, fierce
Against their blood-stain'd foe; nor storming Gaul
They deem shall check their dreadful speed, till plum'd
With victory, they dispatch the vengeful balls
From their redoubt regain'd. France meets the shock
As some great admiral's ship meets ocean's waves,
When winds have swept the masts of all their sails,
And, laboring hard, she drifts before the storm.
Now here, now there, her warriors bold recede,
And strike with guns revers'd, and bayonets thrust.
Though many Russians die, their comrades brave
Pour on revengeful, wielding deadly arms.
Uncertain victory reels from side to side,
At length remains with France; her foe recoils
In wounded plight midst thundering iron showers,
And Semenoskow and her bulwarks leaves.
Twas then, brave Karpoff, thou didst yield thy breath,
And groan away distinguish'd life, pertus'd
By ruthless bullet, when success was near.
And you, bold Marion, fearless in war's van
Heard Death's dread summons, and rejoin'd the dust.
Thy melancholy shade, above the world,

Then pensive view'd contention's bitter storm,
The tumult, darkness, flames and terrors there,
Incurious of its great result, and flew
Directly to thy France, and gaz'd unseen,
On all that bound thee to the walks of men;
As yet joy fill'd thy halls, (thy fate unknown;)
No widow there her matchless lord deplor'd—
No children, startling at her grief, inquir'd,
If they should never see their father more.
Thou wouldst have spoke, but ah, no voice was thine!
Nor sense of human tie! strange was thy home;
Still, habit led, where nature gave no joy,
Awhile; then pass'd away on moaning wind,
And rov'd, perhaps, where Fancy never rov'd.
Kutusoff, now, bids Platoff quickly charge
The Gallic left, with all his squadrons fleet.
The Hetman speeds, with all his warrior train,
Far spreading on their nimble steeds, they move
Like foaming billows swift, with furious pace,
Their thirsty spears protending as they go:
As waves, roll thundering at the feet of winds
Through some late inundated forest, half
Projecting from the deep, with all its limbs,
They rush impetuous on the Gallic powers.
As the drench'd forest meets the boisterous waves,
Bending, and breaking, Gaul the charge sustains:
Loud *houras* rise, appalling shrieks, and jar
Of headlong rushing steeds, and iron sounds.
Brave Caulaincourt beheld the coming charge—
And valiant, hurried gainst the great redoubt
To turn its thunders from the menac'd wing:
In thickest battle wav'd his reling sword,
Sublim'd by scenes that frustrate cowards minds.

Leading the storm upon the bulwark's brow,
A winged ball destroy'd his lofty port,
His dignities, exalted hopes, and death,
With shades eternal, veil'd his ardent eyes.
The Emperor sees, and quickly thus commands:
Haste! Claparede! Our wavering *left* relieve—
Lead all thy legion—Like a tempest rush
On yonder Cossack clouds! The General swift
Leads on the legion of the Vistula;
Darts past the bleeding squares, that need his aid,
And plunges in the storm of charging hosts,
Like lightning bursting from the frowning heaven.
Before him, quick, the scatter'd squadrons fly;
Behind, the Vice Roy's broken bands reform,
Preparing to renew the toils of fight.
So swift his cavalry rush'd, the browsing steeds,
That roam'd at large, whose riders were no more,
Rous'd by the prospect, join'd the rapid race;
Each took his wonted station, as he run,
And added weight and fury to the charge.
A wave of wounded men, and streaming blood,
And bounding steeds, subsiding fast in death,
Roll'd on behind, midst broken arms and groans.
The Russians fled beneath the sheltering wing
Of that dread battery's thunder, which, thrice
storm'd,
Had thrice roll'd back the tide of death, and stood
Projected midst the war, the appui firm
Of either wing, and red with heroes' gore.
Three dreadful hours had now departed—high
With horrid stride Destruction walk'd, and men
Unnumber'd slept in pallid stillness cold;
Still undecided bled the dreadful field.
Though, twice repuls'd, again Bagration's powers

Were moving fast th' offensive to resume:
Napoleon, straight, directs Murat, Davoust,
And Ney, to move, with all their thousands, on
The Russian left; assisted by Friand,
With his Division, all the park reserv'd,
Junot's Westphalians, and Dessaix command;
Nor stop, nor pause, until Bagration's ground
Become their own, should give them to survey
The rear of Russia's centre, thus unveil'd.
His myriads swift proceed beneath dark clouds,
Their loud artillery, with realm-shaking roar,
Rends the deep rooted hills, with deadly blows,
O'erwhelming thousands, like the hand of Jove,
When quakes the world and tumble towns and towers.
A miry Syrtis seem'd the trembling field,
O'er spread with fading youths, rolling in gore,
Myriads clay-cold and dead, and shiver'd arms—
Vast wreck of manly dignity and life!
Subject no more to Folly's giddy reign.
In front of bold Bagration's line arose
A rampire of the dying and the dead.
As the voracious Crockodile, with jaws
Extended, baiting insect tribes, shuts mouth
Upon the swarming nations, and devours,
So the dark grave on half the army clos'd.
Fierce as a whirlwind rushes on a grove,
Rending its verdure, flew the French reserve
Against their foes, athwart their gasping peers;
Steeds, men, artillery, o'er the corpses drive—
Blood streams anew; gush'd entrails smoke around;
And doubly hideous frowns the face of war.
The regal warrior rul'd the onset dread;
Friand, Dessaix, on battle's stormy brow

Impetuous rode, and breath'd heroic rage.
As heaven's high king abrupt might quit his throne,
Involv'd in seas of clouds, while thunders roar,
And lightnings quivering dart, midst darkness dire,
Grasping a world in each resistless hand
Midst their vehement speed, and swift as thoughts
In startled fancy play, from their old seats,
And ancient orbits in collision hurl,
Their ponderous orbs confounding, with their towers,
Mountains, vast continents, and ocean isles,
So meet the hostile squadrons; all the field
Quakes with new terrors; sudden tumult spreads,
Groans, thunders, shouts, and bray of clashing arms;
The living ocean in wild madness raves;
France plunges furious into clouds of foes;
Nor ought permits to turn her headlong course
O'er mountains of the dead, and crimson floods.
Russia opposes many a dreadful grove
Of bristling bayonets; many a squadron bold
And Cossack spear, and fearless breast, that meets
The deadly torrent, acts its part, and dies.
But far along begins increasing rout,
Pale consternation and bad disarray:
Bagration sees—pain stings his ardent soul—
For Russia's state he sorrows, and forth speeds
Where thickest battle rages; and thus loud
Hails his retiring legions: Soldiers! cease
To blast our laurels—Shun abhorred disgrace.
Think ye to longer hold inglorious life
By foul abandonment of this red ground,
Where Jove in kindness gives you chance to hurl
The bolts of vengeance on the unrighteous foe?
Who Europe's length has travers'd to destroy

Our happiness, and altars of our God.
His voice revives their fury; where he rides,
War's horrors thicken, and the battle grows:
Muskets revers'd, with ponderous force descend,
Dislodging brains, and sweeping life away.
Sabres clash loud—bayonets are toss'd on high—
Death's groans & Victory's shouts resound with bray
Of steely storm; foes grapple foes, depriv'd
Of iron weapons, wrestling in hot mood—
Striving for future days—their heels upturn
The bloody soil, and crush the fallen brave,
Till their companions pierce the struggling foe
In vital part, and rid them of their toil.
France, half repuls'd by such rebuff, renews
The fire of combat with increas'd uproar:
Redoubled clash, disploding arms resound;
Flames, smoke & carnage, deck the shuddering field.
Fast, where they stand, long dying mountains rise;
Earth groans beneath, with reeking torrents dyed,
And deadly Havoc triumphs far around.
Bagration falls, a thunderbolt of war,
A flying death pierc'd his brave breast, while bold,
He urg'd his countrymen to Victory's throne.
His beauteous princess shall no more behold
The living hero, and the tender friend
Return from war, with verdant laurels crown'd.
With hers shall flow a grateful nation's tears.
In mournful brightness, in her memory's day,
Unfading, fresh, untouch'd by withering time,
And flush'd with glory's light, she long will see
Her bosom's lord, as when she last beheld,
And heard his long adieu, and thought she saw
A torrent flood of valor deathward bound.
Garghikoff, too, by ruthless bayonet stabb'd,

In the dire tumult fell on bloody heaps,
And, whelm'd in darkness, dream'd of wars no more.
Napoleon, wroth at Fortune's sluggish pace,
Impatient drew his sword, and had sped forth
Midst hottest combat, with his faithful guard;
Or took the station of inferior chief
To urge, precipitate, the bleeding host,
Where death or victory soon would end suspense;
But Prudence saw, as by her parent's side
In plenitude of light she sate, and swift
Flew to his presence, and thus calm'd his rage:
Sovereign, bellipotent, know, man thou art;
Nor more, nor less; and if in yon red field,
Midst its wild uproar, flames, and stunning sounds,
Thou couldst not wield a superhuman sword,
And thousands terminate: Fortune may deign
To give superior sway; but she deceives
Her favorites; oft from proud preeminence
Precipitates them midst the powerless poor,
To mourn past height, and weep, and grovel there:
Prudence, alone, can keep what she bestows.
The whizzing iron deaths thick swarming round,
Might pierce thy mortal veil—thy spirit pass
The ghastly gate, which opes on worlds unknown,
And Europe feel thy great control no more.
Then rest secure—Mild Wisdom will direct
What apt manœuvre may new face the field.
Employ not thy reserves in needless fight,
The guard, the army's nucleus, and thy shield.
Perform what man can do, nor more attempt;
Nor let tumultuous anger rend thy breast;
For what can change the past? Submit to Fate,
And still Napoleon be, or high, or low.
She spoke, and vanish'd; but her words remain'd

Deep-laboring in his soul—her voice still seem'd
Inspiring lofty mood, and sober thought,
When thus he brief address'd th' all-ruling God:
"Jove grant what I desire." Heaven's monarch hears—
And pleas'd admits the supplication pure,
Which question'd not th' omniscience of his mind.
The while from wing to wing of either host
War cast his direst flames—Ney in the midst
Like Andes stood, when storms around him roar,
The centre ruling. Friant and Plazonne,
Morand, Montbrun, sub-rulers of his host,
Impelling fierce brigades, infuriate drove
Against the foe, while balls, cross-darting, tore
Sad passage, and a bleeding mountain rose
Between both armies, howling with keen pangs.
The fam'd Kutusoff, and De Tolly, there,
Urg'd desperate opposition: many a charge
Both hosts endur'd; unnumber'd heroes died:
Death, with cold grasp, embrac'd the brave Montbrun,
Touczkoff, and Konovitzen; on red ground,
Midst clashing steel and prancing steeds they fell—
Their bloody laurels flourish o'er their graves.
Each army, like a single warrior, fights,
Wielding his giant limbs, in mutual aid,
As if one soul the several parts inform'd:
Th' artillery now th' advancing masses rends;
Facilitates the rushing cavalry's charge;
Now smites a bristling hill, that infantry
May storm it with success; and now the foot
Reciprocates th' assistance; in dense squares,
Resists th' attempt to spike the thundering arms;
While the fleet cavalry flies to rescue all;
Assails the enemy's flanks, and sudden throws

The needed aid upon th' endanger'd point.
Beauharnois on the left all the dire day
The deadly combat rul'd—Compere, Friant,
And many a hero there, distinguish'd, fought.
To them Kutusoff equal skill oppos'd—
The hostile powers decisive valor fir'd.
There none gave way; a bleeding breastwork rose
Before their lines, and Havoc ghastly smil'd.
There thou, Compere, forgot the scenes of life;
Expiring under heaps of mortals dead—
The sanguine torrent was thy winding sheet—
Thy Dirge the voice of Horror, and Dismay,
Mingled with warrior's shouts and thundering sounds.
Lepel, Compans, Plauzonne and Huard fell,
Like the fair columns of some temple grand,
The work of Grecian genius, when assail'd
By Vandal storm: In floods of gore they lay—
Their features chaste, and manly beauty soil'd—
Low trampled by the hoofs of fiery steeds.
Napoleon urges fast his lengthen'd *right*
To leftward wheel, against the masses dense,
That bleeding stand amidst the iron hail,
Loth to recede, unable to advance;
Bids Naples' king, with all his cavalry, sweep
Through their rent lines, and signal victory win.
Onward, laboring in blood, the myriads move
O'er their fall'n comrades, and fresh bleeding foes.
Murat, preceded by destructive showers
Of iron globes, in thunder hurl'd, advanc'd
Like gloomy clouds by raging whirlwinds driven:
His ponderous forces rush on bristling arms;
Death spreads, Earth trembles, Victory shouts for Gaul;
Her manly accents rise above the storm.

On Gallic eyes she bursts, a blaze of joy,
Bright streaming midst the dreadful rage of fight;
Outshining Mars and all the pomp of arms.
With matchless grace, she takes from Glory's hand
The wreath of triumph, and Napoleon crowns,
But Valor proudly looks on either host;
And claims for suffering Russia, equal palms.
Platoff, unhappy saw defeat betide
The ardent valor which his troops display'd;
He will'd again t' array his shatter'd force,
To plunge infuriate in the lines of France,
And end his grief in victory, or the grave;
But day's bright orb below th' horizon fled,
A starless night rush'd o'er the direful field,
And grateful truce to warring nations gave.
A clamor now, from wounded mortals, rose
O'er all the slippery field, that told its bounds
Invisible; for night inviolate reign'd.
There twice twelve thousand slept, to wake no more,
And thirsty myriads groan'd, and pray'd for death.
The French contiguous to the field remain
Through the damp dolorous night: Dull Somnus sheds
His balm reluctant o'er their weary limbs;
For horrid sounds invade their ears, and arms
Of phantom soldiers, menace to destroy,
While they, to parry blows, feel battle's toil.
Not so with their great ruler—he repos'd
Like the vast ocean in its waveless calm,
When sleeps the giant power that shakes the globe;
Nor in his breast the fate of empires roll'd,
'Till the nocturnal shades had disappear'd,
And Phœbus orient fill'd the throne of morn,

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK VI.

ANALYSIS.

The conflagration of Moscow and complaint of Philanthropy—Alexander's prayer—Jove, observing the preponderance of Russia's fate, bids Uriel command Wisdom not to influence the passions, until she heard his thunder—Mov'd by Providence, Ambition, Pride, Rashness and Vanity debate—Ambition offends Rashness; both fight in the temple—The crowd rush out, urging the combattants—A general battle ensues—Glory meeting Ambition the latter is overcome—Rashness, at length, aided by Folly, collects her followers, and assails her opponents, who are led by Vanity—Jove now bids Gabriel wield his thunders—Wisdom, at the signal, with Prudence, rushes to victory—Then by her advice Napoleon retreats—Battles of Mala-Yarowslavetz, Vereia, and Wiazma—The French are attacked by Winter—Their distress—Battle of Krasnoi, of the Berezina, and return of Napoleon to Paris.

WHAT dismal scenes appear, surpassing song—
With ruin big, and full of human wo!
Ah who can paint the horror of that day,
Which saw black Ruin shake great Moscow's towers;
Her natives banish'd, or devour'd by flames;
When gorgon Havoc thunder'd at her doors,
And on the gather'd wealth of ages preyed.
Escap'd from Borodino's dreadful field,
The Russian armies melancholy pass'd
Through the sad town—before mov'd gory wains,
Burden'd with wo, and thrice ten thousand, fell'd

In battle. Rumor stirr'd the credulous crowd
With horrid tales of Gaul; Despair and Fear
Their gloomy pinions o'er the city wav'd.
She now out pour'd her bustling swarms, now blaz'd
Before Rastopkin's torch, the glittering spires,
Suffus'd with bickering flame, and smoky cloud.
Humanity, with unavailing voice,
Forbid the ruin, Policy advis'd.
Unnumber'd Russians saw their *all* destroy'd
In tearful mood, to Providence resign'd,
Or desperate plung'd into the wrathful fire.
Wild lamentations, miserable moans,
Loud howls, from all the burning ocean rise.
Through lofty temples Ruin fiercely drives
In raging flames, and shoots in whirlwinds, round
The blazing domes: Nine times the rolling World
Fac'd Sol with rival fires—while leeward roll'd
A smoky ocean, darkening distant realms,
Thick spangl'd, many a league, with sparkling streams;
Ere France encamp'd among the smouldering piles
Of crumbling palaces, and princely seats,
Midst desolation drear, and scenes of wo.
It seem'd no more that Moscow, which of late,
Glittering with golden spires, and domes superb,
Held happy thousands following various toil;
Where commerce, with industrious hand, diffus'd
The sweets of life, and gave exuberant wealth;
Where bells, thick sounding, waken'd pious care,
And busy myriads walk'd confusedly gay:
The fair, unconscious of impending ills;
And children loud with joy of life's bright morn.
Philanthropy, in tears, survey'd the scene,
And thus complain'd: Forgotten by my race,
Where shall I, hapless vagrant, find repose!

Nor seas, nor lands delight me more: fell war
Commands my absence, tho' by stealth, I tread
Where he has march'd to heal the wounds he leaves.
Earth's sons have seen Sol pass through all the signs
Since, e'en from Franklin's country peace was driven;
Contention's woful empire girds the globe—
Ah, when will Howard's spirit rule the world!
In him the virtues liv'd, and mourn'd for man.
When mighty kings shall be forgot, his name
Shall honor'd sound along the wild of years;
He by example taught my lore, and sooth'd
The miseries of his kind: O, how unlike
Who plunge great nations into murderous war!
Glad years, by Hope to Virtue promis'd, haste,
Pass the wide gulf of vice-infected time,
Of glory full of the redeeming God—
O, come with all your joys—with dove-like peace—
And wipe away our tears. Fly—lingering gloom—
Insult not Wisdom more—let Earth rejoice
In light, in innocence, and sacred love,
Approv'd before th' omniscient judge of worlds.
So speaking, Heaven she scal'd on murky cloud;
A pensive sadness fell on nature's face—
Resemblance of the melancholy mind.
The while, Kutusoff to his monarch sends
The dismal message, of his Moscow fled
On burning wings away; its site attain'd
By his great enemy; but presumes the realm
From hostile rule secure; on hope relies,
And bids him patient hear the voice of fate.
But Alexander, griev'd at ruin's march,
Humbly thus prays: O king of kings, attend
To misery's voice, and heal the raging wounds
Wide gaping in my soul: Grant, that my powers

May prove victorious, and Napoleon know
The darkness of defeat; his wrath subside
In floods of evil fortune; his high hand,
Which menaces the world, be rendered null,
To threaten Earth's legitimate kings no more,
With arms, or doctrine of plebeian source.
Oh, condescend to notice princes' tears—
May we deserve thy mercy in our need!
Long, long, our realm's integrity maintain:
For such great kindness, all that man can give
I yield—a grateful, pure, and upright heart.
Heaven's monarch heard, as high above the sun
And stellar orbs, he fill'd his dazzling throne,
Scanning infinity with mild regard:
The Russian and the Gallic merit weigh'd:
The scale of France ascended; Russia's fell—
He straight pronounc'd their doom, and gave the nod:
As bow'd his head, immensity was mov'd.
Then to Uriel forthwith gave command
To order Wisdom, not to mix in strife
With passions, till th' almighty signal given:
Loud bellowing thunder, and wide sea of storm.
Swift Jove's bright herald spreads his blazing wings,
For Wisdom's calm abode. He found her soon
In beauty unadorn'd; her shield and arms
Neglected lay contiguous; her bright eyes
Were roving thro' the gloom of ages past,
In sober converse, with th' historic muse;
She blush'd, though calm, to see Sol's regent bright
Of giant stature: As on Earth he strode
O'er empires at each step, his locks of gold
In th' empyrean blaz'd; his arm before
Remov'd th' obstructing clouds, that darkly roll'd
Upon his left, and fell in fitful showers.

Celestial lightnings round his garment play'd,
That flowing far th' horizon streak'd with fire;
His jasper seeming wings shed dazzling light;
And god-like countenance reverend awe inspir'd.
She courteous asks: From what superior world,
And on what errand, he to Earth descends?
Adding; canst thou be him, I recent deem'd
Would come, auspicious, from the throne of Jove
Intent with me to urge the fate of men!

The angel answers: Messenger I come
From Heaven's eternal king; who bids thee stay
Thy potent arm, nor join th' impassion'd war,
Till he give signal in the neighboring skies:
Loud sounding thunder, and wide sea of storm.
Hence I presage that victory and thyself
Will jointly walk, and hush the noisy jar;
But in late hour, and on an evil day.

He spoke, and distant clouds return'd his voice.
Wisdom replied: I see the coming strife—
'Twill not accord then with decided fate
T' exert my power, till Jove display the sign!

She ended—The bright angel turning, soar'd
On lightning pinions, clouds flew downward urg'd
By wings celestial; swift beyond her view
And planetary orbits he obtain'd,
And mingled with the joyful sons of Heaven.

Meantime, at Jove's command, grave Providence
The passions summon'd to the dome of Fame.
In shining circles through the ample hall,
They stream'd with faces bright; yet secret vex'd,
They often darken'd with tempestuous frowns.
The judge involv'd in lambent clouds of gold
Uplifts his arm; and sudden thunder shakes
The glowing temple; silence deep succeeds;

While thus he speaks: The Gallic Emperor camps
On Moscow's site; shall he continue there?
Or straight retrace his steps to Niemen's stream?
In your decision lies the fate of realms.
Ambition first, despondent thus began:
Sad is the climax of these mighty deeds,
Progressing long—Fulfiller of the fates!
This conflagration in thy breast conceal'd,
Permitted me to dote on future time
And great Napoleon; but my sightless mind,
And unprophetic nature, now ill seem
Adapted to do more, than humbly hope;
The common course of things may sudden change:
Who had believed Russia would Moscow burn,
And on herself such sad destruction bring!
What dire defence! what cruel height of rage,
And boundless wo will tyranny indulge!
My expectations blasted, Hope's fair boon,
The winter shield, great Moscow, now no more,
Is it not meet, that Gaul's long trains return
To Dwina's stream, while the mild season reigns,
Whose rapid march will soon arrive midst snows,
Destructive frost, dark skies, and chilling winds?
The staff whereon we lean'd has broke—the base
On which was superstructed the resolve
To enter Moscow's walls by one campaign,
Has fail'd; why then persist in that attempt?
Why tarry where it was unwise to come?
Whence will the sustenance of his troops be drawn?
Sure not from Poland, as Moldavia's host,
(Uncheck'd by Swartzenburg) will soon evince.
Nor from the Ukraine: Lectascova's camp
Effectual interdiction will oppose.
th' alternate Fate vouchsafes to give

The Chief, is instant flight, or ruin vast.
Next Pride imperious, thus vehement spoke:
Earth-ruling power, by whom great nations fall,
Preserve my pleasures had in Gaul's fam'd Chief,
When kingdom-shaking Victory glads his soul.
Methinks he should on Morcow's site remain
'Till winter melt beneath the breeze of spring.
Would Russia dare disturb his dread repose?
Front Borodino's victor in his camp?
But some Moldavian army threats his rear!
And Famine menaces what way he turns!
Has then Ambition leap'd a realm too far?
Will comfortless retreat alone secure?
Not circumstances, but the hero rules
Inflexible—he never learn'd to flee.
Though disappointment mov'd his soul that day,
When Moscow roll'd along the skies in smoke,
And danc'd on winds, he stood unaw'd; me call'd
And Valor; in his presence prolix time
We heard his dictates, and with pleasure found
He would not retrograde for cities burn'd,
Or signs of cowardice in his mad foe.
Before he should retreat peace must be made;
Such as the conqueror of a main resort,
Or capital of empire might propound;
That he triumphant on retreating wheels
May drag the wealth and glory of his foe.
To those, nor other terms will I subscribe,
For his abandonment of Russia's realm,
Though frightful Danger ope dire gulf before.
Thus she; then Rashness with like frenzy speaks:
Shall the great monarch with his matchless host,
Like timorous heards, depart the Russian clime?
Why not remain, 'till the great object won,

For which he rouses Europe's states to arms?
What shall obstruct his high designs? What man,
Without supernal aid, can harm him there?
Speak nought of foul retreat, ye wayward throng,
Lest I grasp all my stores, and with one blast
Confound your senses, and wild madness reign.
'Tis unfit time to spread false larums here;
If bold Ambition disappointment feel,
Must relaxation of the glorious toil
Ensue? Far different I conjecture; Pride
And Valor will assist the potent Chief
To hold on Moscow; thence he will not move
In sad recursion to Borysthenes,
Though thrice more inauspicious fortune seem.
Glory and Peace shall his return attend:
Know, then, my firm resolve, which not e'en thou
O Judge of Earth, shalt change, though thy great sire
Come headlong flaming from his throne, and hurl
Dire thunderbolts abroad, and frigid storms,
Is Moscow to retain till he make glorious peace.
Although gigantic danger round him grows:
Think ye, he trembles at the force of men,
Or slow benumbing algor? Are the brave
Not always free? Before ignoble flight,
'Tis theirs to storm the frowning gate of death—
Tear tyrants from their thrones—fit Earth for life,
Or pass with glory to the world of souls.
He ended—Vanity thus soon began:
Illustrious power, we reverence thy decrees,
Which, for long time, have given me high delight
In the great hero, whom we now dispose;
But dark and varied are the scenes, before
His present tenor, and beyond the veil,
That shrouds resistless destiny from man,

Are many angry shapes, and dimly seen.
Perhaps the terror of victorious name,
Accompanied by strong myriads, might command
Safe plight in Moscow; but deep doubt o'erclouds
The counsels of my breast: It might result
Far better, timely, to commence retreat;
But what unusual wonder will prevail
Among mankind, if he return unfraught
With spoils of conquest, or without the peace
He warr'd to dictate! Will not Fear then say:
I him inglorious led to safer lands—
He heard my lore, obsequious took my course;
Else had he perish'd in the hostile clime,
And France no more inspir'd the world with awe?
Thus she—Ambition then more bold, proceeds:
Retreat! unhappy term, to me propos'd,
Sounds like the lion's roar, and vulture's scream
To their foreboding victims; but defeat,
And general ruin, far more odious seem.
This, I presume, may happen to our Chief,
Though yet victorious and all-conquering deem'd,
If the sing'd site of Moscow keep him long.
When first he march'd on this august campaign,
I bid him there abide the winter drear;
But this combustion then was not foreseen.
'Tis best to act accordant with events,
Not rush with Rashness on uncertain doom.
'Tis sure unpleasant to retrace the steps
Of mighty war; but much I wish the king
With all his myriads, were in Poland's bounds:
And thither to arrive let him essay;
There wait the beck of spring to rise again
In the dread majesty of glorious war.
So speaking, Rashness, fir'd with vengeance, rose,

Grasp'd her red shield, and wav'd her shining sword;
While the great Congress sudden panic seiz'd,
Or bold emotion; swift they lift their arms,
Stand nerv'd for battle, and defiance frown.
Firm Providence sat midst th' increasing fray,
Like Andes, awful, grand, and mild, when storms
Howl on his sides, dark heaven's artillery sounds,
And tempests rend his cliffs with dreadful roar.
Ambition, first, the rude disturber dar'd
To measure prowess in th' adjoining field.
He gladly heard, and to his comrades call'd:
Rouse all your rage; assume the trusty shields;
Assert your dignity, nor be control'd
By the chill counsels of inglorious friends.
Then, as a whirlwind rushes on tall groves,
In wild confusion scattering limbs and leaves,
He bounds upon his foe; nor waits the field
Propos'd for combat: Midst the radiant Hall
Their weapons clash'd, and fearful tumult rose.
Swift open flew the gates, with thundering sound,
Before the rushing deluge of stern forms,
Of principal, auxiliar powers, all arm'd
With different weapons, burning to contend.
Amidst them Rashness and Ambition rag'd
In boisterous battle; forceful blows were given,
Black ire, keen threatning, edg'd their fiery eyes.
Urg'd by the crowding host, they reach the field;
But, neither conquering, separate to array
Their votaries; then each lifts his standard high,
Inviting followers: Fruitless prove their pains;
For now promiscuous fight tumultuous rag'd
With stunning sound, fast darkening all the field.
Tremendous uproar thrills the startled sphere;
Fame's temple quakes; Mars, plum'd with horror,
low'rs

On flaming clouds, loud thundering o'er the host;
Glory, impetuous, bounded midst the fray,
Divested of her starry robes; but garb'd
With brazen armor; dreadful as a god
She lighten'd round, and wasteful javelin swung.
Valor with lofty port majestic drove
His rattling car, by winged monsters drawn,
Through the dread combat, with resistless might;
What way he turn'd, defeat before him flew,
Till bold Ambition, fiery-helm'd, rebuff'd
With bolt enormous, both his dragon steeds,
And hurl'd them, staggering to the verge of death;
When from his car he springs, and lifting high
Its adamantine wheels, with fatal aim
There hurls on his opposer, who in vain
Essays to shun their fury with long lance,
And falls, with swimming eyes; but Hope fast heals
The painful wound; her pharmacy renews
The warrior, with her wonted power; then quick
In search of her subduer, she speeds forth;
But soon meets Rashness, fronted with Despair,
Whose face terrific frown'd: Short pause ensues
Of deep amaze; a horrid truce! then fierce,
And terrible, in stormy conflict join;
Dire clash'd their arms, emitting gleamy rays;
Pride look'd astounded on the arduous strife.
At length, like tumbling tower, Ambition fell;
Her fall shook all the field; struck by a shaft,
Which Rashness snatch'd from Fame's refulgent gate
In angry haste. Again the warrior rose;
But will'd no more to shine in luckless fray,
And disappear'd, in clouds and darkness veil'd,
Lamenting her dishonor and sore wounds.
While Rashness, blustering, summon'd all her train,

And wav'd her lofty banner o'er the war.
Fast she collects her forces, and presumes
Her concentrated strength shall sweep the field
Of enemies—through her forming lines she darts,
Like flickering meteor, and arrays for fight;
Her cloven helmet, haggard eyes, dark plumes,
In battle sing'd; her broken spear, and club
Of Parian marble, thrice ten cubits long,
Torn from the front of Fame's resplendent dome,
High brandishing, in ample circles, spread
Distraction round. Folly her next in power,
With ghastly laugh strode on the murky air
On hideous gorgon, that had thousand legs,
Unnumber'd wings, deaf ears, and one dim eye.
Oft o'er her bands she ruinous career'd,
Herself despoiling, when redoubled grin
Sat on her visage, and a putrid tear
Roll'd down and lodg'd upon her snaky tongue.
She rul'd the right, Rashness the centre of their host,
And Pride the left. Against them stood a throng
Confus'd, indifferent, and without control.
Now the chief leader, Rashness, thus commands:
Companions in contention, grasp your arms,
Or rocky masses, and from swift ascent
High in the air, rush downward on yon foes,
Thick spreading ruin, terror and dismay;
And sweep them from the field. They heard, & fire
Gleam'd from their eyes; each brandish'd fiery arms,
Defiance hurling to th' opposing powers,
And straight spread out umbrageous wings; now clouds,
Big with dark tempest, muttering wrath they seem,
Soaring tremenduous, till fit height attain'd,

When with firm air, and weapons lifted high,
Obliquely down they rush against the foe,
Like lightning darting from the stormy sky:
Fearful discharge ensues; but strikes unsure,
Or wastes on empty wind its angry weight;
For Vanity beheld the torrent's course,
And caution'd thus her train: Lo! yonder storm
Fast coming from mid-heaven, threatning to sweep,
With one dread blow, our remnant brave far off
The cheerful precincts of this bright domain!
To shun such evil: while the enemy poise
Their mountain-rending arms, for fatal stroke,
Let all outspread their wings, make swift ascent,
And downward on the foe play scathful game.
They gladly hear, and half extend their wings,
On springy knee, waiting the dread approach
Of flaming furies, whose invidious eyes
Shot forth pernicious rays, and horrors dire.
Then, at the signal, all with sudden bound,
On gloomy wings, above death's storm aspire.
Each swelling tenfold larger, and inflam'd
With choler, rush'd upon th' astounded host;
That in foul plight, now grovell'd under shower
Of iron, diamond, quivering bolts, and hills;
But soon promiscuous reascended high,
In wild confusion, and huge swelling, join'd
In close contention; darkness wrapt them round;
Friend bandied strokes with friend, as foe with foe;
Rocks on them thunder'd & deep wounds impress'd;
Spears, like the masts of hugest ships, were thrown,
Rending and marring their etherial frames.
Th' intense attrition of conflicting powers
Shot glancing lightning through the stormy scene.
The clash of arms, and armor, the loud sound

Of shouting thousands, and wild shrieks of Pain,
Three times bright Sol's diurnal march prevail'd,
And all the crystal field obscur'd around
Fame's radiant Temple, which, 'till then, ne'er saw
Nor heard the tumult of such dreadful fray;
When Heaven's Almighty King thus Gabriel bids:
Go with our gloomy veil and fiery shafts,
On wings of storm, loud thundering to yon field
Such peals as mortals seldom hear; wide Earth
Shall tremble, as the lofty music swells.
Let one hand bear the boreal wind, enchain'd,
Which loose, when Wisdom shall have won the field,
And far o'er ocean drive th' involving gloom.
He ceas'd—to Heaven's great armory Gabriel flies
On snowy wings, majestically grand!
His graceful countenance darted rays divine;
A starry crown, with everliving flowers,
High plum'd and bright, his noble front adorn'd:
He grasp'd the dreadful arms, and call'd the winds,
And sable clouds: The distant winds attend
The sovereign summons; clouds tumultuous roll
Before the boisterous tenants of the skies,
And all, obedient to the angel's will,
Convolve in dusky ocean, where he rides,
Deep circumfus'd with darkness; at his nod
The wide spread clouds and tempests change their course,
And every movement to his will conform.
Soon, o'er the warring hosts, the clouds condense,
While sable Night walks sullen midst their ranks,
Scattering grim phantoms, and delusions strange—
And sudden fly the blazing bolts below,
Breaking the gloom, with angry, fitful glare—

Loud peals on peals of rending thunder roll,
Impressing Heaven and Earth with deepest awe;
But most the warring myriads; they amaz'd,
And trembling, saw, on every side, the hand
Of War and Ruin: Valor only stood
With undejected brow; though all his plumes
Were sing'd, his splendid arms and armor marr'd,
And grievous wounds imprinted on his breast.
Wisdom the sign perceiv'd, and to her child
Thus speaks: Lo, the great signal for my march,
Clad in decisive arms; for force of fight
Is now sole argument with yon mad powers.
Ah! how unlike what Reason would prescribe!
What thou wouldst dictate, born to happier doom!
Go bring my chariot, and ethereal steeds—
Conduct their course—while I, with powerful light,
Dazzle their eyes, and wielding fatal spear,
Hurl all the combattants from the rude scene,
And end the damning fury of their arms.
Prudence arrays the steeds of heavenly birth,
Their eyes are light; their feet the test of time;
Their manes flow glimmering with a thousand hues;
Their speed is swift as knowledge strikes the mind.
She mounts the starry seat with Wisdom stern,
Waves the bright scourge, and darts along the heaven;
Nor stops; but midst the storm of combat drives;
Where lightning, thunder, darkness, torrent showers
Of hills encountering hills, with ponderous crash,
And warriors' flaming faces spread dismay.
Then snatches from her quiver fiery globes,
And hurls them streaming through the boisterous fight;
When, sevenfold hideous, raging Discord frown'd;
An increas'd clamor, and confusion rose;

The field was whelm'd in flames, and heaven o'er-
spread
With clouds and terrors: Gabriel there displodes
Th' artillery of puissant Jove, while quakes
The region round, and glows the conscious Earth
With angry light: Rashness had scanty time,
(Her eyes half clos'd) to say: Can this be Jove,
Or Wisdom, pouring forth her blazing floods,
But chill as winter? when her spear assail'd,
That fast, with all who trod the field, she fled,
Forgetful of her arms and armor; loud
They roar'd, and hurried ways diverse, like flocks
Of timorous lambs, when wolves invade their fold;
And joy'd in such escape from the dread wheels,
Relentless steeds, fierce suns, and ruthless spear,
Which follow'd after, in tremendous blaze,
Midst screams, distraction, and the thunder's sound.
Folly, on her enormous beast, slow mov'd;
Forgot to grin; for panic chain'd her jaws—
Dismounted, halted, and behind it skulk'd,
To save life's lov'd remains; but soon the spear
Fell'd the broad bulwark; still conceal'd she lay
Beneath its ample frame, till ceas'd the strife.
Now Wisdom stopp'd pursuit, and swift return'd,
Sole victor from th' o'erthrow of thousands arm'd.
Gabriel restrain'd his thunders, and unloos'd
The boreal wind, which rush'd tumultuous forth,
Commixing battle's gloom with lofty clouds,
That onward fast in troubled grandeur sail:
All heaven sighs; the trees of Earth low bend;
The ocean whitens, and hoarse murmuring rolls,
Till the dun refuse far away is borne;
Then, at th' archangel's hest, the blast subsides,
And he to Jove's effulgent court returns.

Wisdom to Fame's abode departs—there sees
Stern Providence cast threatening eye on Gaul.
By right of victory now she quick descends,
While in the Kremlin he his troops review'd,
And thus Napoleon warns: Fly warrior, fly
(Though much too late I fear,) from Russia's land;
Lest Moscow be the grave of all thy power.
Full thrice ten precious days are buried now,
Since thou shouldst have departed this sad scene;
But mad contention in the field of Fame,
The fire of Rashness, and the force of Pride
Forbade the prudent deed. Now arm'd I come
With full experience from victorious field:
Your wild deluders fled before my arms;
But ah! what can redeem the time they stole!
Lost empires and great thrones may be regain'd
By gold, or conquest, or a people's love;
But all the treasure of the spacious Earth,
Its love or arms, can not one day recall.
Ere thrice Earth rolls, in Scorpio flames the Sun:
Too soon the thickening sky may teem with storm,
And blustering winter chill your mighty powers;
But weeks may yet revolve, before he comes
With keen intensity: that time improve;
Be not by Hope's fair promises deceiv'd;
Has not th' attack on Naples' king made known
The Russian policy? Has Dery's fall,
And thrice six hundred of his warriors brave,
While Bagawout, and bold Beningsen died,
Not prov'd, that Russia spurns the proffer'd peace?
The foe who durst infringe a truce—who whelm'd
His fairest city in a sea of fire,
'Tis vain to hope will to your terms subscribe.
She spoke—the Emperor angry thus responds:

Doubtless, the treacherous foe has prov'd 'tis time
Our armies were withdrawn to Nieper's shore;
Ere day again this dreary waste illume,
The melancholy flight shall have begun.
He ended, and the sapient power retir'd—
Then thus his chiefs he bids: My brave compeers,
The voice of Wisdom warns me to retreat
From this ill fated ground; nor hope for peace;
Then rouse the army and prepare to move
By morrow's dawn: Inform the troops, we go
To winter quarters in a happier clime.
Let Delzon through Teschernigrase advance
With his division, to conceal the way
Our main proceeds, which on Mojaisk will march.
Beauharnois, and Murat, Kalouga's road
Will tread; but with our centre reunite
At Patoutinka; and Mortier, the last
T' abandon Moscow, will by well charg'd mines,
This Kremlin from its deep foundation rend,
That Russia's grandest citadel destroy'd
May not obstruct our march when we return.
Thus he—Vandamme proposes to consume
By conflagration, all the buildings round;
"The enemy's rule more full effect to give,
And spread the devastation he begun,
That milder wars he wage in future time."
The Monarch then: Not I will farther harm
Humanity; Though guilt might be chastis'd,
Fair innocence would suffer by the deed—
Besides, the act were useless, save to prove
That we, e'en we, may stoop to base revenge!
For national ends, not individual wo,
We draw the sword: We wage no rival war
Of devastation; let the enemy take

Of this the glory; ours are higher aims.
The chiefs to their respective posts depart,
Proclaim, that Moscow is unworthy now
Of their resort; they, therefore will remove
Where plenty smiles, redundant with delight,
And winter jovial flows in feast and song.
The listening armies glad forsake the camp,
Where meagre Famine hoarse began to growl,
High toss her furrow'd head and clash her fangs.
Like gloomy clouds they move, o'ershading Earth
Many a long league, bending with Moscow's spoils.
Far as the eye may rove from some tall mast
Nodding o'er ocean's waves, the loaded wains
In triple files extended; still behind
Groan'd many a chariot under trophies won
From Turk, and Persian, by the warlike Czars;
And fam'd St. Iwan's cross above them shone.
Soon half the Kremlin thundering heavenward towers—
The loud explosion shakes the region round.
Thence Iloviaski knew his foes were fled,
And, sudden rushing on the dying pile,
Th' inflaming match extinguish'd, and possess'd
The dismal city. Thousands now return'd
From mournful exile, searching for their homes.
Alas! no vestige mark'd a spot so dear;
O'er ample space blank Desolation frown'd—
And here, and there, a solitary dome,
Shatter'd, and darken'd, hapless mourners seem'd;
Like some poor sire, the last of all his race,
That grieves in silence for his offspring dead.
The wretched wanderers cry: O woful tomb
Of lofty Moscow, wet with myriads' tears!
Far hast thou fallen from thy proud estate—

Nipp'd in thy splendid bloom by blasting war.
What once thou wast in mournful memory lives;
Thy shining spires, gay walks, and busy trade,
Ah now no more! fell furies here have rav'd;
Here Ruin hideous moan'd, that nought remain'd
To slake his raging thirst. Oh, cruel fate!
Where now will myriads lay their hapless heads,
But in the general grave, which round us yawns,
Devouring with insatiate, boundless maw,
The miserable remains of better days!
O Heaven! have mercy on this hapless land;
Support the feeble, and direct the strong;
The houseless wretch, the child of want defend,
And turn the fury of the storms away.

Such was great Moscow's lamentable fate,
Whose sacrifice sav'd realms, and kings dethron'd.
Thousands unborn shall o'er her history weep,
Mov'd by her miseries, and Napoleon's fall—
Sad theme of future bards, and tragic song!

Beauharnois now, thus valiant Delzon bids:
"The enemy's in pursuit: At Louja's bridge,
Or at Borosk, (should he those stations gain
Before we pass) injurious fight will rage.
The last we hold—the first make haste to seize
With your Division: On your speed depends
The lives of myriads." Swift he leads his band,
And takes th' important post; but Russia soon,
Bent on like object, with impetuous rage,
Against him thunder'd, and his warriors drove,
Contending furious, from the valued ground.
Just then, the Vice-Roy lightens through the field,
Like sudden sun-shine through a gloomy storm,
Rekindling hope and valor, where he moves:
What, he loud cries, invincible no more?

Were ye miscall'd heroes! deserve the name—
Be not from your select position driven—
Turn! lest the foe believe he wars with lambs.
  Thus he—The rallied train infuriate plung'd
In Russia's staggering lines; which reinforc'd,
Withstood the dread attack, and had repell'd;
But, headlong, Delzon rush'd amidst the fight,
Inspiring courage, which triumphant rends
Death's terrors from his brow; leading his host
Tempestuous on he fell in Victory's arms.
Guilleminot then guides the angry blast;
But soon increasing clouds of Russians, flown
From Lectascova's camp, o'erwhelming, drive
Gaul from the bloody heights. Then Forrestier
Careering lofty midst the routed files,
And goring iron showers, thus stops their flight:
  Soldiers! France lies beyond yon hill, where Delzon sleeps.
Must we then reach Siberia, ere our homes?
Die ignominious deaf to glory's voice,
Rather, than honor'd live, or fall renown'd?
See! Pino swift advances to our aid—
Let not th' Italians reap so great a field;
Nor boast they won the fight, which we declined!
  He spoke, quick ranging through the scatter'd host:
The sub-commanders fast reform the lines—
Forward they march—th' Italians close behind—
All, on the Russian columns furious rush
With gory bayonets, and disploding guns;
While momentary pause the thundering tiers.
Soon, in confusion, Russia's dense array
Departs, before the fatal charge of Gaul.
Then roars th' artillery with redoubled sound,
Destruction sending over all the field.

Brave Levie quivers in the arms of Death—
Giffienga, and courageous Pino fall.
At length deep darkness hush'd the battle's voice,
And France, victorious, held the gory field.
The while Ghorodnia shudder'd at the charge
Of thrice two thousand Cossacks—Istria's Duke
His cavalry on them guides and soon defeats.
Napoleon witness'd the contention bold.
Vereia next saw steed-borne armies clash,
By Poniatowski, and the Hetman rul'd,
The glimmering sabres strike and hulans dart—
The younger Platoff fall, as fierce he led
Impetuous squadrons on the Polish lines;
Who fought as fierce, by ancient hatred mov'd.
The warlike father ranging through the storm,
Saw, bounding wild, the white horse of his son,
The rider left among the falling dead:
He seeks his offspring, heedless of the fight,
Lifts the pale youth, who on his parent throws
Affection's last regard, attempts to speak—
In vain—the soul pass'd from his quivering lips,
And left in icy death his manly form.
Then his dear load the mournful sire resign'd,
Turn'd from the killing sight his streaming eyes,
And sought his tent, and secret pour'd his tears.
Now dark-brow'd evening deck'd with starry crown,
And ebon mantle, with dim shapes adorn'd,
Came shadowy—nature listening as she march'd
Silent, save when the moon-ey'd bird complain'd.
Before her Discord bow'd, the conflict ceased,
And healing sleep the eyes of warriors clos'd;
Save in the Cossack camp—there lifeless lay
Out-stretch'd upon the shaggy skins of bears
The hopeful prince, the glory of his tribe —

Their leading star in danger, and the prop
Of wavering combat; thick they round him kneel,
Kiss his cold hand, and bathe it with their tears.
When purple morning dawn'd, a trumpet's voice
Warns Poniatowski, that a Herald comes;
Who, introduc'd, thus urg'd his pious suit:
Our Hetman mourns his son's untimely fall,
Who late tempestuous in your squadrons plung'd;
The bravest scarce repell'd his iron surge—
He stood the fury of your boldest bands,
And turn'd the tide of battle, where he rode.
Th' heroic father of a son so brave,
Short intermission of contention sues,
That undisturb'd he may the corpse inurn,
With all the honors to his merit due.
Accept the truce (replied the valiant chief)
Though duty adverse drive, the brave are friends—
Cowards alone the gifts of victory soil—
They darkest seem, when Fortune fairest shines.
The Herald to his Hetman swift return'd:
And soon the Cossack host, paraded, wheel
Around their much lov'd prince, in silent grief,
With fervor praying for his soul's repose.
Then the arm'd thousands, in procession slow,
The honor'd corse, in solemn state, convey'd
Up a high hill, with gloomy cypress crown'd.
Stern visag'd warriors glisten'd bright with tears,
As silent round the grave, in order rang'd,
They heard the falling clods his long adieu declare.
They fired a volley o'er the closing tomb;
Then solemn march'd around the long abode,
Leading their steeds, their lances pointing down.
The while in echelon France slow retreats
Frowning defiance. Hovering on her flanks,

Flam'd Cossack clouds; still her arriere repell'd,
Controll'd by Eckmul's prince, her swarming foes.
But Famine smote her train, and feeble steeds,
Quadrupled to th' artillery, frequent fell
On slippery ice, and rose no more; that oft
Th' unwieldy thunderers were abandon'd—spik'd—
Their wains exploding, shook the region cold.
The sun had thrice on chill November shone,
When near Wiazma, many a bristling grove
Of Russian bayonets Nagle's band assails.
Eugene forthwith conducts his valiant corps
To battle—long sustains the fierce attack
Of swarming cavalry, with unequal force;
At length Davoust, behind the conflict, form'd
His war-worn train, and timely brac'd the fight.
Now terrible discordant armies rag'd,
With fearful odds against the force of Gaul;
Full on the centre Russia pours amain—
Both hosts discharge their muskets—swiftly close
With deadly fury, and sky-rending shrieks;
Man bayonet sheaths in man; at times recoil
The Russian lines, and fiery tempests send;
The loud artillery flaming, thundering, shook
The frozen ground, and heads of warriors hurl'd
Through murky air, effusing streaming gore:
'Twas then, brave Banco, from thy fearless heart
Thy own, dissever'd, chatter'd o'er the war,
While fell thy bleeding trunk, a lifeless clod,
From thy fleet steed, wild prancing through the storm.
Soon with redoubled ardour Russia drives
On either wing of Gaul; and chief where Ney,
Big with his nation's fate, his skill display'd,
And prov'd him vers'd in every art of war:
Here hideous Discord rag'd, bold Valor storm'd,

Ambition blaz'd, and every genius toil'd.
He held his station, till the camp retir'd
Beyond Wiazma; while, with headlong rage,
Main Russia dash'd on his protecting shield,
Fierce as ten thousand storms, and all the winds
Condens'd on ocean, thundering on rocky shore,
But on herself, amaz'd, recoil'd in blood.
Now hoary winter slumbering near the pole
On bleak Antarctic bed was loudly rous'd
By voice of thunder; quick the frigid god
Rose shaking from his tresses silvery hail
And biting blasts, thus speaking: "Hateful sounds!
In vain—ye cannot shake my icy throne—
Nor may the lightning melt th' eternal pile.
How stray'd the thunder from its sphere so far!
Sure 'twas not borne on Afer's dusky wings!
Dire peals! such flashes might consume the globe!
It seems the world's great period!" When thus spoke
Th' Almighty ruler from th' impending cloud:
Ere many suns, O Winter, thou hadst walk'd,
Along the Russian clime, as in past years;
But now a warring host, there stalking bold,
Presume impunity of man and Heaven.
Long in their cause the wayward passions fought,
Wisdom, at length, decided for their weal,
With my consent; but now they little deem
They go by sufferance of our fatal will.
Their reign shall cease, their chieftain feel distress;
Delay not then to muster all thy powers—
Assume thy cloudy stole, grasp thy keen spears
And quiver, charg'd with tempests, snow, and hail;
With all-subduing rage on Russia fall—
There pour thy gusts; the leafless forest glaze;
Congeal the rolling billows in their flight;

Shroud with a rocky veil the sounds and seas;
Make Earth's broad face seem stone; the faded globe
Wear garb of mourning, that proud Gaul decline:
Such is the mandate of the Sire of worlds.
Th' Almighty ended, and the heavens wore scowl;
Th' angelic seats were sad—Sol hid his face
In misty ocean; moan'd the hollow wind;
The hoary monarch of the storms, low bow'd,
In humble reverence of the high command;
Then northward turning, sudden darkness spread
Thick round his course; he grasps his blighting spears
Of wondrous length, and on the icy pole
Them whets, with toilsome haste; twelve leagues his arm
To east and west, with waxing fury, flies:
As on the frozen pile, they quivering glide,
A silvery sleet in spreading curls ascends—
The sharpening points, reflecting blaze, on blaze,
Flame like red lightning on heaven's stormy brow.
This done, he shakes them midst the rolling clouds,
Stamps on his throne, Boreas and Eurus calls,
And fills his quiver with the arms of storm:
The boisterous brethren in their native halls,
Hear the loud summons and tumultuous pour
From their bleak portals, rending snowy cliffs,
Whistling o'er icy vales, and driving clouds
On clouds in mountain masses, darkening heaven.
On these the Monarch sails towards Russia's clime
In hazy ocean wide of fleecy snow:
High o'er where Moscow stood the boreal blast
Bears him in gloomy state sublime: Now round
He swells the snow-fraught gusts, and darts his spears;
Now from his quiver heaves the chilling hail,
Covering with icy robe the rocky land—

A sudden algor seizes half the world;
Life fades before him; fetter'd streamlets groan;
The dashing wave is hush'd in mid-career;
The dimpled watery surface leaps no more
In quivering light; its stream is still and cold—
And nature's features, squally, blank, and drear,
Evince the presence of the killing power.
Dire on Napoleon's host his fury falls,
Destroying myriads. 'Twas in night's dark shade,
He hurl'd the fleecy ocean on the land,
And put forth all the terror of his reign.
When morn dim waded through the cloudy skies,
Rousing the slumbering camp, France saw her doom;
On every side, destructive foes appear,
And wo approaching from the Earth and Heaven:
A miry barren waste around her lay—
The roads were buried in the frosty deep,
With spoils and steeds and men, to rise no more.
Snow-tossing tempests dreadful howl'd, and wav'd
Thick crackling branches of ice-burden'd groves.
Disheartening Famine, and the deluge cold;
By freezing winds in mountain ridges curl'd,
Spread o'er the Gallic hopes funereal gloom,
Fast smother'd by the drifting sleet, whole bands
Fall shivering in despair, repeating names
Of children, parents, wives, they ne'er shall see,
And thus address their mates, yet struggling on:
Oh! if more blest than we, you should behold
Our native country, parents, children dear,
Give them these papers, and this hard-earn'd gold,
Last pledge of our affection—say, till now
The hope of seeing them, alone sustain'd
Their wretched relative—at length, refus'd
That pleasing hope, he wished them well, and died.

When in lov'd France you joy for your return,
Oh, think sometimes of our unhappy fate!
Anon the faltering tongue, and glaring eye,
Stand motionless beneath Death's icy hand,
Their sufferings ended, and their friends forgot.
Their comrades passing view their snowy graves—
While round, voracious dogs, gregarious howl—
Above dark clouds of Ravens mournful croak,
And seem to claim the living as their prey.
Night falls with gloomier frown, and blustering air;
The hoary forest, bending with bright load
Of glassy ice, moan'd rustling in the blast,
Which threw chill torpor from its freezing wings;
The glare of burning villages, and domes,
Illum'd the icy silvery-glistening groves,
With eddying sleet suffus'd. Through the drear wild
Oft roar'd war's thunderers, flashing on the gloom,
Where Ney, incessant fighting shielded Gaul.
Half her huge host, disbanded, devious roam'd.
Some in the frosty deluge, famish'd, sunk;
Or, wandering careless, unresisting, bled
By Cossack spear: They tore the lean remains
Of perish'd steeds, that fell by thousands round.
Artillery, steeds, and men, in ruins, fill'd
The road; o'er them the faint survivors climb'd,
Pale, staggering on the slippery brink of death.
A hebdomad, ere Sol from Scorpio pass'd,
Kutusoff, expeditious, bold confronts
Napoleon near Krasnoi, and vain attempts
His capture: Onward fierce the Emperor drives
Through clouds of foes, and whizzing iron showers
Flooding his thunder-shaken road with gore.
The Russian, with regret, beholds o'erthrown
His troops imperial, and the promis'd prize

Sweep like a fiery torrent, through his lines,
And take at Krasnoi a position strong.
When next the sun relum'd the frosty clime,
He, with like force, opposes brave Eugene,
And frightful conflict rages: Villeblanch,
Ornano, and Delfanti, bite the dust,
Reiterating the destructive charge
On Russia's firm array. At length the prince
Despairing soon to force the sanguine path,
Feigns to attack, with all his bands, the left
Oppos'd; which to support, his enemy brings
His cohorts from his right: Kind darkness now
Chas'd down the day; and countermarching swift
Under her mantle, wheel'd the dexterous chief
Around the Russian right, unseen of foes—
His Emperor join'd, who pleas'd address'd him: Son,
Thy skill has foil'd superior force; sure thou
May'st easy wind through life, like fluent floods,
Circling the base of hills they cannot climb.
Davoust and Ney must pass that baffled host,
That disappointed of its spoil, will give
A hot reception to their weary trains.
T' insure the safety of th' intrepid dukes,
Let us give business to the Russian powers,
And teach them their pursuit excels their fight,
If at Wiazma, this they fail'd to learn.

Thus he—the prince replied: Retreat should pause,
Though death pursues. To make th' attack propos'd,
Will save a corps, which erst ourselves redeem'd.

Thus they—And soon, tempestuous battle rag'd—
Russia, astounded, saw reverted Gaul
Scattering destruction on the staggering host.
Meantime Eckmuhl's brave duke, amidst the fray
His monarch joins, and with him slow recedes

From the wide flaming field. They recommence
Their long retreat. But Ney remains beyond
The hostile gulf—genius alone can save:
He turns the foe. Wolhynia's army now,
United with Moldavia's, march'd on Minsk,
And seiz'd Borisov's bridge; while Witgenstein
Industrious press'd t' unite his force with theirs,
And on Belluno's duke incessant warr'd.
Brave Ney the while withstands, eludes, and drives
The hostile swarms, evolv'd from Krasnoi's field,
His host out-numbering far: Three times pale Sol
Look'd through cold skies from morn to even, on deeds
Of heroism, patience, fortitude,
And saw the gallant bands, manœuvred well,
Glide from the closing jaws of Fate, then form
In junction with Eugene's, whose timely aid
Reliev'd them from the fight. Now Oudinot
Drives Lambert o'er Borisov's lofty bridge;
Who fires it quick, to interrupt pursuit
And France confine. When Sol three days had
shone
In Sagittarius, Berezina's bank
Was throng'd with fugitives, and troops of France;
The farther shore, with Russia's bands was lin'd,
Its passage to dispute: Her admiral steer'd
His course by Gaul's, mistook for Russia's star.
All day Napoleon, far manœuvring, strove
To seize on Studzianca, which o'erlook'd
Th' opposing bank. At length he gain'd the post,
And in his foe's despite, constructed o'er
Th' ice-incumber'd stream, two lofty roads;
While on the rear of France fierce Russia drove,
Scarce check'd by Oudinot, (his left in air;)
Thundering conflict thicken'd toward the stream,

Where wretched myriads, hovering on its brink,
Crowded, in dread confusion, to each bridge,
Flying the Russian vengeance; thousands fall,
Uttering sad cries, into the freezing flood—
And thousands, crush'd by the hard pressing throng,
Sink, loudly moaning: O'er the smother'd piles
Their comrades climb, & smear their feet with gore.
The trampled wretches grasp the mounting heels
Of luckier men, who, kicking, disengage,
Or fall, amidst the suffocated crew.
Brave Oudinot, borne wounded from the field,
On Ney the conduct of the fight devolves.
He through the flaming lines impetuous rides,
Recalls the recreant, and confirms the bold,
While France imposing attitude assumes:
Wading in snow, beneath inclement skies,
As stream'd her tatter'd robes on freezing wind,
Her ice-incumber'd banner, waving drear,
Awoke the memory of her glorious days,
And rous'd the rage, that won Marengo's field.
With double fury, now the battle burns,
Shattering the iron cloud, that gored her rear.
Dumerc resistless leads his squadrons through
The Russian files; wild uproar spreads around—
Th' artillery thunders, the fast reddening plain
Reeks with fresh spouting gore; dark clouds involve
The combattants; the hazy heaven profuse
Throws feathery shower of inundating snow,
Thickening the gloom: Awhile the Gallic arms
Prevail'd, and long th' unequal fight maintain'd.
At length, before th' increasing flood of foes,
They fly terrific, through th' impeding crowd,
O'er Berezina, midst the dying groans,
And lamentable shrieks of trampled friends

Immediately, they burn the tottering bridge,
And interpose the fatal flood, t' avert
The thirsty arms of Russia, raging near.
Awhile had Boreas, in the arctic night,
Midst desolation's icy hills repos'd,
Or tost the snow cliffs round the lifeless gloom;
While mists, by Auster near his kingdom driven,
His influence feeling, fell in fleecy flakes:
The rivers' waves their glassy surface broke,
And icy fragments toward the ocean bore;
But now in gusts, he quits the polar shade;
Dispreads his chilling wings, from high Altay
To Greenland's lonely shore, & heaven o'er clouds.
Quick, nature his benumbing fetters feels:
The gliding streams stand still beneath his frown,
Or, veil'd in ice, steal unperceiv d away
Through caves remote from his congealing breath.
The great belligerants feel, with equal pain,
His life-destroying rage: In either host
The brave are wither'd, like the forest's leaves,
That, faded, float on Autumn's whistling gales.
And now from every side, in fierce pursuit,
Rose Russia's hardy sons: Her awful foe
Bereft of arms, and leaning o'er the grave
Could scarce contend, and mercy sought in vain.
Th' impatient fugitives loud murmurs vent;
Alternately arraign their King and Heaven;
They cry: Napoleon! where are all thy stores
And boundless plenty, promis'd long in vain!
Must we die, unreveng'd, by Russia's hordes,
Grown impudent, since Jove affords them aid,
Or cold, and Famine, in this hated land?
O execrable fate! for this we came
From better climes, and conquer'd but to die!

Oh Heaven! does bravery merit such reward?
Do cowards find in Jove a friend in need?
Oh! let thy blasting thunder end our days,
That all may know 'tis thine, not Russia's might,
(So wont to cower beneath our conquering arms,)
That sweeps whole legions to untimely graves.
Thus mournful grovelling through the frigid waste
Numbness pervades their limbs, and stealing sleep
Consigns them to the endless reign of death.
As sad they march, they leave long files behind,
Erect, or prostrate, turn'd to rocky ice.
The Russians following pass the myriads pale,
Impress'd with solemn awe; for much they seem'd
Like weeping statues, mark'd with mimic life,
Of which, one half some mighty wind had fell'd.
Napoleon deeply mourn'd; but by his side
Stood Valor, and sublim'd his mighty soul:
Sustain'd by whom, he frown for frown return'd
Of fickle Fortune, struggling with his fate.
Twice seven times in December Earth had roll'd,
When o'er the ice-bound Niemen hover'd pale
The squallid remnant of unhappy Gaul;
Like wretched spectres fled th' infernal world,
They look'd with horror at the scene behind,
Half nude, toil-worn, storm-beaten, gash'd with wounds,
With frozen limbs tormented; some had lost
The sense of hearing; all with hunger pin'd.
Of forty myriads, scarcely three return'd;
Who went as Generals, as subalterns came,
And oft of soldiers begg'd a pittance poor.
Ah! how unlike that host, so proud, and great,
Which erst, resistless rush'd to Moscow's walls!
Seven days before the imperial Chief conferr'd

On Naples' King the conduct of the flight:
Secure (he said) the relics of our host
While I on Paris march—As Vice-Roy guide
The war—well garrison the Polish posts:
Let Dantzic, Cracow, and their brethren, hold
Such numbers, as may best long siege endure;
For know, I cease not this unhappy strife—
Again shall Russia fear—our troops, ere long,
Shall, satiate, plunge upon her flying bands.
Murat then answers: Sire, the arduous task
To me assign'd, no common skill requires,
Like mine; but as thy wisdom makes the choice,
To call it ill, were calling thee unwise.
Full soon, I trust, this wreck will be repair'd
By thy recruited armies, glorious prone!
Then Russia shall repent her cruel deeds,
And reel beneath the influence of thy power.
Consult the wise—do what a mortal can—
Napoleon made reply; then latent rode
Toward his France o'er snow-clad kingdoms wide;
And, just as Sol in Capricornus flam'd,
On Paris, enter'd in the shade of night,
He bursts all potent, with the blush of morn,
And quick the lofty helm of state resumes.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK VII.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon converses with the Empress—He addresses the Council of State, and the Senate, demanding troops—Deceit, disturbed by the rapid increase of his army, goes to the mansion of Intrigue, with whom, she devises a scheme for paralizing the power of the Emperor, and they proceed to put it in operation.

Wisdom and Necessity, advise Napoleon to appoint Louisa Regent of the empire, before he leaves France, on his intended campaign.

In his grand palace, mid the queen of towns
Napoleon shines; his fond Louisa there,
Proud dignitaries of his empire great,
And infant offspring, joy at his return—
He sees dear looks, and hears inquiries kind:
How blest (his spouse begins,) to see you here
Resume the father's, husband's, Emperor's cares!
In safety come, from that superior war,
O'er the long, cold, uncomfortable way.
Our gentle babe, with joyful glances, tries
To lisp a glorious name. Sweet child! he lives
Beneath the shade of laurels—future heir
Of more than thrones—O! may he know the love
Of mighty nations! What fond crowds he drew
Before thy tent, on Borodino's morn!
The tale was grateful to a mother's ear:
No courtiers there, but noble warriors prais'd.
The kings, at Dresden, too, admired our prince,

In that bright morning of the great campaign:
How bloody was its noon, and dark its close!
Let Heaven be prais'd the fearful blast is spent,
And we are here. Bold Malet is destroy'd:
He, and his crew, will never more conspire
Against our honor and imperial reign;
But what of Russia, and thy hosts? I knew
Thy retrocession from scorch'd Moscow's walls,
For winter quarters in a happier clime!
You see me there arriv'd—(her lord replies;)
I would my sons could equal fortune boast.
Borne on a flood of wo, to France I come.
A deadly frost has nipp'd her noblest flowers;
How many breasts, that beat with great resolves,
Are now forever dead to glory's voice!
In Paris, too, my faithful friends have died:
Alas! poor Malet; but I only grieve,
That headlong zeal, with indiscriminate rage,
The dup'd and guilty struck alike with death.
Did not the arch chancellor know my crown's best gem
Is mercy, that he thus untimely snatch'd
From them dear life, from me the power to save!
The savage Russians, dreadful to themselves!
Destroy'd their realm before me; wasteful fire
Career'd o'er cities, villages, and fields,
Where it was known my army would invade.
On Moscow's site I tarried much too long;
Pride, Rashness, and unnumber'd passions urg'd:
Hope promis'd, there, to crown my toils with peace;
Wisdom, too late, determined for my weal,
And she approach'd me, with experience arm'd;
Else ill reception had her lesson found.
I then retreated; but th' inclement skies

Pour'd forth their wintry stores, and cloth'd the land
With frosty seas; then perish'd all my steeds;
Famine, and cold, soon half my host destroy'd.
The enemy now, grown impudent, assay'd
Our final wreck; and oft would bravely charge
Poor fugitives, disbanded, and unarm'd.
Our road was heap'd with ruins of the brave;
Thousands in fierce contention, bit the dust;
Myriads, benumb'd by freezing tempests, died;
Thousands surrender'd to severer doom;
And few, alas! of that gigantic host
Recross'd the Niemen—these Murat controls,
Conducting fast before the following foe.
Near Poland's bounds I left him, and twelve days
O'er hills, and vales, thro' kingdoms wide, I've sped,
Too fast for treacherous friends to form resolves:
Doubtless, the Prussian court, a day too late,
Debated, if they should not have de tained?
Short time I rest; for here this war not ends:
Another formidable host shall rise—
Before three moons have wheel'd their pale career
I, at their head, will take the field; and soon
Shall Russia's bands revisit their cold clime,
And subject kings, who now, rejoicing, see
Deliverance near (how blind to Russia's aims!)
Witness anon 'tis ours to curb her pride;
Nor dare refuse their subsidies, nor lift
Rebellious arms against our mighty throne.
Then France shall smile, forgetful of her woes,
At victory's charms; and Europe still remain
Subservient to my schemes, and fear my frown.
  Thus he—Louisa then rejoins: My lord,
Since first the inauspicious message came
Of thy retreat, my boding soul has mourn'd.

Full well I knew, that Fortune was unkind,
From thy long silence; for her smiles are soon
Reflected, and by countless tongues proclaim'd.
Anxiety o'er-clouded all my days:
Imagin'd voices, on the moaning wind,
Oft took my ear, and tales of terror told.
My slumbers were disturb'd by frequent dreams
Of men of other worlds, of strange attire,
Of regal mobs, and messengers from thee,
Rehearsing orders with mysterious air.
Once as I lay in Somnus' downy arms,
Methought a Herald on pale horse appear'd:
Haste, haste (he cry'd) and seek thy father's court,
St. Cloud's is thine no more—a tempest roars—
See terror-looking clouds far distant move;
Hear the deep thunder in the cloudless sky;
Lo! Sol casts paler rays: 'tis nature's wail,
For thy Napoleon lost; no more he shines
In godlike splendor, and resistless power.
Inexorable destiny has kill'd
His once high rule, and torn, ah! cruelly torn
The mighty hero from Louisa's arms,
And buried far in Ocean isles forlorn,
Where Fancy on sad pilgrimage will stray,
Beholding him conversing with past times.
This said, he turn'd, and thro' yon wall appear'd
To unimpeded pass, and quick was gone;
I, startled, woke, embrac'd our infant son,
The soften'd semblance of his absent sire,
Whose form in airy circles round my bed
Was hovering like familiar thoughts, that keep
The mind subjected to their kind control;
I now salute thee, now thy absence mourn,
And fast, with joy, or sorrow, chase thy shade.

Thus she—the hero, smiling, then replies:
'Tis well to use our mind in search of bliss,
But not in seeking wo; conjecture's field
Is wide beyond enjoyment; who there roves
Should gather flowers, not thorns, since free to choose;
For soon stern fate will give the bitter draught,
To sweeten which surpasses Fancy's power.
Louisa then responded: Truth indeed
Alone should pain, or what 'tis sure will come.
Ills round us hover, while, with thoughtless pace,
We pass their thickest cloud. I ever deem'd
Thy throne on doubtful base: 'Twas built mid storms,
The throes of stifled faction, and the frowns
Of Europe's Monarchs; but thy genius gives
Assurance firm of it's duration long.
Sure he, who, with small force, oppos'd a world,
Who, singly, rein'd throne-shaking anarchs wild,
Who, with inferior numbers, boldly scal'd
The Noric Alps, and from the Simmering aw'd
The German states, and hush'd the dogs of war,
May scarce from this imperial height be driven.
Thus she, and forth the Emperor speeds to meet
His counsellors, at his command, conven'd;
To whom he thus unfolds his sovereign will:
This once I come from war, and bring no joy—
For victory's blaze defeat's deep gloom surrounds;
Instead of laws for guiding conquer'd states,
I now propose one to protect our France,
Her glory and integrity—secure
The constancy of our allies—and hurl
The Russian legions to their frightful clime:
Four hundred thousand should be call'd to arms,
Ere two score days their golden light diffuse.

Foremost in rank, I shall not be the last
In reparation of this ruin foul.
Ye, next in place, th' occasion needs your skill,
As well to suit our loss to vulgar eyes,
Whose frailty ill sustain the beams of truth,
As to collect another potent host,
Without engendering murmurs most intense.
You know what should be done; a moment's loss
Long years may not redeem: Beyond the Elb
'Tis best to check th' approaching Russian wave;
For if it flow on Rhine's confederate states,
It wants no prophet to explore our doom:
Rebellion, and disorder, in its course
Will show their heinous faces, and talk rude
To our fine feelings; let us then exert
That energy, which preludes to success.
Three hundred millions will my vaults supply
Without increas'd taxation: Twice four score
Batallions may be call'd from Spain; since Soult
Has rais'd the siege of Cadiz, and confin'd
To Portugal the English; who obtain'd,
At Salamanca, the poor privilege
To die at Burgos! From our idle ships
Twice twenty thousand sailors may recruit
Th' artillery's corps; twice fifty thousand come
From frontier garrisons: Besides, events
Require th' anticipation of the force,
To rise from conscripts of the coming year.
Our veteran remnant shall have sub-commands,
And thus be paid, their humble martial toils.
Twice ten important fortresses we hold
Between the Rhine and Baltic; these are safe.
No gentle blow shall fall on Russia now—
Her blood shall reek through Poland's injur'd land,

Till satiate France on Niemen's brink repose,
Wipe her red arms, and let the enemy know,
Th' abuser of the favors Heaven conferr'd,
What part his arms in our defeat have borne,
That prey'd on men, by wintry cold subdued.
The Emperor spoke, and Tronchet thus replied:
Though dark on France has lower'd the storm of fate,
Her glorious Sun in thy return has ris'n,
Which erst dispell'd more inauspicious gloom,
When hostile navies could not intercept
Thy course from Nile: Soon, furious faction curb'd,
Thou spread'st thy spirit o'er the drooping State,
Which, rous'd to daring deeds, scal'd clouded Alps,
Trod the cold heights, that frown above the storms,
And rush'd triumphant o'er Marengo's field;
Ah, brave Dessaix, borne thence in victory's arms
To kindred Heaven! still thy great spirit lives,
That nought of Fortune ask'd, but glorious name:
We see our Emperor undepress'd by wo,
As uninflated, when Fame flew before,
Sounding his coming from Vienna's throne,
Wagram's, Friedland's, Eylau's or Jenna's field.
Sublime exemplar to the sons of France!
We hail thy presence, while our enemies grieve,
That thou didst timely quit thy freezing bands
To raise accoutred myriads to oppose
Th' impetuous Russian torrent: Every heart
Should second, with strong zeal, thy grand designs,
And praise the genius, that controls thy ways,
Since safe escap'd the luckless northern war,
And treason's sword, bold pointed at thy throne:
But were less troops requir'd by this decree,
Would not the Senate earlier give it seal?
For they may doubt the need of force so strong,

Or peace prefer to sacrifice so great,
And, hesitating, lose the fortunate time.
Less numbers soon on battle field array'd,
May more effect, than greater numbers late.
Doubtless, none better than thyself, can judge,
What force is wanted to repel the foe;
And we, who our incompetence discern,
As thy capacity, to well decide,
And weighty interest in what shall result,
Could ill object th' amount thou hast propos'd;
But Ignorance and Folly are inclin'd
To Wisdom's chair usurp; they confident
Walk precipices, for they see no gulfs,
Judgment o'er all things readily assume,
And, what they comprehend not, straight condemn;
Hence, some regard is to their weakness due,
As to the object, which we would attain.

Thus he; th' imperial Chief forthwith rejoin'd:
The number suits the menac'd Empire's wants:
If not the Senate's wisdom, which, untried,
Has been suspected, doubtless, underpriz'd;
But lest that body should be loth to grant
Such armies as we need, unless inform'd
What mishap hath befel us, I will state
The sum of our disasters, show the want
Of their exertions to retrieve our loss.

The part to be perform'd is somewhat new—
Erst, to rejoice was the main task impos'd,
When I return'd from battle: Souls infirm
Are equal to such burden: The small child
May caper gladly for august exploits;
But firm and wise men, only, can withstand
The flood of adverse fortune, interrupt
Its hurtful course, and give it glorious turn.

France now may win the praise of fortitude,
Yield vanity, for pride, and exercise
That energy, by which myself so oft
Have given her joy, and made her name renown'd.
Her character, in great prosperity,
Is understood: Her grandeur on a sea
Of glory, by fair gales impell'd, mankind
Have witness'd and admir'd; still let them gaze
In wonder at our greatness, that can move
Majestic on, though adverse tempests blow
Tremendous storm; nor let our towering state,
At the first frown of Fortune, disappear;
Nor man believe, that in our heroes lost
Dwelt all the bravery, for which France is fam'd;
That in them died our glory; nor, they gone,
Let it be said, France shrunk, exanimate,
No valor left, no soul her conquests to preserve;
But like a corpse, thrown on the shore by waves,
Became the prey of those, who would devour.
A nation's faith invigorates its deeds:
When thickening dangers threat, trim well Hope's lamp,
Then joyful scenes rise e'en beyond the grave;
Defeat will come a stranger to Despair,
And the sore beaten, still triumphant toil.
I hold no plough behind a moveless team—
'Tis hard to steer the ship, and work the sails—
What can a monarch, with a heartless realm!
He ended—To his Senate straight repair'd—
The Council made obeisance, as withdrew
Their august paramount—the Senate rose,
Bow'd reverent, and thus heard th' imperial voice:
Assembled worthies of our realm, give ear;
Famine, and numbing Winter on us warr'd,

Besides belligerant Russians, this campaign,
And ruin'd our vast armies; but the brave
Yield not to one misfortune; nor are flames
Of patriotism quench'd, if wo betide;
But burn more brilliant, as the danger grows,
And urge to deeds of fame, useful as fair.
'Tis then the sound are known: The solid oak
Makes roar th' assaulting blast, and braves the storm,
While, falling round it, crash the carious trees,
Which proudly toss'd their heads, when zephyr
breath'd.
Heaven grant no Frenchman prove a rotten staff,
On which the Empire may not lean secure
Her weary weight; we hope to find all hearts
In unison with patriotic tongues;
And see the conscripts of th' ensuing year
At our disposal. Great resource we need
On this occasion, and your prompt support.
Let not th' allies mistrust our power to shield;
Distinctly let th' advancing Russians know
'Twas frost, and not their valor, foil'd our arms.
This said, the Chief his splendid palace sought,
Where finding his Louisa heavenly bright,
In lovely beauty blushing, all her charms
Rush on his soul, and deep enchantment hold.
As he surveys her, by the Graces rob'd,
His soften'd breast, with joyous transport glows.
Her gentle voice, dispels imperial cares,
As solar rays disperse the mists of morn,
Or steal the pearly dew from vernal flowers.
The statute sanction'd, which the Chief propos'd
In season due, with troops his empire teem'd:
Thrice six score thousand sought the scene of war.
Another host, of realm-disposing power!

This, from her sable dell, Deceit survey'd
With wrath, distrust, anxiety, and fear,
And thus she muses: What! will France behold
The wreck of mighty armies, by rash deeds,
And still give others to the same wild hand!
O Heaven! How Fortune favors this bold Chief!
As through him she would sport with Earth's great kings:
How many armies must be waste! How long
Disturb the world, before his power shall fall!
Will that high parliament still passive bear
The lash of tyranny, nor check his course
So ruinous grown? But chase through blood the shade
Of mournful Glory? Hail Intrigue, in thee
I trust for future aid: Swift to thy hall
High in night's phantom-peopled cone I go.
Thus meditating, forth, on gloomy wings,
O'er shadowing many a plain, the spirit flew;
Her eyes, were glowing with malignant soul;
Her face was furrow'd like the raging sea;
Her voice, like rumbling thunder, heard remote,
Or ocean's roar, ere bursts th' impending storm,
Threaten'd bad deeds. Thus seem'd she to the muse
As Satan on Niphates' brow; but mortal eyes
Had nought beheld, but innocence and truth.
Soon, in the clouds, she meets the subtle Queen,
Travelling in darkness; each from th' other shrunk,
Deeming she saw hell's monarch; then assum'd
Politic air, and straight each other knew.
Auspicious! cries Deceit, with countenance chang'd
As heaven's, when storms just spent, the sun out shines,

Earth joys, birds sing, rills foam, and rainbows gild
The lingering vapours in the blue expanse;
Auspicious power! with gladness thou art met
By one, that was repairing to thy Hall,
To get thy aid, to balk Napoleon's war.
Pursue thy course then, (thus Intrigue replies;)
For I was wending to thy gloomy cave:
Are we not nearer mine than your abode?
So they, then journeying toward the Syren Dome,
Intrigue remarks: Our road lies up yon steep,
Where thunder-laboring clouds, like ghastly forms,
Seem wielding quivering lightning in their hands,
And frowning on the passing traveller:
E'en as Fredonia's sage would them disarm
Of all their blasting fire we must extract
The Gallic Emperor's power; so, like dark cloud,
Of his throne-rending bolts depriv'd, he frown
Harmless, though dark, and shed some drops in rage.
'Tis seldom, with o'erwhelming force, I move
Direct to the fulfilment of our will;
But that, at length, attain by patient toil,
Wandering through murky wastes, toss'd by rude gusts
Of apprehension into deepest gloom,
Where e'en myself, bewilder'd, often mourn.
Deceit replies: I toilsome work have found
My secret objects to conceal from Kings;
But greatest circumspection can alone
Secure against Napoleon's nimble glance.
'Tis difficult my anger to suppress,
Which fain would burst in bold rebellion forth,
And from its broad foundation rend his throne.
'I saw Death sack his mighty host
sian land, and hop'd in vain, that France

Would straight the luckless Emperor spurn; but lo!
Though few diurnal Suns have shone, since he,
O'er many a realm, in flight from Russia, sped,
An army, like his last, of peerless force
Is darkening all the avenues to the Elb;
As if, with Hydra, Hercules-foiling power,
Throne-shaking Gaul pour'd armies from her wounds.
Despising our importance, he reveal'd
His great disasters, and his pressing wants.
In truth, he seldom has invok'd our aid:
Pride tells him, one so potent, has no need
Of our assistance, and no arts he tries,
Where bayonets may accomplish his designs.
Advise, for well thou can'st, what way our force
Should be directed to effect his fall;
Decide, what point is most assailable
In his wise government, that there attack
May be commenc'd, in secrecy profound,
And he be headlong hurl'd from his proud height.
Thus she, and now above the eddying winds,
They enter the dun Palace of Intrigue,
Invisible, till on the threshhold stands
Th' observer; there she saw unnumber'd schemes,
Illusions fatal, fables incomplete,
And beauteous forms, whirling in sprightly dance,
Thus singing: Here, above the flying clouds,
We far survey the various world, and seek,
Wandering in whirlwinds to and fro, the praise
Of well-performing our controller's will.
Success attends, unless our augury fail:
On Fortune's visage plays portentous smiles,
As she the greatest of mankind beholds:
With her who sports with mortals, we conspire,
And read her countenance, with unceasing care.

Th' inglorious clown is happy in his plains;
The sage in contemplation; but no ease
Is ours, save triumph transient, when success
Attends some desperate round of artful toil,
To urge the fate of nations; darkness guards,
We fight with arms unseen; in silence march,
With marvellous expedition, and lead men
By fascinating melody, to build
Scaffolds, forge chains, dread tyrannies erect,
And kill their friends, whom we cannot deceive—
The friends, who show them, whither lead their steps.
They quit the substance, to admire the form;
Forsake religion, to adore the priest,
And, following him, religion's self destroy!
Mistake a Demagogue, for Liberty!
And, following him, the blissful Goddess slay!
We swear, she still exists; the fools believe,
Although their chief has broke her vital laws!
We then confine them to his iron car.
They dup'd? not they! We call them very wise:
They hug, because they think they chose their chains;
And deem it a poor freedom, that not gives
The privilege to be degraded slaves!
Thus they—And instant vanish'd in the air.
The queen ascends the throne of various hues,
Whence meteors gleam, and hollow murmurs rise,
And thus resumes the converse with her guest:
Belov'd of old, what caused my journey hence
Toward thy abode, this time, was Gaul's dread king:
When last refreshing slumber o'er me stole,
I saw proud Londonderry, bleeding, fall
Before his voice, and Fiends, with ghastly smile,
Beckoning, invite him to the roaring deep.
I saw an Eagle, on a rock confin'd,

Insulted by a chattering Magpie mean.
A hideous spectre, hovering o'er my head,
Thus broke my calm repose: Rise, slumbering queen,
Sleep'st thou while great events demand thy care?
Thy peer, Deceit, is shining in her arms,
Improving this rare time, intent on deeds
Important of result: Attend my hest;
Go, with her counsel, in the dark abode.
I then rose from my couch; the spirits round
Shudder'd at my ascension in wild haste.
Grasping my arms, and armour, in dark clouds
On whirlwinds' wings, midst flaming bolts, I rode
Along the gloomy heavens, till, thou in sight,
I paus'd, in horror, till I heard thy voice.
'Tis most momentous to determine, where
We may attempt, with safety, to dismount
Napoleon, puissant, and wise; but few
Can be discern'd, appropriate to our end,
And realizing power: His parliament,
Fit engine of our battle, those contains;
Who, midst their comrades, with our timely aid,
May spread hostility against his power;
Or cause them to protest 'gainst further strife,
Him baffling, and informing France, how ill
He governs; and what inauspicious war
He wages, ruinous to her wealth and fame;
When she may try to counteract his will,
Or hear indifferent his intense demands,
Delaying his commencement of attack
Of Russia's conquering hosts, till they have march'd
E'en through Bavaria, and the subject realms,
Emancipated from his grasp, rejoice;
When the vast forces of a conjunct world,
Embattled bold against his damning reign,

Shall rush resistless to proud Paris' walls.
She ended, and Deceit, well pleas'd, replied:
Thine seems the most efficient plan, to war
In secret manner, on the mighty Chief;
For divers members of his parliament
To me have made bold vows, and prayers preferr'd;
These now enjoy their sovereign's high regard—
Among them exercise enticing arts,
And specious reasoning; while I, intent
To wean, whose private acts have long inclin'd
Against his reign, forthwith depart; and soon
The major number of his Senate grave,
Will venture to oppose his high resolves.
Thus spoke she, and dispread her pinions dark,
And plunging through the rolling clouds below,
Immediate to th' imperial Synod pass'd;
There, in sly Fouche's form, sped to and fro,
Intent on alienation from their king
Of duteous subjects. Soon amidst them she
Th' infection of dislike, and doubt, diffused;
Thus whispering to their souls: What odious tasks
May men of honesty and worth perform!
Yok'd to the policy of him ye fear,
You drag his chariot o'er forbidden ground,
While high he sits, and strews the world with death,
The wheels, remorseless, crushing mighty states,
The laws, in which the citizen's safety lies,
And rights of monarchs, to the wo of France.
What blood, what treasure has she lost, for nought,
But to support a throne, whose sultry glare
Breeds ceaseless storms; nor till this season's past
Of opposition to legitimate sway
Will peace' fair beams disperse these steely clouds.
This war-engendering sun must cease to shine.

I see you drag him with reluctant pace;
How long will ye lack spirit to be men?
How long will ye see Folly wreck your sons,
Your country's purest blood on hostile swords?
Perhaps ye say, "till apt occasion comes;"
But many years of obloquy may roll,
And you have travelled to the silent tomb,
Ere better chance occur to check his course,
And make yourselves respected, as the voice
Of suffering France; but if no patriot cause
Excite to energy, and bold repulse
Of wrong demands, are ye of vengeance void?
Has his imperial will ne'er thwarted yours?
Now is the time to vindicate your rights;
Protest against the farther rage of war;
This may defeat his sanguinary schemes,
And mitigate, or banish Gallic woes.
But breathe not to the world your main intent,
'Till half your comrades in the work conspire;
Then sound it with a voice of thunder loud
Through all the nations subject to his sway—
Its influence will confound the lord of kings.
Have faith and fear not; for the peril's small,
When fate is favoring our conceal'd desire.
  Thus she; Intrigue, with changeful face, proceeds:
What way then should ye strive against his power?
There seems none better, than determin'd stand
Against the farther progress of a war,
So ruinous prov'd: Your potent voice will swell
The tide of disaffection, that his ranks
Be fill'd reluctant, and his march delay'd,
'Till wide rebellion of the subject kings
Deprive him of resource, on which he dotes,
And thrice more formidable make his foe.

Thus may the causes of his fall begin,
And thus his warrior mien be taught to wear,
Instead of stormy frowns, a flattering smile,
When you approach his throne; well disciplin'd
By this insidious exercise of power.
Persuade your peers, his victories France would curse,
Since war would thence increase to glut his lust,
And not to guard her rights, or punish wrong.
Then move t' address th' imperial Chief for peace;
Show much concern that his resource will fail,
Since his vast losses in the Russian war.
Apparent innocence will face the deed,
And while he deems, that you mistake his means,
And pities, or rebukes, the nation rous'd
From a blind fondness, will condemn the man,
Who pours her blood profuse, o'er half the world.
Thus the arch beings, with the moving voice,
Of patriotism, influence gain'd o'er half
Th' assembled Legislature—who assent
To practise the dark counsel in fit hour.
The while, grave Wisdom scans Napoleon's plight,
Surveys events long past—casts doubtful looks
On the dark future, and thus Need address'd:
I see and shun, what Folly waits to feel;
France claims my care t' avert contingent ills:
If her great Emperor fall in distant war,
Will not the woes of former times prevail,
When Revolution rear'd her giddy head,
And bellow'd, as she walk'd in darkness forth,
Good will to man, and Reason call'd her God;
While, close behind, Murder tremendous crouch'd,
And all the Furies, that disturb mankind.
E'en Justice' scale became th' Assassin's sword,
And blood-stain'd Crime frown'd on the trembling world

From midst the ruins of the good and great.
But though no anarchy ensue, some chief
Th' imperial diadem may try to gain,
And his superior dynasty preclude.
Such evil to prevent, 'tis Wisdom's choice,
Ere his departure, he make Regent, one
To whom he can confide th' important charge;
That he, who has the right, may have pronounc'd,
What voice the realm should heed, when he's no more;
Which those who prize his reign would glad obey,
And in the Regent's see the Emperor's rule.
As yet his son o'erlooks but infant scenes,
And moves, with innocence, in smiles, and tears.
Louisa is adapted to sustain
Th' important trust, and answer his designs;
I then will move the monarch to appoint
His partner to the Regency before
He leave fair Paris, for the tented field,
If it seem meet to thee. She spoke, stern Need,
Her rigid features softening into smiles,
Thus answers: 'Tis my pleasure, as 'tis thine:
Begin the work Necessity requires.
At my imperious call thou always giv'st
Thy useful lesson, grateful to thy Jove;
For what thou dost is ratified by fate.
When Heaven & Earth were not, & Time was young,
I heard thee converse with the lord of worlds
In the dark deep of chaos, where Ens warr'd;
Flames, lands, and seas, in tempest, counter driv'n,
Dash'd in tremendous uproar, and dread love:
Fierce Oxygen there mingled all his soul
With sweet attractive Carbon, and the chaste
Strong Alkalies; huge Saline mountains rose,
Which Sulphur's blue combustion decompos'd,
Or deliquating roll'd with foamy waves,

Boiling o'er torrid rocks, and hissing loud
In burning oceans; adverse coming rush'd
Large icy mountains 'thwart the blazing waste,
Scattering the bellowing flames in volumes vast,
Unnumber'd leagues assunder'd; flinty rocks
Of size stupendous, in fierce conflict dash'd,
With shatter'd sides rebounded through the wild.
Farther than fiery comet ever wheel'd,
Until rebuff'd by adamantine blasts.
The warring elements of countless worlds
Unborn, rag'd through the deep, confounding all,
Save the dread sanctuary of nature's God.
Since that prime era thou hast been my friend,
And I thy frequent consort with mankind.
Thus she; the Queen rejoins: Pleas'd I revert
To that primeval time, when I advis'd
To terminate the elemental war,
And stop the dreadful clangor of the deep,
By giving matter gravity's stern law,
Whence spring these rolling worlds and stellar orbs:
Great Jove determined on creation's plan,
Instant suspended nature's stormy loves,
And silence through immensity prevail'd.
Come to my presence (thus he loud commands
As high he mov'd where now the milk-way glows,)
Ye most refin'd concretions, and most fair.
He ceas'd, and brilliant trails through chaos shone;
From every quarter of the vast profound
Rush'd, at his mandate, precious mountains bright,
Of which topazes, rubies, all Earth's gems,
And much respected gold, are but the dross.
They shed inherent light; their kind unknown
Receives no name among the sons of men.
These shining fragments, in huge globes conjoin'd,
Thrice four-score larger than this Earth he fix'd

To be the guide, the life, and light of worlds.
Then form'd the planetary orbs opaque
Of matter crude, and in their orbits plac'd.
So planets, satellites, and suns he hurl'd
In his immensity, in order fair,
That roll harmonious, and their maker praise,
And nourish numberless organic forms,
By laws electric vital motion given.
She ended, and majestic mounts her car,
By Prudence form'd; Prudence beside her glides,
Rob'd in sage triumphs, and with light adorn'd;
The signal given, the heavenly coursers move
In awful splendor through the wondering skies.
At length adown, mid forest shades, they drive,
Till Somnus, and black darkness hush the world;
Then o'er the slumbering villages they speed,
And sudden enter the secluded room
In the grand Palace of Napoleon; there,
In the still midnight hour, the Chief they find
Deep musing of his monarchy and wars.
I come, says Wisdom, to illume, and point
Thy better way—attend my friendly voice,
With all considering mind; for late, I ween,
By inattention, or by Rashness, Pride,
And Vanity controll'd, you plung'd in wo.
'Tis better, what thou hast to keep, than all
Lose, or endanger in acquiring more:
High Duty bids, our country shield from woes;
Who serves humanity best serves his God:
Wast thou to perish in a distant field
Might not wild anarchy, and civil war,
Hideous as Hell's inexorable gates,
Stalk o'er this land, unless some Regent reign?
Appoint fit person, then, to that high charge,

Before again thou tread'st the fields of death;
One who will guard the throne, till thy lov'd son
Wax strong in years, and learn the ways of state;
For yet on woman's arm he spends his time.
Louisa seems best suited to the trust—
Be she appointed in due form, then care
Will less abound upon thy road to war;
Nor power, by majesty untemper'd, smite
With indiscriminate harshness, the poor dupe
Of Treason's falsehoods, deaf to Mercy's voice;
Nor dog-like Sycophants, to prove their zeal,
By hurrying pardon's object to the tomb,
Snatch from thy arm the glorious power to save.
So she; the Hero vows to obey her voice.
The sapient power remounts her airy wain,
And instantaneous, scales the lofty skies.
Somnus, the while, with flowers narcotic crown'd,
Appears before the Emperor, and exclaims:
'Tis time, the downy pillow eas'd thy head;
'Tis time, oblations were to me preferr'd;
Full half mankind are tost in balmy arms,
Enjoying near the pleasure of the grave;
The beasts of prey are prowling through the shades,
The ducks are busy on the peaceful lakes;
The floods roll darkling, and the wind faint breathes;
But man is slumbering; cocks have crow'd, and soon
Bright blushing morn will drive me westward far—
Ah! why should Wisdom thus disturb my reign,
Who bids the world awake at dayspring gray!
Respect my call and quench the torch of night.
He spoke—Napoleon to his couch repairs,
And, with Louisa, quaffs the balmy tide
Of renovating slumber, while the hours
Unnotic'd, fly, exempt from gloomy care.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK VIII.

ANALYSIS.

Conversation between Napoleon and Louisa concerning her acceptance of the Regency. She is appointed to the vicarious government— Description of the ceremony. This event made known to the Senate, Intrigue and Deceit, inspire the members, who are unfriendly to the Sovereign, to thank him for the act, the better to mask their designs. Napoleon's soliloquy—Gallois, and others proceed to solicit the Emperor for peace—Their speeches—Offended at their address, he suddenly dismisses the Legislative body, which alarms Deceit, but reassures Intrigue.

Now golden tints spread o'er the orient sky;
Far west the vanquish'd shadowy night retires;
Men disencumber'd of their drowsy weight,
Forth sally to their toil; the King of Kings,
Who rose as night withdrew her gloomy shade,
Peruses history's pages, till his Queen
Shines in his presence, like another morn,
To whom he thus begins: The time draws near,
When I again must seek the distant war,
My better part forsaking: There, should fate
Confine your Emperor to the dreary grave
Much misery might betide our ample realm,
Imperial throne, and kindred; bloody war,
By civil rage excited, make France scowl,
With face of death, and worthy millions mourn;
Unless my law make Regent, ere I march,
Whom interest, duty, and benevolence sway

To well protect our monarchy and name,
Till our lov'd son attain maturer years.
No one I know, more suited to that charge,
Than thou; and thou th' appointment shalt receive,
If, rul'd by Wisdom, thou consent to bear
The honor'd burden; so, a mother's love,
Arm'd with imperial power, shall guard our child
From danger, and secure his future reign.
He ends—Louisa answers: Sovereign lord,
Much sapience taught thee to perform the deed,
Who seems most qualified to act, appoint:
'Tis pleasing in superior sphere to move,
Be lofty consort of the warrior king,
And Regent of his throne; but female arm
May prove too weak the helm of state to guide.
Perhaps, thou might'st select some abler one,
Whom science and experience well acquaint
To guard a threaten'd monarchy, and whom
Might be intrusted with the weighty charge.
If such were named 'twould from great cares relieve,
And sweeten, if not elevate, my life.
Eugene, the valiant, of distinguish'd mind,
In whom the virtues hold their gentle reign,
Would all the duties of the post fulfil,
Resist temptation, studious to be just,
And, unimpair'd, the mighty charge consign
To our lov'd offspring on th' appointed day.
Thus spoke the blooming Queen; the Chief replies:
In him I have much faith, but more in thee.
A late event proves, thou should'st hold the helm:
The rumor of my death, would then, not hatch
New governments beneath the wings of night;
Nor would the memories of our friends be task'd

To bear in mind the Empire's rightful heir!
What honor gives, I would confer on those,
Exalted in my love: In thee, I view
The faithful guardian of our infant son,
Impell'd, by nature, to promote his weal.
Unerring nature! who confides in thee,
Shall seldom hope in vain! It ill becomes
Me to release security so safe,
For that, which moral barriers may supply,
Without remonstrance; but some farther thought
Will teach thee to resign inglorious ease,
For dignity of power, august renown,
And the sure being of our mighty throne.
I had quaff'd pleasure, and flown down life's stream
Without a crown, if pleasure were in sloth;
But Glory call'd; well pleas'd, I heard her voice;
Whence, Fame shall weary all her tongues for me,
When this frail tenement is cold and dead;
And grateful millions praise, in future years,
The labors that unlock'd the springs of bliss.
The Monarch spoke. The Queen her doubts suppress'd,
And thus responded: I object no more
To thy superior will; nor much was I
Reluctant to receive such great regard;
But dubious of thy aim, lest thou preferr'd'st
Some abler mind, the awful helm to guide
Through warring doctrines & bewildering schemes,
And ask'd me to perceive how rash and vain
Louisa is. Unalterably resolv'd
To grace thy partner with the high command,
Thou gain'st increase of reverence in this breast.
Grant, heavenly powers, that thou from war return
Unwounded and triumphant, while thy foes

Rue their temerity, and vanquish'd mourn.
Thus the fair Queen, and thus the King rejoins:
Well pleas'd, Louisa, thy assent I hear—
'Tis Wisdom's voice; 'twas she who first inspir'd
Me to appoint thee to that sovereign charge.
Full hast thou answer'd her correct intent;
Act always thus, and Fortune shall attend
With gracious smile, and light thee through the world,
In all her happiest ways, with blessings strew'd.
Th' assembled Council shall our will approve
Ere many suns; when from thy presence lov'd
I take departure, and resume the reins
Of furious War, and him triumphant drive
Through startled realms, to Russia's frightful clime:
There, soon, I doubt not, will our Eagles soar,
And teach the foe submission to our laws.
So he—Louisa sat in pensive mood,
Viewing her lord, distrustful of his hopes,
That made him glory in the days to come,
For great events the future yet conceal'd.
Alas! he knew not then Deceit's career;
Nor the deep complication of Intrigue,
Whose secret current undermin'd his power;
Nor saw the errors of his Austrian sire,
The gulf beneath the flowery nuptial bed!
To chase illusions Europe's lord was doom'd,
And build large expectations on the ice
Of royal friendship, which his evil day
Thaw'd into stream of bayonets, borne by foes,
Pointing athirst to pierce him as he fell.
Few days had past, since in high Aries flam'd
The solar orb, when in th' Elysian Dome,
Surrounded by his dignitaries grand,

And ministers of State, Napoleon thus
His Empress in the Regency install'd:
Dispos'd to give great proof of my regard
To our good Queen and Empress, 'tis my will,
That she be Regent made, till I return
From distant battle—that her voice be heard
In every Cabinet Council; that she grant
What pardons may seem meet, and act from rules
We register, with your concurrence, else
May she do wrong, and incommode our reign.
She shall not statutes of the state propose.
Cambeceres will Letters patent form,
Which, register'd, will to the Senate read,
And thus accomplish this important act.
He spoke—the deed approv'd, the Queen appears
In majesty of charms, and bright attire.
Beside, Westphalia's Queen, and fair Hortense,
With all their gay attendants, graceful stand.
Daru th' immortal volume holds, whereon
Louisa to her God, makes solemn vow
To prove devoted to her lord, well act
Her part, his rules and ordinances observe,
And th' Empire's constitution strict obey.
Then takes a seat within the radiant hall,
Midst the fair train. Cambeceres repeats
The law ordaining this august event;
The Council ratifies, Daru records.
Th' imperial sovereigns to their court repair
In gorgeous splendor, mid sweet beauty's train,
With diamonds brilliant, and all-conquering charms.
Th' arch chancellor now the Senate thus address'd:
Illustrious props of an illustrious throne,
As soon the Emperor leads our armies forth
To distant lands, he makes his royal spouse,

Louisa, Regent, till victorious war
Shall him in safety to our arms restore;
Or, if misfortune disappoint our hopes
Till Rome's infantine king be fit to reign.
The patent, sanction'd by th' imperial hand,
Is register'd; henceforth the Queen presides
In every Cabinet Council of the realm.
This is his patent; note the power it gives:
Perceiving soon we head our hosts of war,
And willing to evince due confidence
In our good Queen and Empress, we invest
Her with the Regency of our domain—
To aid in all our Councils where conven'd,
And act, as orders on our Records say,
First notice to our dignitaries given;
Nor may she deviate from the rules ordain'd.
She may grant pardons; but must not propound
The ordinances or statutes of our realm.
Thus hath decreed the Emperor and the King.
He ended, and retir'd. Deceit, the while,
Employs th' event to advance her dark design,
Late meditated, and Intrigue bespeaks:
'Tis ours to wait, till circumstances call
Us into action: Now th' imperial Chief
Informs the senate of his spouse install'd
As Regent, while he guides the storm of war.
The opportunity t' increase his faith
In their devotedness should be improv'd:
Let them declare it, a consoling deed,
And breathe high tone of loyalty; their voice
Will lull the Argus; and what darker cloud
Can hide our progress from his watchful eyes,
Than flattery cloth'd in friendship? veil'd by which
We may hurl ruin at his boasted throne.

He has become so king'ly, that he takes
The sycophant's to be the patriot's voice;
And, like the vulgar rabble, sees no truth
In aught, that on his prejudices bears;
Hence, to deceive him is an easy task.
In sovereign people, as in sovereign kings,
It is inherent not to be convinc'd
Against their will: Their sovereignty were nought,
Were there superior sovereignty in Truth
Though at God's throne she sits, and reverence claims
Of angels, states, and men! Poor self-deceived!
Folly and knavery equal troubles bring.
Thus spoke Deceit; and thus Intrigue replies:
Our arts may presently with fate conspire,
To hurl the Emperor from his envied height.
For, now his star, with melancholy air,
Looks dim through gathering mist, portending storm.
The means propos'd to hide our hostile plans,
My approbation meet; be they employ'd;
I forthwith will commend them to our train;
And soon the mighty monarch shall repose
On quiet prospect, and delusive calm;
Such as Earth knows, before she crumbling quakes,
Ingulfing cities and upheaving isles.
But on yourself O, practice not your skill:
Above the Emperor I discern the man.
Although his glory's blaze the heart o'erpowers
And captive leads, in him no despot lives:
No real greatness can a tyrant serve;
The worthless sycophant alone can please;
But men Napoleon aid, whose brilliant names,
E'en Truth, with pleasure, from her Heaven would hear;

Their lofty genius downward looks on thrones:
They, in his Council, oft her voice resound
Who praises, without reason, moves him not.
No vulgar sovereign he! Though fraught with seeds
Of error, like all men of woman born,
His faults will, as his character, be grand;
And should he fall, e'en Liberty would mourn:
Contempt could never point towards his tomb;
Greatness would o'er it cast an awful shade.
Still our vocation is to undermine;
And though he were angelically pure,
Our policy would not the less demand,
That he from his imperial height be hurl'd.
So they, then urge th' inimical to join
In flattering approbation of the deed;
Who thus collectively address the king;
With heartfelt satisfaction, we behold
Thy majesty restoring for thyself
Thy gracious spouse, which will repay our loss,
For thy approaching absence; for like Sol
Our Emperor seems: when present, all things smile,
When absent, all is drear—an aching void
Disturbs the breast. May victory early dawn
Upon thy banners, and thy road illume.
Depend on our attention to thy wants,
Our loyalty, and friendship; these we boast,
As greatest virtues in thy glorious reign.
This they present: Napoleon sees, well pleas'd,
The legislature seemingly dispos'd
To labor in accordance with his aims,
And thus in loud soliloquy proceeds:
So far my prospects brighten, all my will
Has been perform'd, since from that wreck escap'd;
'rodigious wreck! that makes whole nations mourn.

Ah! such my destiny hard; I strove in vain
Gainst winter's all-subduing arms, cold blasts,
And frosty oceans; but methinks this grief
Shall soon by stronger passions be devoured,
The cloud of wo dispers'd by glory's beams,
And trouble's night dispell'd by victory's morn.
E'en now, the Russians, pausing to survey
What fearful length of land behind them spreads,
Deem ruin lies before: They dread the time
Napoleon shall approach with his brave host;
Not without cause; four hundred thousand march
Them to repel: Nor is the hour remote,
When thundering on the rear, the French shall
hurl,
Their Cossack trumpery over Niemen's waves,
With Prussia's wavering king; and Bernadotte,
Malignant, shall lament th' unlucky day,
He sallied forth, in Sweden's strength, to wage
A war, his country's interests scarce require,
Impell'd by policy, or Britain's gold,
Oh! that the elements one hour were mine,
That war exciting isle, dire blasts should rend
From its old anchorage—Folly should be scarce,
That knaves and tyrants, might have scanty range!
The Earth that hour, would note th' imperfect sway,
Ah! whither man, does headlong passion lead?
Poor fluctuating wave on time's broad sea,
Thrown high by Fortune's gale—Earth's tender
plant
Expos'd to nipping frost, and violent winds,
And rear'd by thee, alone, all powerful sun!
Severely taught to prize thy gladdening beams,
When late I rov'd beyond thy vital gaze,
Forgetful of my weakness, and thy power,

When shall I cease t' admire thy great control!
Thou guid'st the fiery comet's swift career,
And wheel'st the ponderous planets round thy orb,
Rejoicing in thy smiles, and yielding gems,
Fruit, flowers, organic forms, and man divine.
Without thy golden flood 'twere stillness all,
And death's deep, cold repose; no gale would breathe,
No music rise, nor ocean heave his waves—
To rocky ice transform'd—nor sound invade
The dreary world forlorn. Whether thy flame
Incessant, springs of matter recompos'd
As fire consumes, or nature's God supplies
In ways unknown, thro' ages long thy beams
Have Earth illum'd: Thou saw'st when mast-fed man
In savage wildness rov'd; the Earth immers'd
In water, and one ocean grasp the globe,
Upbearing on its bosom the lone ark;
Thou saw'st the flood recede, and sickly Earth
Send exhalations from her slimy waste,
While constant thunder rent the clouded air.
Thou saw'st prime Adam rove in Eden's bowers—
Stable Sesostris drawn by sceptred man—
Egypt's gigantic pyramids ascend—
Her Thebes increase and wane—th' Assyrian power
Begin and end—the Macedonian king
Lead Greece and conquest o'er the Persian world;
Judea's hapless doom, and Romulus lay
The firm foundation of wide-conquering Rome,
Still bright thou mov'st in thy eternal race
And undecay'd—O might my course, like thine,
Uninterrupted by the storms of life,
Progress in calmness to the world unknown!

Thus he; Meantime Intrigue augments her gloom,
And bland Deceit her gay delusions weaves—
Th' auspicious moment come, to Gallois thus
Begin the train: 'Tis time, illustrious squire,
To move against your king, what we advis'd.
Then Gallois, grave and mild as cloudless morn,
Rising at the tribune, thus loud began:
When we forget, O peers! the warning voice
Of sad experience evil times are near.
The nation totters on destruction's brink,
That, deaf to reason, bids the world be foes.
Sun of the past, why should we slight thy beams,
Whose sober radiance shows where safety lies!
Our bones are whitening Moscovy and Spain—
Ruin still rings a hideous peal, and frights
The savage north with joy for Frenchmen dead,
While we aid martial projects, nor observe
How pale's our country—so much life-blood flown!
While we vain boast her prowess, lo! she weeps—
Nor notes the eagled banners floating o'er:
Her thoughts are on her sons, who sleep in death.
Methinks, I see her streaming eyes uprais'd
On savage Mars, beseeching to retain
The remnant of her children from the sword:
He points to glory; but she turns her face
From that enticing power, and hugs her sons:
"Ah! leave me these substantial joys, she cries,
I've won the praise of man, and found it vain;
Tell those who ne'er the glowing phantom grasp'd,
To chase through seas of blood, an empty name.
By hard experience sober'd, 'tis too late
T' impose on me as substance, what is shade.
Or to induce me willingly to risk
My independence, for a bubble burst."

Yet I would not insinuate, that our force
Is insufficient to oppose the foe,
Beneath the Emperor's care; to whom I trust
My country's fame and safety; as his fate
Is hers, is mine, and theirs, who wish her well;
But something whispers, with portentous voice:
On Russia look, and learn your future doom,
If war, ill-tim'd, and wide, succeed defeat,
And final ruin of your veteran host;
For hard, and doubtful, will the contest be:
The new-born armies, cannot cope with men
In battle practis'd, and with victory flush'd,
Who scarce were vanquish'd by our myrtl'd bands,
That now, in death's cold fetters, slumber pale,
To be, alas! our shield and pride no more.
If wasteful overthrow again we meet,
What shall deter rebellion of the states
To us subjected, whose vast numbers, join'd
With Russia's, will present no feeble front:
Our capital will then know danger, and the soil
Of France, long sacred, must be trod by foes;
Her fate be measur'd by unfriendly hands;
E'en her long train of martial triumphs fade,
And all her boasted greatness find a grave.
I then dissuade from war, till France revive,
Her troops be disciplin'd, and memory lose
Half the impression of this sad campaign;
Till those who hope relief from our distress
Become more subject, and bereft of means
To move rebellion to our lofty rule.
Thus he—Flaugergues, then, thus soon began:
Assembled freemen, delegates of those
Who fain would glide along the stream of time
In peaceful industry, nor rush to war,

Remember your great charge: Our country's good,
And not the pleasure of its restless king;
To whom, great praise is due; but he is man,
A darkling mortal, liable to err,
And much requires our counsel; for one mind
May yet gain light from our collected rays.
If we consult our duty, shall we join
With him in bloody purpose, ere 'tis known,
That Russia would reject a proffer'd peace,
And spurn our suit? Can it be wise, to plunge
In war's red torrent, midst its whirlpools dire,
While yet emaciated, wasted, tir'd,
From the late bold, disastrous enterprize?
Shall we be able to resist the tide,
Or must France sink in the relentless waves?
Who sees not, that but small reverse, in this
Wide renovated war, will end our reign
O'er the Helvetian land, if not our own;
For is it true, our influence is desired
By most of Germany, or Prussia's king?
Who can not see in what De York has done
Portentous prelude to what would ensue
Of his unfriendly monarch, if we fail?
A wide rebellion would in one short month
Devour what years of warlike toil have gain'd;
For one's revolt will soon extend to all.
Then vain will prove our courage; then will France
Meet the black doom she gave to other lands.
Heart rending era! May this breast no more
Sigh for my country's good, nor dread its woes
In that sad day, fix'd in the peaceful tomb!
But if we prove successful, and pursue
Russia's thick myriads over Niemen's shores,
What benefit will Frenchmen thence derive?

We sure shall from invasion seem exempt,
Nor more than now, if we solicit peace;
But will mankind rejoice? Will coming days
Find us more happy? Judging from the past
Our woes must be increas'd; an empty name,
And glory false be shared for solid bliss.
Have all these bloody years, not yet inform'd
The votaries of unbounded monarchy,
Whose joyless grandeur much too slightly gilds
The sacrifice of our best comforts, that their schemes
Are vain, and ruinous, covering France with wo,
Poor orphans, widows, unsupported sires,
And torturing human sense with tragic tales,
Which will descend to future times, while tears,
Wonder, and incredulity attend!

Why seek we farther misery? Why draw down
Reluctant vengeance from observing Heaven?
Should we not timely take the happier course:
With patriot ardor go where Wisdom points?
Nor while we fond admire our Chief, his deeds,
And hazardous campaigns, forget ourselves,
With our constituents, and progeny!
But feel, as should the guardians of a state,
And do our duty, let what will befall.

Present our sovereign, therefore, this address,
(Intended for his benefit, and ours,)
And may Heaven grant, that it successful prove.

Illustrious Sire, thy presence glads thy France
And gives assurance, that her recent wounds,
By ruinous war inflicted, will be heal'd
In the mild rays of industry and peace;
Main source of national happiness! Those best
Their prowess prove, who longest peace enjoy.
Dread war should slaughter only for our good,

And for that object, kings are arm'd with power.
Abjure the aim of universal sway;
Thus, show the world, they need not be our foes;
And France, your wish for peace: She straight will aid.
'Twas thus the greater Louis nerv'd her arm:
Exertion will its incentive pursue.
We trust thou wilt concede 'twere wise in France
(Her veteran armies in a distant grave)
To join with Russia's King in leagues of peace,
That by her natural growth, she may regain
The strength exhausted in the freezing clime.
A sudden strain with our diminish'd means,
Might much the vigor of the state impair,
Endangering interests near, for things remote.
Ere luxury, convenience claims our care,
And stern necessity: Who waste their strength
For grandeur, should be certain ne'er to need
Due energy their being to maintain.
He ended; Serrurier more loyal spoke:
Have we lost all respect for our great King,
That this insulting language is propos'd
To wound his breast, already pain'd with loss,
To be retriev'd with what you would withhold?
When, late, expecting you were always brave,
As well when Fortune frown'd, as when she smil'd,
He gave full history of his sad campaign,
Explain'd his need of means, and hop'd to hurl
Russia's vast host into their frightful clime,
What bosom beat not to partake the field,
Or silent prais'd, what this address condemns?
Perhaps his frankness you mistook for fear?
Yourselves deceive not; for a different course
Had fear prescrib'd, to story undisguis'd
Of evil trials, burden'd with distress;

'Twas confidence in patriotic pride
And loyalty, that urg'd him to relate,
What policy advis'd him to conceal.
Will ye, ingrate, that confidence abuse,
Determin'd to appear much less than priz'd?
Let not such sentiments go forth to fame;
In night conceal, dark as your course is wrong.
I scarce need mention the unhappy end
To which this error leads; if it prevail
Concessions odious must be made to foes
Oft conquer'd, and now smarting with defeat;
For 'twas the rage of Winter, Jove's high hand,
Full fraught with icy spears, and stormy winds,
That vanquish'd Frenchmen in the Russian clime,
And not Smolensko's champions, nor the host,
Which bleeding fled from Borodino's field.
France will be plac'd in so uncouth a plight,
That all her conquests must immediate fly
Far from her grasp, like lov'd Eurydice
From her fond Orpheus, never to return.
What shall console her then, for treasure lost,
For thousands buried in the waste of war?
Must she remain content, in such disgrace,
Like a frail drunkard, who in other times
Was bent on high achievement, and renown;
But now is indigent, in vile repose?
How chang'd! Oh heavens! how alter'd will she be
From that proud boasting France of boundless fame,
Of matchless wealth, who conquer'd conjunct realms,
Held kings in bondage, set the captive free,
Triumph'd o'er superstition, and controll'd
Full half mankind by policy and power.
Thus he, without success—Th' address resolv'd,
Anon is in th' imperial presence read:

The ill design perceiv'd, impetuous rage
The Emperor rous'd; He sought his Council soon,
And thus harangued: The enemy hovering near
Our borders, lo! the Legislative Hall
Resounds with invitation to his arms!
Instead of brazen front, our wounds are shown!
Blind Declamation toils to damp our hopes—
Some bawl for peace, as if it were obtain'd
By winning the compassion of the foe!
This expedites the Empire's evil day.
In us 'twere folly to let Folly urge
Our ruin: Be that body then dissolv'd,
Till new elections, wiser members give.
The major number, ere thrice rolls the work
Would be excluded by existing laws;
So, constitutionally be they depriv'd
Of their collective power to injure France.
This should be done, though Murder on me frown'd
Though Paris on our palace pour'd in crowd
Infuriate, thirsting for imperial gore.
Know, if I rule, I rule—Hope not to find
In me the last Bourbon, nor daily change.
The citizen in the Emperor is not lost:
Should Anarchy resume her ancient sway,
I would resign the crown to share the reig
I am not here a Weathercock, for knaves
To wheel, as oft as they deceive the weal
The throne shall never tempt me to succub.
If any feel the meanness to be brib'd,
By his own rule 'twere vain to measure m
I stoop not for Earth's glories, nor will we,
Except with honor, either head or crown.
I took the helm, because I deem'd the w,
Whereby I was to govern, gave me powe

To shield the Empire; If I have mistook
The law's sufficiency, for that great end,
Am I not in th' absurdity involv'd,
Of being tied, yet answerable for speed?
I ne'er engag'd to work with tools obtuse,
Walk without legs, or without pinions fly!
He ended, and the counsellors concur
In his decree. He shuts the people's dome;
With arm'd men guards its doors, before him calls
The wondering deputies, and thus upbraids:
Does this address our circumstances suit?
Were these ideas of reflection born?
Is this the time, and yours the hand, to raise
Obstructions in the path of our success?
To spread disheartening clamor through the land?
To strip our armor off to show our wounds?
Think ye to urge me to inglorious peace
By such vile means? Sooner the Alps shall bow
Their heads from heaven, at feeble man's request.
What means this conduct? From what evil cause
Can it have source, but hate of France and me!
While glows the cloud of war on every side,
Threatening to end us, will ye idly wait
Its dire explosion, and your country's fall,
In the vain hope, that prayers will peace procure?
A well meant speech by inconsiderate tongues,
May much embarrass a beleaguer'd state:
When energetic means ye should provide
Of working our salvation, you construct
A pitiful address! so weak! so blind!
Penn'd by your enemy, though your voice approv'd!
In secret should we wash our fouler stains,
Not in the presence of the public eye.
Dare, dare to publish, what you now present—

A comment of our own shall on it wait.
Think ye with safety to pervert your powers?
France needs me more, far more, than I need her.
Which, which of you, my burden could sustain,
Or e'en well comprehend it's magnitude?
As when a child looks out from ocean's shore,
Communing with his vastness, and enjoys
Sublime emotions, till his heart o'erflows,
And tears of grandeur fall; the cause enquired,
"I cannot help it," breathes the gentle youth;
So alive to nature, that her beauty wounds;
Far as the cause of his sweet tears abides
Beyond the range of vulgar minds, so far
The secret causes, and ulterior views,
That rule my ways, are hid from common souls:
The nurse mistakes for petulance, or grief,
The lofty motions of the noble mind;
So, some mistake, for lust of boundless sway,
The love of needful power to bless mankind.
Shall grovelling turtles judge the eagle's flight?
Can Dulness mount on Genius' sun like car,
And guide the fiery team unscorch'd, think not
To bend Ulysses' bow so small a task.
Of Semele and Phaeton's fate beware.
Your aid I need no longer; hence depart,
Each to his home; what good you can, perform—
My eye shall trace your steps, and scan your deeds—
Let me not see what patriots most detest.
The Chief austere thus stern dismission gave
Of his high parliament—Deceit beheld,
Astonish'd, and with disappointment stung,
Exclaiming: Guardian Deity! O! where
Shall Gaul's dread Emperor end his great career!
To what glad era is his death assigned?

Since time will, doubtless, quench his mortal part.
He spurns the gather'd wisdom of his realm;
Nor brooks complaint, nor e'en petition mild.
Alas! my schemes are frustrate—Myriads arm'd
Await his summons; a tremendous storm
Is gathering fast, whose all involving gloom
Will shroud old thrones with mourning, and dispense
The bitterest maledictions o'er the world.
Grim Mars will glory midst his fiery floods
And wastes of carnage; Death, pale king, will move
In horrid state o'er his increas'd domain,
Inflaming Discord hurrying wild before.
Famine's distorted countenance lank, shall yawn
And dismal wail, where now fair plenty smiles;
For such seems Heaven's decree—Such woes attend
The Gallic King, while o'er proud states he towers.
In vain I prophesi'd, and oped the cloud
Of future time to my fond votaries:
Ah! they will realize delusion strange,
And feel disgusted of my artful lures!
  Thus she—Intrigue, beside her, straight begins
With healing words: And dost thou then despair
August compeer? How needless to lament
The ill success of one endeavor! soon
Time opportune will come, to strike again;
For in no middle way Napoleon keeps—
Intoxicating fortune him attends
Or ruinous o'erthrow—and in either state
Our movements often, will successful prove;
Then wait the lucky hour; meantime extend
Our empire o'er his confidents, and form
Plans of campaigns more fit for secret war,
That him, with better means, we next assail.
  The cause of thy despair, gives hope to me:

It from that madness comes, which Heaven bestows
On men to ruin doom'd. Opinion frowns:
He falls, who wars with those, that rule the mind:
Their reign, scarce seen in power and glory's day,
Will, in his night of trouble, blasting, shine.
Rome's reverend Pontiff strews his path with thorns,
And from his aid the prayers of millions holds.
Observe how Necker's daughter shakes his power;
Her bright ideas dart through many a realm,
Uncheck'd by mountains, fortresses, and arms.
But he, above all others, aids our views;
'Tis no hard task, on fortunes dizzy height,
T' employ in its own death the greatest power:
One step made friendly Spain his bitterest foe,
And a vast grave yard for the sons of Gaul.
He quits the people to consort with kings,
Forgetful of the basis of his throne:
The tree whose roots decay must cease to thrive,
Though on a rock its lofty head may lean.
Are men no longer mov'd by hope and fear?
May faithful servants look for sure reward
From him, who could dismiss kind Josephine?
The meek and high exemplar of her kind;
Who by the Graces, and by Wisdom blest,
Gave dignity to Earth's superior throne;
Attemper'd lion hearts, with heavenly fires,
Gave loftiness to fierceness, and adorn'd
The brows of Valor with soft Pity's wreaths?
Although he sacrific'd his heart to save
France from the woes of a disputed throne,
With firmness, as heroic, as he fac'd
Her powerful foes, in many a bloody field,
The public interest seem'd so much his own,
The world suspect his willingness to crush
His dearest friends, to aid his private aims:

Who, for his country offered e'en his life,
So oft, in fearful conflict, could not yield
A spouse its future safety to secure!
Th' unjust suspicion seconds our designs:
No man can long be powerful, who o'erlooks
His storm-tried friends, for those of pleasant days,
The man's admirers, for the throne's; for these,
When danger's darkness lowers, will leave him lorn.
When fear the Austrians, and the Bourbons gives,
To draw the sword against his tottering power,
Supported by th' offended world, in arms,
Then, then, the Gallic people will, unmov'd,
Hear his loud summons to the tented field.
Are not the seeds of his destruction sown?
So they, high towering, wrapt in sombre clouds,
Which hid their courses from terrestrial sight,
And then dissolv'd communion: this, departs
To her blue mansion o'er heaven's rolling cliffs;
That, seeks her gloomy cell, beneath the sea;
Swift as the lightning's glance, along the waves
She darts, and plunges in the dark profound;
A watery arch sustains the flood above,
And on each side, a blue wall stands, as when
The rod of Moses aw'd th' Arabian deep
To bare his bosom to the blest of Heaven.
Through such miraculous avenue flies the Queen,
The waves behind her close with stormy roar.
At her lone cave arriv'd, to magic sounds
Its marble gate unfolds; she enters there—
The rocky barrier quick behind her swings,
Reclosing with loud thunder—the dread sound,
Hoarse rumbling, shook old ocean's green abodes;
There on her murky throne reclines, and hears
The troubled march of waters, murmuring low,
Till balmy slumber o'er her senses steals.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK IX.

ANALYSIS.

Mars, observing the hostile attitude of the nations, rejoices, and is upbraided by Valor—While Lauriston attacks Listenau, Wittgenstein endeavors to surprise the French at Lutzen—Blucher and D'York attack their centre; but Napoleon brings up his wings, before it can be penetrated, which, closing on the Allies, compel them to retreat—They take a strong position at Wurtcher having another fortified position in their rear—The question considered, whether, for peace, Napoleon should relinquish all beyond the Alps, Pyrenees and Rhine—He drives the Allies from their position—The first day's battle of Bautzen.

The nations gathering on the verge of fight,
Mars, furious power, rejoices at the scene:
Thrice fifty days were gone, since Wilna saw
His favorite fly the Russian clime; since then,
As o'er the troubled states he cast his eyes,
He oft had seen hope light the face of kings;
E'en Austria's hand upon her sword, as sure,
Illyria, the Tyrol, and Trieste, with half
Of Italy, and influence high
In Germany, were now within her grasp;
Behold the husband of her Emperor's child,
With kind concern, and eye the land of Elb,
O'erspread with armies and tri-color'd plumes;
Then drop her sword, and wait the voice of time.
He too had seen twice twenty thousand Swedes,
With Bernadotte, o'ercross the Baltic sea,

To war against Napoleon; Prussia arm
For independence, and receive, with joy,
The Russian forces, that, in haste, advanc'd
To rouse the nations to resist the French;
Whose fortresses they boldly left behind,
Mask'd; and from Hamburg to Thuringia spread:
Here Czernicheff, there Tettenborn, Wenzengerode,
With flying corps, precede the army main,
And wide make known the Gallic power's decline:
Murat, disgusted, from the war retire;
Kutusoff fall, a victim to disease;
Davoust burn Dresden's bridge and northward fly;
Eugene to Magdeburg withdraw his powers,
From Mockern's bloody field; Morand, o'erthrown
At Luneberg, speed before the Cossack sword;
E'en Denmark falter in her faith to Gaul,
Her Norway's transfer to the Swede unknown;
And Germany, and Naples, disinclin'd
To aid his arms; and Spain, with growing might,
Threat'ning on France invasion's tide to roll.

In Fame's bright Dome, the homicidal power,
Midst flaming deities, and dazzling arms,
Views ruin's lures, contriv'd by error's slaves:
He Vice and Virtue in his service sees:
Arch Policy th' incongruous couple wed,
And to a common name their views confin'd.
High mid th' imposing scene the lord of war
Towers in Olympian grandeur; on his face
Beams empire, and defiance, mix'd with joy,
While thus, in thunder rivaling heaven's, he speaks:

Let princes, kings, dominions in my train,
Rouse all their warriors, ride the battle's storm
In panoply; lest, in the shock of states,
Their glory wither, and their power decay.

Such destiny attends, who at my shrine
Give offerings mean, when force gigantic toils
To fix the doom of nations: And behold!
Vast continents, and she who rules the waves,
To my decision, leave imperious claims,
And darken ample realms with legions arm'd.
Be glad, companions, and with me enjoy
This hard contested trial; wade elate
In reeking crimson waves, disport with ghosts,
Fresh from the trembling corpses, and hear moans
Of dying mortals, Discord's horrid yell,
Sire's, orphan's, brother's, widow's mournful cries,
And meagre Famine's feeble voice complain.
Such happiness awaits us; blooms the world
Preparing Ruin's harvest; many a king
Quakes on his throne, and many a patriot sighs,
Consults blind oracles, appall'd; the matrons hear
Strange voices, utter'd from the viewless wind,
And see great armies warring in the clouds.
Soon Discord's brazen tongue shall shake the world
And steep in bloody tears; Haste, sanguine power!
Sound all your thunders, rend with awful peals
Man's short abode, and glut the ravenous grave.
Erst Heaven beneath thy boisterous influence quak'd,
When angry Gods in fierce contention strove,
Glowing with light all o'er, and round Jove's throne
Briareus dreadful heav'd his hundred hands:
And when Messiah, o'er Heaven's crystal steep,
Hurl'd headlong half the angelic host in blaze,
As if the stars of night were swept in crowd,
Streaming tumultuous, down the void profound!
Hell swallow'd the sing'd outcasts; till this hour,
I tremble at the memory of the fall!
Below, yawn'd fiery gulfs; above, around,

The scathful hiss'd, whose brightness lightning dimm'd
Cherubic eyes, that oft had gaz'd on Jove.
From midst the storm of burning elements
I, with Hell's King, escap'd, pass'd Chaos wild
And night's drear realm, in search of this sad world;
Which, after perilous voyage, we discern'd,
And soon subdu'd. Vicegerent of my sire,
Worthy to be th' antagonist of Heaven,
I govern man. How settled is my sway!
While priests and kings lead mortals, I shall swell
The pomp of Death; Christ's lore shall not prevent,
While its expounders bow before my throne,
Contention's progress, and my murderous reign.
Though evil fell upon my glorious son
In Russia's clime, no cause have we to mourn;
For thence our sway shall be more wide; our name
More terrible: As his bright sphere declines,
Old Darkness spreads her dull monastic wings,
Hatching my brood, and putting off the years
By prophets sung, when men shall war no more.
Gigantic armies still await his call,
To punish cruel foes, and false allies.
At Lutzen now he leads th' avenging powers,
Bent on offensive war; and soon, I ween,
Europe's broad breast, will utter funeral groans.
Thus the great slaughterer spoke; his joyful bands,
With acclamation, tore the aerial hall;
Pride loftier stalked among the glowing forms;
Ambition's heavenward face effulgent blaz'd;
But Valor venerable, unmov'd replied:
Earth-troubling Lord, from whose tempestuous arm

Flow fates of nations, and unnumber'd woes,
Remember, Valor ne'er partakes thy joy;
Though doom'd thy drudge, he hates thy damning reign;
'Tis founded on the wickedness of man.
Well may'st thou boast thy sire, and he, his child:
With ease, I trace the lineaments malign.
I would thy arm were powerless, that the just
Were not compell'd against thee to defend,
And drag the virtues to thy hateful train,
As pearl to swine. O haste ye peaceful days!
When Justice' universal rule shall hush
Thy wo-begetting voice; when I shall toil
To fortify the mind 'gainst temporal ills,
And tender drooping buds of life prolong,
Instead of scattering death through angry hosts!
He ceas'd—The Monarch frown'd, nor deign'd reply;
His serpents hiss'd; fierce flames and gloomy clouds
About him roll'd; the Furies, reddening, rag'd;
Gorgons rode round in whirlwind, and upbore
Thick grove of arms, that bray'd, with rocky throat,
And dreadful gleam'd; He draws his murderous blade,
Earth groans, Heaven casts a quivering bolt, & scowls
As mustering storm; then, swift, with frightful shout,
Bounds from the lofty world-illuming dome,
And hovers, wrapt in clouds, o'er Lutzen's field;
There, high above the destin'd scene of blood,
He stands, and bids the Furies urge the fight.
The nations hear his voice, as the wreck'd tar
Wandering in wave-tost skiff forlorn, hears nightly howl
The spirit of the deep. Valor, the while,
With Wisdom, from the bright abode descends,

To great Napoleon—Valor first he saw,
And thus address'd him: Welcome conquering power,
Who help'st me brave the dreadful storms of fate.
Th' assembled nations soon, before my arm,
Shall fly confus'd; already Fear has shook
The Prussian monarch; Lauriston now goes
To Leipsic's gate—I haste to meet him there,
To rouse the battle, with our youthful bands,
And early teach them to subdue the foe.
Thus he—Valor responded: My advice
Thou hast anticipated; Wisdom grave
Will temper aught of rashness in thy views.
He spoke—forthwith the sapient power began:
Rush not, too daring, on uncertain doom:
Be cautious of the foe, whom victory fires—
Who, like resistless torrents, has advanc'd,
Sweeping the wreck of mighty hosts before.
For fiercely will he combat with your powers.
The weak subdue the strong by patient toil
And prudent care; Great strength gives small results.
When ill applied. Be thou prepar'd for fight—
I seek thy foes. Say, Valor, wilt thou wend
With me, companion of my journey? Come,
Diffuse thy favors, with impartial hand.
Thus she—the power of bravery thus replies:
The merit of their progress Winter claims;
Go on, illume the doubtful road of thought—
Know, Valor early dwells with warriors wise.
He ended—and the fair directly pass'd
To Wittgenstein; near Altenburg he lay;
She found him musing on his foe's intent,
And thus address'd him: Lo! Napoleon comes
To hurl thy armies headlong to the grave:
A sudden onset might defeat his schemes.

He waits for Lauriston to Leipsic gain,
When he that way will move—His centre now,
Assail'd in flank, perhaps, might be surpris'd,
If, by quick movements thou commence the fight;
So wont to be th' attacking party, he
Scarce dreads the active valor of his foes.
She spoke, and disappear'd; then Wittgenstein
His generals summon'd, and her plan advis'd:
A third of Gaul at Listenau contend;
There Lauriston, would open Leipsic's gates;
May not our conjunct force the rest defeat,
If, with united strength, we quick assail?
Then let us march on Lutzen, and o'erwhelm
Gaul's youthful corps. Such sudden blow will damp
Her warriors, and her sovereign's plans confound.
An anxious world beholds us; much depends
On our discretion: Austria would not aid
Were we defeated; then let pass no chance
To weaken the great foe, whose mighty powers,
When concentrated, 'twill be hard to oppose;
But when divided, as they now appear,
We may presage success: Part after part
May be detach'd, till mountains are remov'd:
'Tis thus the weak o'ercome the strong in war.
He so reveal'd, what Wisdom had inspir'd—
The listening Chiefs approved—Mild Valor hears
And kindles at the bold resolve; the sound
Of drums unnumber'd rouse the camp to arms;
Line, following line, as wave rolls after wave,
Moves on, bright glimmering in the beams of morn.
The mounted Chiefs, in glittering robes career,
Along the polish'd iron groves, that blaz'd
On Heaven, and dancing floods of radiance shed.
So myriads fast advanc'd to gory fray,

While Sol the Zenith travers'd, wheel'd below
The western world, and from his orient throne
The stars extinguish'd, and the night dispell'd.
He twice had look'd on May with rosy smiles,
When throng'd the banded host on Lutzen's field:
That morn, the angels mourn'd; the immortals' seats
Were fill'd with sorrow for ill-fated man;
But Earth awoke to thoughtlessness and wo.
Soon, toward the centre of the host of Gaul,
DeYork, and Blucher lead their numerous bands.
Napoleon sees th' impending storm, and swift,
By rapid heralds borne, his orders fly.
Ney, Soult, Marmont, McDonald, and Regnier,
On fiery coursers hurry through their trains,
And sudden shine in terrible array
The Gallic armies, burning to contend.
Now, wide and dreadful flame the thundering guns
From wing to wing of Blucher's laboring powers.
France fired as soon: Throughout her dauntless lines
Thick flashes rise; gregarious deaths are hurl'd,
And smoky darkness blackens all the field.
The neighboring region trembles—Earth, amaz'd,
Groans, pants with anguish, human lot deplores,
Flooded with gory tears. The foaming steeds
Prance wild; high bounding, like red lightning, dart
With ardent Chiefs, along the deadly storm,
And snuff the troubled air. Dark dusty clouds
Tumultuous thicken on the eddying wind.
Swells martial music loud; scarce heard, for sounds
Of clamorous muskets, voices of dismay,
Screams of the wounded, and the clash of arms.
Discord, fell fury, lifts her banner high,
Streaming with blood, and pregnant with distress;
Hell in her countenance shines, infernal forms

Throng in her way, and join her horrid roar.
Mars, from his cloudy seat, comes flaming down,
His furies raging round, and shrieking dire.
On every side he aggravates the fight,
Makes nations fear, and damps the hopes of kings.
Through all the bleeding field he hurl'd his bolts
In deathful play, from gloomy clouds of smoke
Low rolling midst the combatants; there bent
On havoc vast, he thunders, foams, and swells
In wild commotion, spreading fatal rage,
While hapless mortals die. Glory, the while,
Beside Ambition, on tempestous cloud,
Edg'd with pale terrors, glides around the fight.
Her wreaths refulgent flaming, like the beams
Of bright Aurora, vivid splendor shed;
Her countenance fir'd the field, and greatly swell'd
The voice of battle; Valor labour'd there,
Inspiring ardor; flames and deaths, around
Careering dreadful, and red streaming floods
Increasing hideous, burden'd him with pain.
Ambition much anxiety display'd;
On Glory now, and now, on bleeding men
She darts her fiery eyes in mute suspense;
Here views long lines recede, and there advance,
And heaps of slaughter'd mortals gather round,
Her visage changing at the voice of fate.
Against red Kaya Blucher swells the fight;
Thousands, on thousands, thither thickening pour,
Led by his skilful arm—infuriate rage
Incites his thirsty bands, and carnage rolls
In horrid tide before. France boldly meets
The hostile flood, and fearful fray begins:
Bayonets encounter bayonets; steely groves
Weep human blood; muskets revers'd, descend

Ponderous with death; and spread destruction round.
At length the French recede, contesting brave;
Wounded, they wound, and on the following foe
Shower copious ruin: Still, by Blucher urg'd,
They tread reluctant the red way—this seen
By Gaul's impatient monarch, he commands
His Herald thus: Go, charge Marmont to bring
All his reserve, and with the lightning's speed
Aid yonder shatter'd centre; for Bertrand,
Most opportunely on our right arriv'd,
Will in his stead the enemy's left oppose.
This heard, the Herald, like the bird of Jove
Flying midst thunderous clouds, vehement strode
Through war's loud storm to Marmont, & thus speaks:
Our Emperor wills, that thou bring all thy force
In aid of our rent centre, and expel
The enemy's troops from Kaya; for Bertrand,
Arriv'd, will in your stead his left oppose.
He spoke, Marmont forthwith conducts his bands,
Inspir'd with ardor, which the yawning grave
Can not abate; stern Mars beholds, sublim'd,
With homicidal rage; Glory displays
Full in their front her animating beams;
Ambition glows, Heaven darkens, Russia quakes;
E'en Blucher feels unusual coldness run
Through all his frame, and in his army's rear,
Hurrying, like tempests of the torrid zone,
Thus urges firm resistance: Lo! What comes,
Gloomy, terrific, and intent on deeds
Of fatal import to this crimson day!
Yet may our forces sweep them from the field
Were ye to act your parts with Prussian grace:
then your bands to deadliest charge, and drive
urious might, the Gallic forces hence,

Go, bathe your weapons in their flying rear.
Now headlong, loud, and dreadful, like the floods
Fast down Niagara foaming, rushes Gaul,
Fearless, on bristling bayonets, scattering death
And consternation; nought withstands th' attack;
Through the torn village vanquish'd Prussia flies,
Close follow'd by protended arms, and shouts
Of valiant victors. This De York sore griev'd,
And like bright comet, flaming midst the storm
Of wild retreat, he waves his sword, and calls
His routed train: Where fly ye, recreant crew,
Before the host of Gaul? Halt! for your lives,
And honor of your country—face the foe,
That he retrace the steps of impious war,
Nor more disturb the nations—near, in view
Come reinforcements—let the foe not win
Such fatal victory, as to blast our hopes,
And make our country's strenuous efforts vain.
He spoke—inferior leaders strive to form
The host fugacious; soon array'd, it meets
The furious foe; dread clash of arms succeeds—
The slaughter swells; Death stalks remorseless round;
Disploding arms, shouts, groans, & screams convulse
The air, with hideous noise. France now recoils,
In wounded plight, before the Prussian charge.
But Marmont rushing mid her broken lines,
Arrests their flight, arrays them to contend.
And now Napoleon leads th' imperial guard
To breast the torrent on his centre thrown.
Dishevell'd Discord, and tempestuous Mars,
Check their red coursers, smear'd with dust and gore,
To gaze one moment at the dreadful shock:
Here Blucher urges, and Napoleon there
The direful battle; and the Emperor thus

His heroes moves: Maintain this precious ground:
Here lies our shame or glory. Here the scale
Of victory falls or rises. Here one inch
Maintain'd, or lost, decides the fate of realms!
The foe his flanks has weaken'd to o'erwhelm
Our centre; but our strengthen'd wings will straight
Show where the greatest force in shortest time
Has been assembled; for their balls will soon
Each other strike along yon centre's rear,
If we this post maintain: Then, then the foe,
Almost surrounded, in confusion flies;
Alarm'd at the profoundness of his skill,
That leads, with such precision, to defeat:
You see how Fortune favors! Spread your sails!
Catch all her breeze! Make roar your thundering arms;
For these our want of cavalry must supply.
Here, skill and courage cannot toil in vain.
Thus he, and round him wak'd heroic fires;
Repelling terror's king from human thoughts.
Nor less did Blucher animate the fight:
Behold th' auspicious sign! th' imperial guard
Brought down for slaughter! proving that the foe
Staggers on ruin's verge. One effort more,
Another Rosbach then shall Kaya be;
And Jenna's field, and Prussia's wrongs reveng'd,
Sooth the kind Queen, and Frederick's awful shade;
That loud, above this conflict, on us calls
To die as freemen, not to live as slaves;
But seize th' oppressor of our country here:
Improve the chance: Behold th' important prize!
Advance! Your honor more than Blucher bids.
Thus he—and Scharnhorst seconds his designs:
Rush on, my countrymen! Oh! pause not now,
When shame, or glory, on a moment turns!

Here, here the foe must quickly be o'erthrown;
Ere danger menaces our weaken'd wings.
If valor fails, our science plans in vain.
Not only Prussia in our bravery trusts,
But Europe's hopes and fears are on our arms.
As we succeed, or fail, we roll a tide
Profound of joy, or grief, o'er mighty realms.
He spoke, but spoke his last; th' informing soul
Of Prussia's war, by iron tempests fell'd,
In ruins lies, and guides her steps no more.
And now, in trembling Kaya, in close fray,
The combat rages; bayonets are sheath'd in man;
Clamor tremendous rises; terror reigns—
Blood copious streams, and mountains of the dead
Strew the late walks of innocence, and love.
Thrice Victory smil'd on France, on Russia thrice,
By bayonet point, in Kaya's crimson field.
Each host retreated thrice before death's storm
Confounded and dismay'd: Brave France, at length,
By dint of havoc vast, the town retain'd.
Meantime Napoleon's right breasts many a shock
Of squadron'd cavalry, by gray Platoff rul'd,
Alternately advancing and receding, gored
By sabres and fleet hoofs; there thousands fall,
A ghastly pavement for the bounding steed
And gradient warrior; streams of reeking blood
O'erspread the ground, and horror shades the scene.
Now Lauriston from Listenau returns
With his division; on his Emperor's left,
Like a dark tempest, rushes to the fight.
Sweeping the field, before him, as a flood
Hoarse rolling o'er some fen, bears off the leaves,
And spreading terrors, and confusion wild.
Kliest saw his Prussians fly the dreadful storm,

And lightning in their front, them thus recalls:
Oh shameless officers, ye foremost lead
Our host to sad disgrace; shall boys, mere boys,
Drive veterans from the field? Check while you can
Their odious course, resist the daring foe;
Behold, I wait his coming; let me die—
Nor see my country's fall, nor your disgrace.
So speaking, twixt the adverse powers he rides,
High brandishing his sword, midst swarming balls,
Dense smoke, and terrors—the sub-rulers view,
Fir'd with new courage, fast array the lines
Retain'd in mid career, and hurling fast
The deadly globes through intermediate space,
Scatter destruction on the Gallic host.
Now draw they near, the horrid space between
Decreasing, till the bristling groves unite,
Braying tremendous, like some frozen shore,
Where icy fragments, scatter'd o'er the main,
Are hurl'd tumultuous by tempestuous winds,
Island, on island, thundering to the skies,
Impell'd by mountain billows crowding round.
Short time in equal balance hung their fates;
Then Prussia, fiercely fighting, slow retires.
This, Wittgenstein beholding thus commands:
Herald, attend: Bid Platoff quickly rush
To our disorder'd right, with all his steeds.
Swift as the winds; there make resistless charge,
Breaking Gaul's serried files, audacious grown;
That threaten much to whelm us in defeat.
The herald nods, like lightning darts away,
And soon to Platoff thus his message tells:
Our Chief commands, that forthwith thou proceed
With all thy force, our suffering right to aid;
There, furious charge th' audacious lines of Gaul,

That menace with defeat our laboring host.
He spoke, and quickly wheel'd—Platoff collects
His warring thousands, and as autumn's clouds
Glide o'er the welkin on the wings of wind,
O'er hill and lawn his gleaming cavalry strode,
Thirsting for slaughter. Wittgenstein now sees
McDonald here, and there, Bertrand, approach,
Loud thundering on th' allies, that bleed between:
From twixt the hostile wings he leads his powers;
With stronger cavalry shields the endanger'd rear,
And skilfully eludes the grasp of Gaul.
Night throws her mantle o'er the woful field
Where twice ten thousand lay to rise no more,
In mournful ruins, gash'd with gory wounds,
Deep lacerated with the hoofs of steeds,
And tread of striving troops. Each host withdrew
From deadly play, to spend the truce of night,
In ill repose; for dismal groans were heard,
And soul afflicting screams of dying men.
Mars roll'd him in dun clouds, and thro' the Heaven
Tower'd roaring triumph; while in festive dance
His furies troll'd, and mimic'd dying groans—
Shriek'd, like the coward, shouted, like the bold,
Enjoying converse sweet with terror pale,
And rioting in horror. Glory sad
Ascended to Renown's sublime abode,
With kind concern the graves of greatness eyed;
There, midst her pensive train, in secret mourn'd,
Till balmy slumbers sooth'd her lofty soul.
Now on day's throne bright Phœbus mounts the skies,
Dispelling darkness—drums unnumber'd sound;
In either camp, and rouse the martial swarms,

Shrill breathes the fife; the trumpet rends the air,
And fast the plum'd battalions wend along
Towards Leipsic; while the vanquish'd nations pass
The Elb, the Elster, and the war-worn fields
Of Wurtcher, where great Frederick once withstood
The force of conjunct nations, who fierce warr'd
Seven hapless years, and steep'd a world in blood.
There Wittgenstein his various troops combines—
By Wisdom guided, long intrenchments forms
And with two hundred thousand warriors waits
The swift advance of Gaul's victorious King.
Napoleón's myriads unimpeded march'd
Through Leipsic and Probestheyda, o'er the Elb
By Dresden, and encamp'd near Bautzen's field—
Ill fated field, where Death will soon extend
His pale dominion, fearful discord rage,
Crushing the brave, and gory rivulets flow.
Great Providence, the while, convokes the powers,
That labor on the destinies of mankind,
And thus attention to the crisis calls:
Shall now, for peace, Napoleon to the Alps,
The Rhine and Pyrenees, confine his sway?
Straight Vanity begins; Midst Victory's shouts
What storm impends, that Gaul's great Chief should cast
Into the deep the fruits of many a field;
His fortresses, his friends in foreign states,
His high pretensions, and perhaps his throne!
For, tarnished, would it curb impetuous Gaul?
'Tis better to oppose a world in arms,
Than, fetter'd on the hard bed of regret,
Groan, o'er concessions needless: Scarce five months

Have pass'd away, since he from Russia took
His solitary flight; yet now he drives
The nations o'er the Elb, with soldiers young,
Rais'd by his energy, and train'd to war,
In time how brief! The Earth, thro' all her states,
The presence of a wondrous sovereign owns,
Whose giant steps wide Europe feels with awe.
The lofty oak before Heaven's bolts may fall—
It cannot shrink into the lowly shrub
So she—then Pride: 'Tis early to succumb,
When fortune overwhelms: He yet maintains
His high pretensions, and with victory's voice:
No circumstance appears, that proves his need
To make so great a sacrifice for peace;
Not ten lost battles thus should lop his power.
Shall Talleyrand, with well affected grief,
Pretend, his counsels have been heard too late,
That France such sway had held, without the wars,
That strew'd her bones from Calpe to the pole?
Why seek humiliation, ere its day?
Anticipate the scorn and jeers of men!
Which, though they oft on prudent counsels wait,
Reach not th' unlucky brave: Misfortune's storm,
Bursting around him in its bitterest rage,
Hath but increas'd his glory. Wither'd Gaul
Beneath his touch reviv'd, as forests, shorn
By Winter's breath, their verdant leaves regain
Before the vernal Sun: She straight out pour'd,
With matchless energy, another host,
E'en now to Victory dear. Shall he not soon
O'er Niemen drive his foes? Will Russia's power
Increase by new alliance? Austria sure,
Will not oppose Louisa's lord, late press'd
To sad extremity: Her gratitude

For favors past, her policy forbids.
Nor will Rhine's federate states forget themselves,
To lift against their friend a hostile hand:
As well the limbs might on the body war!
Can Holland, Naples, Italy, wish his fall,
Whose magnanimity has blessed their lands?
No, should he stagger under Fortune's blows,
Their ready aid would prop his useful sway.
He then may safe advance o'er Oder's stream,
Assur'd, twixt him and Rhine, no foe will rise
To blight his budding conquests: Victory still
Shall cheer his road, and peace his efforts crown.
On terms, that will not prove, a thousand fields,
And vast dominion have been won in vain.
She spoke—Considerate Valor thus proceeds:
Peace, at the price propos'd, his interest claims:
E'en all beyond the limits nam'd is lost
Already; let him, therefore, well evince
His moderation, by exchanging soon
The shade for substance: Germany, oppos'd
To his control, can scarce restrain her arms
From vengeance. Kings and people have combin'd
Against his power. What though he victories win!
Whom a whole people combat toils in vain:
A sword may cut, not stop the ocean stream:
Austria will Prussia's course pursue, so sure
As sovereign states by interests are controll'd.
The marriage was for Austria's good, not harm,
Her gratitude would, doubtless, leave him France.
Her policy would prop Louisa's throne
Far as consistent with the Austrian weal,
That bids him keep within the Alps and Rhine.
The Germans will his blessings bear in mind,
When they forget their children, lost in war.
He should the occasion sieze to abandon Spain:

A short, short space, the will of Heaven allows,
To fix the terms of peace in Victory's arms;
But this short time, gone unimprov'd, he floats
Upon a shoreless, and tempestuous sea,
And finds no harbor, till he finds his grave.
Thus Valor spoke, and lofty Pride rejoin'd:
Would Austria war against Louisa's lord?
Has Russian power no terrors, that she sees
All danger on the side, where her own child
In grandeur reigns? Then let her join his foes:
War's pedantry shall to its science yield;
The hero triumph, though the Emperor fall.
Will people, as their kings, 'gainst him combine,
Who feudal tyranny has swept away?
Who schools, roads, bridges, harbors, and canals,
In short, their interests fosters more than that
Of kings and nobles? Let the fools be slaves;
But self-approving days shall sooth his soul.
Thus she—then Providence: His destiny leads
To toss the nations on the waves of war.
The power, he deems essential to his throne,
Is inconsistent with the world's repose.
He ceas'd, and Valor to Napoleon calls:
Ere long will Austria's legions aid th' allies,
In combat: Crush your foe before he gains
The great accession. Were his host o'er thrown
The fears of Austria would outweigh her hopes,
And keep her sword in sheath e'en if resolv'd
To war against thee. Though the enemy holds
A strong position, cogent reasons urge
Immediate battle: Stronger will he prove,
Should Austria, with two hundred thousand troops,
Increase his forces. Be no moment lost;
The fate of empires on that space may turn.

Thus he, Napoleon answers: Bubna, late,
On Austria's part, insisted hard on peace:
With striking hints at most ungracious terms;
Still, I can scarce believe she would do more,
Than menace, to advance her own designs;
Howe'er, the safer course shall be pursued,
And Bautzen's heights, forthwith, be turn'd or storm'd.
Thus he, and straight far round on mountains rides,
Surveying, with decisive eye, the plains,
Deep shaded vallies, and defensive hills,
Firm occupied by various thousands arm'd;
Interrogates the captur'd peasantry
On every point beyond his vision; where
Each stream is fordable; how steep each slope;
Where cavalry and artillery may advance;
And where such precipices, as obstruct
The march of infantry: Then strict compares
The statements made; discrepances detects;
Again interrogates, till, all explain'd,
The varied ground is pictured in his mind.
He makes each marshal, fully understand
The part, that in his sphere of action lies;
And with such caution for events prepares,
That Fortune scarcely can results control.
Determin'd on the plan of combat soon,
He to his listening marshals thus reveals:
Some toil before ye waits—victorious toil.
By menacing Berlin, we hop'd to draw
The foe from yon position; but he knows
Its strength, and does not choose, on equal terms,
To meet the conquerors of Lutzen; soon,
Turn'd by our skill, his heights shall useless prove:
Ere night begins, our flag o'er Bautzen waves.

Thou, Soult, wilt rule our centre in this fray,
And cross the rolling Spree, when we command.
In front of Bautzen sage McDonald sways,
Whose care shall be to bridge th' obstructing stream,
When we give order; on his left, Marmont
Another road shall o'er the river throw;
Upon his left Bertrand from Zelitz move
Against the enemy's heights. Regnier and Ney
With theirs, and the remains Lauriston's
Division, round the enemy's right will march
On Klix, the river pass, and aid Bertrand,
Establishing their powers on Wissenburg.
Here the main torrent of the fight will rage,
While Oudinot will to his left direct
The foe's attention, lead our right athwart
The intermediate vale, and silver stream,
And on yon mountains, furious kindle war,
The federate left displacing, while, o'er cross'd
The stream, McDonald Bautzen's walls shall
hold.
He ended, and the listening chiefs retir'd
To their important stations. Oudinot
Arrays his numerous host, fast down the vale
Careers, and fords the intervening stream;
To shield his march a hundred thunderers roar;
Astonish'd, Russia sees the movement bold,
And ere the distance suits, begins discharge
Of loud artillery, on high glacis thron'd;
Dark clouds of smoke accumulate round the hills;
Lightnings and thunders midst its volumes rage,
Which seem unsettled mountains rolling high.
Wide sweeping dart the iron globes along,
Heaving the sod to Heaven, and rending groves:
The venerable oak reclines—vast limbs are hurl'd

In various courses through the darkening air.
Soon, through th' approaching French, they dreadful fly,
Whole bands destroying. Oudinot returns
The deadly thunder from his numerous tier.
Near stands each host; a frightful space between
Sighs with thick-darting balls, that hit, and glance
In angry flight. Unnumber'd muskets burn,
And horrid Discord holds triumphant reign.
The while, McDonald o'er the Spree erects
A broad highway, on which Compans advanc'd
With following thousands, furious, as the waves
By wrathful tempests drove 'gainst rushing tides.
Marmont, too, o'er the Spree a bridge extends;
With his division moves against the foe.
The nations thunder on the thronging files,
Making vast havoc; ponderous balls transpierce
The bold battalions, scattering blood, and death,
With unremitting violence, thick as hail,
When boisterous Boreas hurls his wintry storms.
There thousands fall; thick darkness clouds their eyes,
And deep oblivion of the dreadful day
Pours on their souls—The rolling waves below,
Faint groaning, blush with blood of heroes dead.
Compans, at length, upon the hostile shore
Arrays his valiant train; the voice of fight
Now doubly hideous rises; flames, and smoke,
Involve the myriads—darts embattled Gaul,
With bayonets keen protended, on the foe;
Loud clash of arms ensues, and wild out-cry,
Shouts, screams, such uproar, as if all the fiends
Of burning Tartarus, in blackest cloud
[illegible]'d heaven, midst flames and thunders, warring fire.

So terrible the adverse armies join'd;
Attended by blank Horror, through the groves
Of bloody iron, flies pale Terror's king;
Around him wounded mortals gasp, and groan,
Before him burn contention's angry fires.
Mars, in a dusky cloud, moves o'er the field;
His red hand bears a goblet crown'd with gore;
Sad triumph brightening on his vengeful brow,
He quaffs the reeking liquid with delight,
Wild dances to the notes of Horror's lyre
On every point, where bleeds the dreadful fray:
Now, where De Tolly, Blucher, Ney contend;
Now, where Marmont is tost on slaughter's waves;
Where Oudinot ascends redoubts in gore;
Where gray McDonald rolls the tide of death;
With nimble step, he heaves his giant form:
Now seems a gloomy mass, a quivering flame,
A hill, uprooted, whirl'd by furious winds,
And now a stormy cloud, that hides the field.
Bossart there falls; by ruthless bayonet pierc'd:
He staggering tumbles, bites the slippery ground,
And everlasting darkness shades his eyes.
He liv'd an honest life, and bravely died,
In combat's hottest rage. Florain in youth
Beside him sudden plunges in the grave;
His head a winged death convey'd away,
Gasping, and bleeding through the fearful storm.
Strelitz, intrepid Chief, careering bold,
Midst battle's direst tumult death o'ertakes;
A fatal bullet perforates his breast—
From his high steed, he falls among the dead,
His eyes in darkness swim, the soul departs
Indignant o'er the angry flaming fight.
In quick succession fall illustrious men;

O'er myrtled thousands Ruin fiercely drives;
What noble youths beneath his tempest fall!
The lofty spirit from their bodies flown,
They lie in dust and gore, deform'd with wounds.
So, under lightning, falls the stately pine—
So, fades its verdure, and its beauty dies.
Bessieres, the good and brave, ere this had fall'n
Struck from his courser in Poserna's vale;
War's thunder snatch'd him from the troubled world
Without a pang, the day ere Lutzen bled:
Heaven kindly sav'd him from th' afflicting field
And the foul evening of Napoleon's reign.
Humanity and justice haunt his grave,
And own their much lov'd votary slumbers there.
Six hours the armies strove; when Prussia flew
From the sore combat, in rude disarray,
Beyond astonish'd Bautzen; then resumes
A battailous aspect in redoubts reserv'd.
Ney, Lauriston, Regnier, meantime advance
O'er Spree, on Klix, to take in flank and rear
Their enemy; but brave Blucher on them pours
An iron tempest, and his ground maintains.
Bold Oudinot impetuous leads his bands,
With reeking bayonets o'er the bulwarks high,
Which Russia's left defend. Contention here
Red mantle wore; like winds on mountain rocks
Vehement storming, up the high redoubts
Rush'd banded Gaul; and thrice rebounded, urg'd
By thronging iron groves, and thundering tubes.
And now, the sun descended, wildering night
Delays the slaughter, and the nations rest
From odious labor; but with heedful eye
Retain the field, and wait the light of morn
To bathe in human blood their thirsty arms.

Soon sable clouds o'ershade the trembling field,
That now is wrapp'd in darkness, now in flames.
Gigantic Havoc, fiercely raging round,
Rends mountains, crushes rocks, and trees, and men.
On Bautzen's neighboring heights Napoleon stands,
Attesting valorous deeds. Kirgener and
His lov'd Duroc, beside him view the fray.
Glory, above, conceal'd in silvery clouds
From general view, celestial balm diffus'd,
Inspiring vigor, such as lifts the soul
To loftiest tone. He bids his Herald fly,
And Ney inform, against th' enemy's right
To rush directly, and victorious prove,
Advancing through Prelitz, Presig, and Klix,
To Wurtcher's fields. Forthwith the Herald flew
Down the dark hill, like lightning from the skies,
And quick reveals his message: Straight the Chief
Leads his bold myriads to th' encounter dire;
Loud roar two hundred thunderers iron-mouth'd,
Rending the region round of earth and heaven.
Thick flame the muskets of th' opposing powers,
Distracting tumult, and unnumber'd sounds
Tremendous rise; the spirit of the land
Starts from the onset, howling dread and wild—
The mountains tremble, bellow the long vales;
The combat bleeds in darkness; Mars, in flames,
Careers in tempests o'er the stormy field,
Roaring with brazen throat, such frightful sound
As spread blank horror through the laboring war.
Now o'er Klix' domes he storms; now where Mortier
Wide rages on the hostile centre; now
Where Oudinot's redoubled thunders sound.
Terrors, his pale attendants, shriek; red floods
Blush in his course, and swarming ghosts ascend.

Through shatter'd Klix France headlong pours, her foes
Driving amain, who combat as they fly
In desperate fury; thousands fall, expos'd
To trampling victors; carnage spreads around
And writhing mortals horrid strew the field.
Now on Prelitz the dreadful battle glides;
Its turrets rent, in shatter'd ruins fly;
An iron shower falls ponderous on its domes,
And consternation stalks o'er all the scene.
Brave Blucher soon a force reserv'd arrays
Against the victor foe; heaven darker frowns,
While the infuriate armies near approach,
Incessant hurling deadly balls between,
From clamorous muskets, and superior arms.
Impetuous Prussia comes; nor France recedes,
Waiting, indignant, the o'erwhelming charge.
Dire clash their arms, unusual uproar grows,
Blood streams around, shrieks, shouts, & groans arise
And deaf'ning clangor swells along the field.
Now here, now there, the wearied French retire
Before the thronging groves of thirsty steel,
Retracing the red way, contending still
With obstinate valor, while the ample field,
For many a furlong groans, and weeps red streams.
Continual iron showers, at random hurl'd
By the fast flying armies, scatter death;
Huge ghastly mountains of dead mortals rise;
Dismember'd heads, roll frightful on the plains,
Streaming, and gasping with death-rolling eyes.
When Klix repass'd, the French with bayonets pois'd,
Await close combat—Prussia, fearing, halts,
And distant hurls a deadly iron shower.
Meantime, Napoleon orders Soult to march

(Who rul'd his centre) on the foe's main post.
Soult, with bold myriads, like tempestuous storm,
That prostrates forests and infuriate sweeps
The clouds and lands along, falls on the foe;
Loud roar his thunders, deathful muskets flame
In near contention, smoky gloom involves
The angry prospect; Wittgenstein, alarm'd,
Impetuous hurries with his martial train,
Thus speaking: Friends, the trying moment comes,
When this great fight in doubtful poise depends.
Use all your vigor—bring our whole reserve;
For see, our host recedes—inveterate Soult
With ardent legions, plays such fatal game!
Thus he—Swift, Karpoff with large force advances bold
Through the dark iron showers; his sullen bands
A quenchless vengeance fires; not France they deem
Shall urge them from the life ingulfing fray.
With force resistless, on astounded Gaul
With flaming guns, and bayonets keen they plunge,
Like quivering lightning, on some stately tower,
The pride of empire—wild commotion grows,
Shouts, groans, & clang of arms—dire Discord drinks
The blood of thousands—disarray'd, France stands
Scattering destruction, and deep swallowing death.
The Gallic Marshals, like fierce meteors, dart
Along the dreadful burning combat—Soult sublime
Rides through the gloom impelling hideous fray—
Shouvaloff in severest battle flames;
His eye seeks victory, or the grave—and Kliest,
Careering lofty midst disploding tiers,
Excites heroic rage—two hundred guns
Hurl thick destruction on the Gallic powers,
While many a warrior's head flies through the heavens

Chattering in death; At length, o'er mountains pale
Of fallen men the lines of Gaul retire,
The federate armies thronging on their rear,
With crimson bayonets, and destructive balls,
Spreading dread carnage, and confusion wild.
Napoleon hastes, to end the furious fray
In victory, concentrates his utmost strength,
And thus addresses Mauborg's soldiery brave:
'Tis now the moment to decide the field;
Prepare for conquering: rush, resistless rush
Against th' audacious foe, whom late ye drove;
Myself will lead the way. Then like some storm,
That levels harvests, branching woods, and sweeps
Huge billows from the ocean to the clouds,
Advance the guard beneath the Emperor's rule,
Soult, recollecting his far routed powers,
Joins with like fury in the bold attack:
Fast flames th' artillery, and inferior arms,
Incessant flashing, thunder direst peals.
Blucher array'd, presents an awful front
On right of the allies; but what shall stand
Napoleon's onset with selected men!
Short time at distant battle stood the powers;
Led by imperial valor, France drives on
Like fiery floods ascending craggy hills,
And on the Prussian forces pours amain.
Prussia the shock withstands; keen sword on sword,
Bayonet on bayonet, in close fight oppos'd
Bray fearful; javelins red, like lightning streams,
Glance o'er the heads of myriads; arms revers'd
High lifted, ponderous fall, with deadly weight—
Screams, dying groans, and shouts commingled rise
With din of arms, sound of drum, trumpets' roar,
And various uproar of tempestuous steeds,

In cloudy squadrons, charging round the field.
At length the Prussian lines confus'd retire,
Wide-spreading ruin rages on their rear.
Wild disarray, and soul-dejecting rout
Betide th' unhappy nations. Ney, the while,
Through Klix advancing, by the bayonet point
The vanquish'd enemy drives: In storm he comes;
Like chaff before fierce whirlwinds, flies his foe
O'er the thrice trodden road of blood—he hurls
A shower of ruin on their frighten'd rear
Through Prelitz, and Presig, to Wurtcher's fields;
And simultaneous, Oudinot o'erthrows
The Russian left; across the ramparts wades;
And, as a tempest drives a shatter'd fleet,
In wild commotion sweeps his foes before.
Both wings, now turn'd, th' allies make safe retreat
O'er many a bloody league; nor France pursues;
For Phœbus rolls down occidental skies,
And sudden darkness wraps the smoky field.
Yet fly the nations from the jaws of death
Through chill nocturnal shade, till far away,
At Reichembach, they take desired repose.
Soon as Aurora's early light prevail'd,
Skirting the eastern horizon, the French,
Rous'd by their wakeful King, pursue the foe—
At Reichembach o'ertake him, and the voice
Of bloody conflict, dreadful sounds again;
Again he flies before victorious Gaul;
Again Napoleon with triumphant hosts
Pursues the vanquish'd nations; and attempts
Into his rushing columns to infuse
His lion spirit; threatens, praises, moves
By every motive, that may stir the soul;
Nor words alone employs; he sends his aids

To every point; from rank to rank he darts,
And foremost in th' attacking masses, toils
Midst deadly showers, by flying nations thrown,
"Scoundrel thou creep'st"! he to a general calls,
As headlong past him, with his staff, he bounds:
What lethargy! Are corses in pursuit,
Or slumbering men? O! expedite the chase—
Or would ye nothing win but bloody fields?
Without the harvest we have sown in vain—
The fight is won, but yonder goes the prize;
Insulting goes, and scarce a trophy leaves:
Awake! Advance! or we have bled for nought,
But barren glory, and an empty name!
Thus he excites, and onward pours his host,
Deploying, as the foe in battery plac'd
His thunderers, and contracting, when the road,
Unrak'd by iron hail, his march invites.
'Twas then, Duroc, some evil fated globe
Thee, and Kirgener brave, remorseless hurl'd
To death's cold door, while yet thou converse held
With great Napoleon on the deeds of war.
What pity melted his heroic soul
To view the dying brave! his steady friend,
And long companion in the walks of fame!
Unheeding battle's horrible career,
The mighty Monarch lifts the dying Chief
From the cold ground, and sighing thus begins:
Thy hapless fate deprives me of a friend,
Who many a year midst all the storms of wo,
And smiles of Fortune, hath most constant prov'd.
Death comes unwelcome, but he gilds the close
Of life's short journey, when he mows the brave.
He, by his victim sees himself out-frown'd,
And counts his conquest poor; his mortal stroke

Gives fame immortal, and his shaft so loud
Resounds, he shrinks before the life it gives,
And mourns th' existence, which defies his rage.
Insatiate power, how many a valued friend,
Limbs of my tree, and glories of my reign,
Thy havoc-spreading arm hath torn away!
The space they fill'd is now a dreary void—
On the old trunk new friendship feebly grows—
Old age, to early ties with fondness clings,
Which sever'd, pain the heart, till memory dies.
Alas! all things must end, friendship must cease,
The heart that heaves for glory, turn to dust;
Whole armies die, great monarchies decay,
Lovers be separate, and the oblivious grave
At length, determine all our wants and fears.
Thou go'st before me; but few years will roll,
Ere down the road of death I too must wend;
Till then my memory oft shall wander here,
To catch the glimpses of thy setting sun;
Till then, as oft as to thy life I turn,
Thy name be honor'd, and thy exit mourn'd.
The generous Monarch ended, and the Chief:
Mourn not lov'd sovereign, thy poor servant's fall;
His doom is that of thousands this proud day;
But far more blest than theirs: In thy great sight,
I hear my country mourn a patriot gone,
And see imperial honors grace my tomb.
I ne'er ignobly shunn'd this gloomy hour;
But glory sought in many an iron storm;
Perhaps too heedless of man-shielding gold.
I fall resign'd; but that domestic train,
Their prop destroy'd, expos'd on life's rude stream,
Will curse the fatal ball, which laid me low,
And future years behold with tearful eyes,

I leave them to the guardian, who so oft
Hath kindly wip'd the widow's tears away.
Retire good Sovereign, for my plight obscures
Thy soul with grief; more great events require
Thy present notice, than one mortal's death.
So he, with faltering tongue; The king replies:
'Tis sadly pleasing to attend our friends
Distress'd, and sooth the death-bed of the brave.
Strangers to want thy progeny shall rise,
My bounty wipe thy widow's tears away,
Save those that spring in memory of thy worth.
He ended and the Marshal from his arms
Releas'd, whose eyes soon stiffen'd at death's hand.
His spirit rose above the stormy world.
Now dark Deceit emerges from her cave,
Involv'd in darkness, seeks Intrigue's abode,
High o'er where Alps on many a kingdom frowns,
And thus begins: Alas! what I foretold
Is now transpiring: Roars the storm of war
Tremendous, shaking Europe's utmost bounds.
With matchless expedition victory bears
The Gallic Emperor over bleeding foes—
On Oder's stream e'en now his legions throng,
The scatter'd nations flying wild before.
Why is not Austria's warlike host array'd
To breast the headlong torrent of his arms?
Does she not seek Illyria, the Tyrol,
Her influence high in Germany to regain,
To make the Inn her limit, and acquire
Warsaw's rich dukedom? What event will more
Advance th' accomplishment of her designs,
Than Gaul's destruction in the Russian land?
When Providence invites her to the field,
Why does she wallow in inglorious sloth,

And let the hopeful time forever pass?
Thus she—Intrigue the Austrian views explain'd:
When late she saw the Gallic legions fall
By Winter's power, mov'd by thy force and mine,
She form'd alliance with the Russian king;
And had, with all her strength, encounter'd Gaul;
But ere her armies march'd was Lutzen won.
Her hostile pact unknown, she deem'd it wise
To still dissemble, lest her generous foe,
Whose banners thrice have o'er Vienna wav'd,
Might keep th' advantage, if he swept again
Her vaunting antiques from the field of war.
What thou foretold'st has but in part transpir'd:
Know Sweden's strength hath not attain'd the field,
Nor hath the Russian half his force employ'd.
Could truce be had till all the federate bands
Were gather'd, them would potent Austria join,
And with o'erwhelming might the French oppose.
Still uninform'd of Austria's hostile aim
He might suspend the contest if she sought,
By mediation, to compose the feud:
His generous nature readily would yield
To her entreaty; he, too, wants repose.
A double object, then, we shall have gain'd,
Time to collect our powers, and chance to throw
On him the blame of this wide-wasting war.
How loud th' allies could tell the cheated world
Of their desire for peace, while they employ
All means t' ensure Contention's lasting reign!
Should we let slip a time so opportune
To influence Europe's crisis, and decide
The destiny of great nations? But ev'n now
Does Wisdom, by Necessity implor'd,
Admonish Wittgenstein, to seek a truce

Of that destructive conflict; Let us aid,
In work so useful, that sagacious dame.
Thus she, and quickly plung'd thro' yielding air,
To bright Vienna; while Deceit descends
To Russia's Emperor, and explains the plan
Intrigue suggested, to elude the weight
Of present trouble: He forthwith convenes
His Chiefs and Counsellors, and thus begins:
Our foes have triumph'd, nor the fault is ours:
You did what heroes could; but Heaven oppos'd.
Ah, what can feeble men! O'er-ruling Jove
Dispenses human doom: In vain man strives
Against his high decrees: We to our fate
Should act accordant, not, with vent'rous aim,
Counter to Wisdom's lore, draw greater wo
From Heaven's unwilling hand; then should we still
Join doubtful battle with Napoleon's host,
To ours superior, and inflam'd with pride
Of constant victory? Should we not recruit
Our ranks, where Death, with greedy rage, hath
prey'd?
With greater numbers we may war secure.
When reinforcements shall increase our strength,
'Twill be fit time to face th' imperious foe;
But ere such succor comes all Poland's clime
May see his banners in proud triumph wave,
And half our flying remnant glut the tomb.
Such wo to shun should we not trucc request
Of Gaul's great Chief, since Austria firm demands
Her mediatorial voice be heard? Who asks the boon
Dreadless of war, seeks peace; gives him to hope,
Nought promising, that we would much resign
To gain the blessing, fairest gift of Heaven!
Nor intimates our weakness, and distress,

Nor tries to hide what France too well perceives.
Thus he; the prudent measure all approve.
Kliest and Shouvaloff are deputed soon
To Gaul's victorious Emperor, to propose
The grateful intervention of a truce
To war's outrageous fury, while the powers
Negociate in pursuit of blissful peace;
The delegates the victor Chief attend,
And straight the needed object thus pursue:
Illustrious Emperor, war on thee confers
Brilliant success, on us, defeat and toil;
Because our Kings command new hosts to rise,
More numerous than the masses that oppos'd
Thy way at Lutzen, and red Bautzen's fields;
But much the hard necessity they mourn,
Which makes them separate sire and son to bear
Defensive arms against their fellow men.
And though of victory they have not despair'd,
As Austria wishes peace, they ask a truce
Of this contention, to deliberate well
The high conditions, free from war's alarms.
So they—Th' imperial hero thus replies:
When late the storms of heaven o'erwhelm'd my host,
You warr'd successful; but no truce I ask'd;
Yet truce there was of Mercy's healing reign.
Your savage fury fell not on the strong,
Subdued by Russian valor; but the weak,
The chill'd sojourners, whose surrender call'd
The hand of Pity to relieve their woes.
Can time efface this soilure from your name?
I wish no foe the infamy, which he earns,
By cruelty to the fallen. If revenge
Prompt me to give one's fame a cureless wound,

I him will tempt t' oppress the captive brave;
And if I fail, most joyfully will fail,
And own he merits victory, and respect.
Now rouse ye half the world to bring me low;
But Heaven again must aid you, else my arms
Make dance your regal trumpery wild retreat—
Make England's gold, and Sweden's valor vain!
He ended, and Shouvaloff thus rejoins:
More as philanthropists, than statesmen we
Thy sanction ask of truce. The good man wants
No power, attain'd by human wo; but seeks,
By generous sacrifice to save his race:
Yet Virtue's self, could Heaven neglect her pray'r,
And let Ambition's sateless claim prevail,
May make resistance, fatal, as severe,
'Till, sadly pleas'd, th' emancipated world
Wondering, exclaims, "th' oppressor is no more!"
As God is just, he gives to short-liv'd man
No license to disturb and bleed his kind;
But each one in his sphere requires to act
The part of Heaven to man—prevent distress—
Be charitable, merciful, benign,
And as he would be treated, treat with all.
If you persist in war, what hosts must die!
Fair youth and hoary age will rush to fight,
Till, cloy'd with blood, Mars sickens at the view.
When this great slaughter shall have curs'd the world,
No better offers, I predict, we make,
Than now; for then we well may try to gain
Meet compensation for the bloody toil.
We act impolitic, but most humane
To cease from warring while events afford
Excuse, to summon millions to the field;

'Tis what will bless our people, not our kings;
Humanity solicits, wilt thou hear?'
Thus he—the Chief resumes: 'What wondrous charm
Hath on your principles so deeply wrought,
So chang'd your monarchs' nature? These, of late,
Methought unmerciful, though now so kind—
So truly anxious for their people's weal,
They give up policy, for justice! More defeats
Would doubtless swell their virtue, and the good
Which thence would flow to half the human race
Might be immense: In causing which, I judge,
My acts accord with Heaven's benignant will.
'Twould not be wrong, then, to refuse your pray'r;
But much dispos'd to quench the torch of war,
And taste the joys of peace, I grant the truce,
Till two score days and seven shall pass away.
In that calm time East Prussia shall contain
The enemy's armies, and Silesia mine.
E'en Breslau and Berlin your troops may hold.
Our garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Molsk,
And Custrin, shall, if such our pleasure be,
Receive provisions each five days, the while,
And, round each post, one league of liberty enjoy.
Your present force, which Magdeburg blockades,
Must be remov'd, and that position freed.
Subscribe to this, and ye may cease from war.
Thus he—the embassy assent, and bear
The pleasing tidings to their mighty lords.
These soon the object of the truce disclos'd;
Nor fear'd he whom their followers faithless call'd,
Would e'en that fraudful compact disregard!
They summon men of every age to arms,
And loud proclaim the truce will end in war:

How well they knew th' events of future days!
Each moment of the respite gain'd is pass'd
In busy preparation, to renew
With force resistless war's unhappy reign.
While Austria mediates for the peace she shuns;
And asks of France, Illyria to restore,
With the Hanse Towns—that independent kings
Rule Italy and Holland—that the Pope,
Degraded long, as prisoner at St. Cloud,
(How chang'd, since monarchs as his hostlers toil'd!)
Be thron'd in Rome; anon withdraw from Spain
Her troops, and captive Ferdinand enthrone.
Wisdom this heard, as, from her high abode,
She view'd the subtle movements of th' allies;
And loth his magnanimity should more
Expose him to the malice of his foes,
Swift, as a solar ray, she shot from heaven,
And thus the Chief admonish'd and advis'd:
Man's guardian hero—Why inconstant prove
To constant victory? Why this ominous truce?
Deem'st thou that I control thy Austrian sire,
Or light the gloom of prejudice, which surrounds
His Court? Experience, big with wo, must aid
My voice, ere he discerns that Austria's weal
Depends upon the safety of thy power.
To shun the Lion he will feed the Bear;
From fancied upon real dangers run.
He fears the march of mind may harm his throne,
Instead of aiding those who fill it well!
Ah, from his policy no hopes indulge.
His Dam will not repel the hostile floods;
But, by collecting, much increase their force,
And, treacherous, whelm thee under Europe's
weight.

Know'st thou what pacts these kings with Freedom hold,
What clogs they put to revolution's wheels?
Has not each peace new coalitions rais'd,
Of the crown'd brethren, to o'erthrow thy power,
Who blam'd thee for the wars themselves provok'd?
Would Russia have implor'd armistice now,
But to gain force from old despotic states?
Her choice of her negociator shows—
The terms propounded copious answer give.
To these accede not, lest thy wants confess'd,
Increas'd demands would still the peace defer.
Let what is in the armistice lost seem given
Through confidence in thy superior might.
Had I been heard when Bubna sought to end
This mournful war, just after Lutzen bled,
I might have reconcil'd with Europe's peace
Thy glory, and the safety of thy throne;
But now thou canst not rest till kings despair
To crush thy power: Let not their hopes be fed
By indiscrete concessions; nor their fears
Awak'd by large demands. Peace must be woo'd
As if thou lov'dst, but could'st without survive.
This Rashness hearing, thus, with tremulous voice,
Indignant interrupts the sapient power:
Why parle of peace, where insult sole is found?
Conciliation flow from Borgo's lips!
As soon would Envy praise, or Malice love.
But honor holds the Emperor to the truce;
Else should the flames of combat furious burn,
And Discord toss the nations. This would give
His fortune matchless lustre. Shrink the arm
That signs inglorious peace, and blasts his hopes
Of shielding Europe's race with sacred laws.

Th' allies, I doubt not, tremble at his power;
Then, since negociation's farce is doom'd,
Let him insist on such oppressive terms,
As shall disgust his foes, and quickly end
Prague's solemn mockery. 'Twas in evil hour
He gave the vanquish'd truce—I feel the guilt
Of that ill deed; its storm-engendering calm
Sees fearful doubt o'ercast the face of kings,
And armies gathering from all Europe's states—
Its end is big with war, discord its dirge.
Thus she—the Emperor then: Too late advis'd,
I see in vain th' advantage rashly given
Th' insidious foe; but since this course is taken,
I'll firm pursue, or good, or ill befall,
And seek industriously the wish'd result.
Ere I descend this mountain of my power,
'Tis mine to swell the tide of royal woes.
My ill-requited kindness shall not spare
The sceptred ingrates, who have prostrate lain
Before th' imposing triumphs of my arms.
Have I o'erpriz'd the sense of kings so far?
My generous presents into vipers turn'd?
Shall then nor Hymen's altar, honor's voice,
Nor Austria's own dear interest, interpose
Against the iron torrent? Sure this truce,
If she were wise, can bring no ill result;
'Twill swell my numbers, and may sheath the sword.
If all well founded expectations fail,
We must submit to fate. Or win or lose,
Glory shall crown my toils. But will the foe,
Quite buried in defeat, persist to ask
My acceptation of less rule, than erst
Was mine? Such daring impudence indulg'd
By those so late in flight before our arms!

'Tis ominous of dull Austria's dark designs.
Some steps of fiery war must shake their thrones,
The kingdom-crimsoning tragedy be resum'd;
Lutzen and Bautzen's horrid strife recur:
Thus I'll negociate with the thunder's voice—
In the plain language of contested fields—
Which soon makes Avarice hear, and Prejudice see,
And hurries compliments from monarchs' tongues.
Scarce once bright Dian fill'd her silver horn,
While thrice defeated, thrice the nations fled
Before our infant armies. (Thou, Renown,
Hast told the story to th' admiring world.)
As erst, I saw the gates of war unfold
To glory's ample field, and giant power;
Which exercis'd by me, but transient time,
Would shed thick blessings on th' unhappy world;
But truce implor'd, I swift restrain'd the car
Of victory, bounding trembling princedoms o'er,
Forsook again the interests of mankind,
And limited our fortune, for the kings,
Who prove so thankless—for the joys of peace—
A flood of gladness rush'd upon my soul,
That she was near: Vain hope! no rest is mine:
To quit my crown, or subjugate the world,
Is the hard choice propos'd by ancient thrones.
Though on the waves of war I glorious sail,
I long to reach the haven of repose,
Lay down the great dictatorship, and show
The laws transcendant o'er the sword and crown.
He spoke, and wandering near great Frederick's tomb,
Pensive survey'd th' unconscious earth, that holds
The majesty renown'd of other days.
How have the mighty vanish'd! (he exclaims,)

Their greatness ended, save the empty sound!
Here set the sun of Prussian glory—here
All that could die of Frederick sleeps in dust.
Here ends his body—when will end his fame?
On that disease and worms, and time have prey'd;
But what can this devour! This stone may fall,
His kingdom crumble, pass to foreign hands;
But his renown shall flourish undecay'd
While letters last, and wisdom is admir'd.
Alas! thou hear'st not Fame's obstreperous trump:
No human voice can pierce the ear of death;
Nor joy, nor grief to his cold breast impart.
As some poor swain, untaught to stray beyond
His native fields, thou minglest with the clod.
Then why should man with toil pursue renown?
Sure not to enjoy it in the cheerless grave;
Self-approbation strews our path with flowers:
The hope of great celebrity, rewards
Our enterprise, ere death concludes our days.
Sad bourn, ere long, I, too, shall pass thy gloom,
And only live in history and in song—
Great monarchs then may ponder o'er my grave,
Forget themselves in memory of my deeds,
And say, "this mouldering dust once shook the world."
Grand monuments, and useful, I shall leave:
Well guarded Justice long shall bless my laws:
The traveller, oft, as o'er the Alps he wends,
Shall think of him, who smooth'd the long ascent.
Great navies, yet unhewn, as safe they ride,
In Cherbourg's sheltering port, shall laud the art,
That, rivalling nature, dug in solid rock
The harbor huge, and fac'd with ocean isles.

The works, which thrice four hundred millions rear'd,
Shall oft to life this fleeting form recall.
But O, how transient are the works of men!
E'en fame itself may die, though deathless deem'd:
One quake of ocean-trampled Earth might raze
All mortals' names, with all their structures proud.
Grandeur and power, how few are all your joys!
How small an isle, in time's eternal stream,
My labors form! Ah, what has man to boast!
Truth's sober influence Fancy's dreams dispels,
Evincing, happiness all things outweighs.
The greatest of mankind is poor and frail:
We seem, as insects on a body vast,
Scrambling each other o'er: Yet Earth's huge bulk
Scarce that relation bears to nature's frame,
As the minutest sand to yonder Sun.
Coop'd in this vault of stars, our eyes survey
But one apartment of the dome of Jove.
We know not, but the whole creation booms
Each second through th' interminable void
Of leagues unnumber'd millions. O, how high
Th' Almighty sits, and guides the march of worlds!
Preserves their order: here Sol's fires renews—
There wheels the planets round the burning orb—
Now gives direction to the comet's flight,
And in its place each constellation holds.
Thus he—the truce expires—Yet unprepar'd for war,
The Austrian King for its extension sues.
Gaul's Emperor grants for one score days his pray'r,
That time may show where Austria's interest lies.
But all conciliatory measures fail,
And big with war th' armistice rolls away.
Now with affected anger and regret,

That Gaul's pretensions forc'd him to contend,
The Austrian Emperor to the world declares:
"My friendly call conven'd the powers at Prague
In search of peace: Great were my hopes to view
The jarring nations own her blissful sway,
While every power retain'd what justice gave;
But these glad hopes have fled: A sea of war
Napoleon o'er the suffering continent rolls,
Alarming all her states. His daring claims
Our being menace, and insult our crown.
Then we must on him war, or yield our throne
And honor to th' encroachment of his power;
A sad alternative! May Heaven ordain
It bring to long distracted Europe peace."

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK XI.

ANALYSIS.

The position and numbers of the troops—The plan of operations of the Allies discussed by Moreau, the Sovereigns of Russia, and Prussia and Schwartzenberg. Napoleon pursues Blucher, who, according to the plan adopted, retreats for the purpose of seducing the French Emperor from Dresden; In his absence the main force of the Allies attempts to storm the city; but Napoleon returns during the battle, and directs a sortie against both wings—The next day the Allies are defeated, and pursued by Vandamme into the valley of Culm, where he and his corps are captured and dispersed—Brief notice of events contemporary and subsequent—The Allies menacing Napoleon's communications with France, he concentrates his armies between the Partha & Pleisse, in and around Leipsic—The battles of Leipsic & Hanau.

Ten times had Sol on sultry August shone,
When blazing rockets stream'd, from height to height,
Up heaven's dark vault, from Prague to Trachenberg:
Thus, Austria, to th' allies, announc'd the end
Of truce, and that the dogs of war were loos'd.
Wild Discord glow'd, as glared the threatening sign,
And flew to Lunenberg, in headlong haste,
To hear his thunders, shouts, and groans; For there
Davoust, with Gaul's and Denmark's fiery sons
Assails th' allies, and drives them from the field.
O'er Stettin then she shakes her crimson brand;
Its batteries feel the rage of thundering arms,
With Russia interchanging deadly blows.

Meantime, Napoleon, from Vittoria, hears
The tidings of defeat: He Soult deputes
To bring back victory to his hosts in Spain
And guard his France from Albion's threatning arms.
He turns the graceful trees of Dresden's walks
To palisades and bulwarks. Here he bides
With his fam'd guards, his armies posted round:
Full sixty thousand in Lusatia camp'd;
At Leipsic, Oudinot three score controll'd;
McDonald ninety, on Silesia's bounds;
Wrede thirty, in Bavaria; the Vice Roy,
In Italy, forty, on th' Adige, commands;
St. Cyr, near Pirna, twenty rul'd, and watch'd
The passes from Bohemia: There th' allies,
In number ten score thousand, Prague surround,
And Schwartzenberg obey. Prince Bernadotte
Twice fifty thousand, at Berlin, controls;
Bold Blucher guards Silesia with four score;
And Walmoden, with forty, Schwerin holds:
The prince of Reuss, with equal force, observes
The corps of Wrede, and Hiller the Vice Roy's.
Full twice four hundred thousand stalk in arms.
Moreau had left the refuge of th' oppress'd
To aid his country's foes; by them uprais'd
To guilty dignity, through him to crush
Th' Earth-filling Emperor: Although France retain
Napoleon on her throne, can that excuse
The matricidal blow? While nations hold,
'Tis glorious, in our country's cause, to die,
That private must to public objects yield,
May he, for personal wrongs, attack the state?
Though she on Linden's conqueror looks with pride,
She mourns the errors of her wandering child.
With him the Chiefs and Sovereigns of th' allies

Confer, upon the future course of war:
The Russian Emperor thus invites his aid:
If great Napoleon fall, loud-tongued Renown
Will say, the arm was thine, that laid him low;
If he prevail, with his inferior force,
We, with th' astonish'd world, may well exclaim,
"This cannot be Moreau of other times!"
Now all our armies in a circle stand
Round Dresden, where Napoleon keeps his guard,
His armies an interior circle hold.
Their numbers, and positions thou hast seen.
So situate, what shall we do? Declare.
He spoke—Moreau replies: Man may deserve
Though not obtain success; And Fortune oft,
Capricious, mocks the skilful and the brave.
Napoleon best is fought, where he not holds
With energy his own, the battle's reins.
All circumstances show, 'tis his design,
As bounds the Tyger from his compass'd lair,
To dart from Dresden, with his guard, and give
Preponderance to each army, when the hour
For combat comes, and crush th' opposing force;
Then back on Dresden fall, and leisurely,
Await th' occasion for another stroke;
And thus, successively, our hosts o'erwhelm.
So circumstanced, he greater force than we,
In equal time, may concentrate on points,
Upon the lesser circle, which he holds.
To thwart his plan, then, if he forward move,
Admit him scarce to skirmishes; but fly,
Well serving on his front, our heaviest arms.
Let no temptation lead one to resist
The ponderous torrent, that his presence rolls;
His voice, his look, makes heroes: When he rides

Through shouting armies, Death indignant sees,
That man no longer trembles at his darts.
His genius, boundless as great nature, guides
Efficiently the tempest that he wakes.
While thus he marches far, in vain pursuit,
Let Schwartzenberg on Dresden fall, in storm;
Our other forces press Napoleon's rear;
Destroy his intercourse, and round him close.
He will not scale Bohemia's mountain roads,
Till Bernadotte or Blucher is assail'd;
Hence, Schwartzenberg's will be th' glorious task,
To spread our banners over Dresden's walls.
His appui gone, and his supplies our own,
The enemy then must quit the vale of Elb.
Thus he—then Russia's Emperor: Sweden's Prince
Like counsel gave. The plan implies delay:
Some fain would rush on Dresden, and secure
The great disturber, with our giant force,
Before he could combine his scatter'd hosts:
Our strength sufficient seems t' ensure success;
But may the victory not be bought too dear,
And prove less welcome, for its bloody haste?
He spoke—The Prussian Monarch thus advis'd:
Let myriads bleed, and flood the field with gore,
If this may frustrate Europe's hated scourge.
What, though a hundred thousand warriors fall?
Full thrice that number, if Napoleon reign,
Must tread the downward way; then let us sweep
Him and his legions, with united arms,
Down ruin's gulf, and close the deadly game!
Protracted war not only robs of life,
And causes general wo, but wastes our stores.
A limb, cut off, the body heal'd revives;

As one who sick repels the loathsome dose,
And after many a painful hour expires
Are we, unless this joint attack be made.
Our thunderers vast shall prostrate Dresden's walls
And his cramp'd legions rend, while our large hosts
Infuriate, strong and dreadful on them plunge,
Sweeping, like mighty floods, their lines along.
Will victory then be doubtful? Must not France
Yield her Napoleon to our mightier arm?
I hate to hear my burden'd people groan
At war's wide havoc in their native land:
The sound already harrows up my soul.
For us they bear the frightful weight of woes;
To us they look for quick relief; say then,
Shall millions mourn, and we reproach endure,
To keep some thousands from an earlier grave?
Hope not to gain the object of this strife
Without extensive slaughter of our sons;
A man of carnage wields th' opposing sword—
The mob's dread sovereign, and the plague of kings.
The Monarch ceas'd, and Schwartzenberg began.
Napoleon and his guard, beside St. Cyr,
With twenty thousand would our host detain
Before the walls of Dresden; while his skill
Would concentrate, and throw superior force
Upon our flanks. Th' attempt, propos'd, might end
In our destruction. Be th' attack deferr'd,
Until diminish'd numbers, and St. Cyr,
Comparatively, small defence can make;
That, with more certainty, we may compute
The time essential to secure the prize.
He spoke—the Council with Moreau concur;
And couriers, straight, to every distant Chief
Convey th' adopted plan, with earnest charge,

To rigidly pursue the course prescrib'd.
Soon Blucher menaces McDonald's powers:
Forthwith, Napoleon to his Marshal's aid
Conducts his guard; but Blucher timely flies;
He bids adieu, in thunder, as he goes
Across the Kutzbach, and position takes
Near Jauer, Silesia's capital to shield.
Meantime, near Prague, a living ocean heaves,
With shining arms, and waving flags, and plumes,
Hoarse trumpets, rattling drums, & neighing steeds,
And in the midst, three kings of mighty realms:
The bristling torrent from Bohemia pours;
St. Cyr beholds, and heralds, thrice, he sends,
Napoleon from Silesia to recall,
With speed retreats before th' enormous mass
And, entering Dresden, waits the threaten'd storm.
Moreau directs the way each Chief shall guide
His myriads to the fight. Soon the vast hosts
Array'd for deadly conflict, sternly wheel
On battle's verge. Like gloomy rolling clouds
Driven by hoarse blasts with heaven's artillery fraught,
Portentous darkness casting o'er the world,
The arm'd hosts seem, thick hovering round the town.
Like twice ten thousand thunders, bursting loud
From heaven's dark batteries, roar the guns allied;
Thick as the wintry hail descends the sky,
An iron tempest pours on Dresden's walls
And van-redoubts: Whence France the storm
return'd;
The city, fiery-mouth'd, talk'd deadly tongue;
A flood of ruin on th' assailants falls;
Heaven darker grows; Earth drinks the bloody
streams;
Red Slaughter banquets; Mars infuriate spreads

Fearful commotion; Screams of dying men
Thickening arise; Discord, with ghastly smile,
Glides round upon a cloud of angry shapes,
And the destruction of mankind enjoys.
In front, the Austrians press the bulwarks high,
Tremendous flaming; soon on one they seiz'd;
But quick the French to safer post retir'd,
Whence they pour'd copious ruin on the foe,
Who slow receded from his deathful prize.
St. Cyr despairing long to hold the town
Against the raging nations, often cast
A longing eye beyond the Elb; at length,
He sees, rush o'er the bridge, th' imperial guard;
High midst them rode the lion-hearted Chief;
With lightning eye, and thundering voice, he storms,
Directing, urging fast the panting throng;
He throws the light of hope on Saxony's King,
O'er whose abode Destruction lifts her bolts
And flies t' assail the foe on either wing,
Already wounded deep by shelter'd France.
Lo! the check'd enemy! Thus to Ney he calls,
Make instant sortie on his shatter'd left;
Lest fast approaching night should give him chance
T' elude our vengeance, and escape disgrace:
Go, doubly clad in terrors, on him fall,
Like darkness on bewilder'd traveller lorn.
Remember proper union to maintain
With Dresden's batteries; nor intemperate rage,
Nor seeming flight of foes efface this lore:
Excess of zeal defeats its own designs.
Thus he; then bids Mortier, by Pirna's gate
Assail the enemy's right; but still rely
On Dresden's shielding thunder. While he spoke,
Through Plauen's gate Ney thirty thousand leads

Along the ball-plough'd field, and like swift floods
Against the nations rush'd, destroying wide,
First, big with death, their levell'd muskets burn'd;
Then, closing on the adverse host, dread strife
Began; arms bray'd on arms; dire tumult rose;
Bayonet on bayonet clash'd, seeking sad sheath
In warriors' hearts; and soon th' allies gave way:
As a wide sea of clouds, along th' horizon spread,
Pierc'd by resistless tempests, scatter'd rolls
In troubled grandeur on the lofty air,
Disorder'd, and confounded, they swift wheel'd
From the close terrors; France amain pursues,
Scattering destruction; and now fatal rout
Had waited the leagu'd powers; but Maurice bold
Resum'd the combat; stopp'd the hurtful flight,
And firm withstood th' attack of furious France,
Till nigress night began her friendly reign.

Gaul slumbers on the bloody field, till morn
Look'd sullen through the water pouring skies,
O'ercast with darkening clouds, and black with storm.
Big floods of rain oppress'd the warring powers;
A howling tempest swept along the world;
Yet Gaul's high sovereign wills the flames of fight
Shall not decay: He deems the host allied,
That late gigantic durst his bulwark storm,
Will fly confounded from his waken'd rage;
And thus addresses his assembled Chiefs:

Marshals, th' audacious foe completely foil'd
And hurried by plain argument far off
The field he sought, still blushing with his gore,
Behooves us to pursue the great success,
And by one noble stroke conclude the war.

Methinks ye say, why take the equal field
Against who late seem'd stronger thrice than we?

Know, if superior numbers aid their cause,
We have superior valor: Flush'd with joy
Of recent victory, can mere thousands rout
Our heroes? If repuls'd, we have this shield.
With every thing to gain, at little risk,
Fortune invites us to th' important fray.
Let our wing'd thunderers, from positions bold,
O'erwhelm the enemy, with resistless force,
Our lighter arms swift seconding their blows.
My genius shall attend on every side.
Go, end in victory this tempestuous day.
Thus he, then on their weaker points directs
Each column 'gainst th' allies, from Strehlen's heights
To Plauen's, issuing fast from Dresden's gates
With standards billowing on the violent wind.
A thousand drums and trumpets hoarse resound;
That draw the mind from gusts and chilling showers.
In squadrons, lofty coursers prance along,
The trampled field o'ershading, like dun clouds
Tumultuous hurried through th' aerial hall.
Th' assembled nations swift prepare to meet
The coming tempest; Monarchs anxious view
The broad plain darkening with th' assailing host.
Alas! they cry, what wo betides us now!
What daring scheme Napoleon's mind employs
To wreck our armies! these superior far
Are enervated by abortive strife.
Oh! Sovereign Jove, forget not Monarchs' prayers;
Nor doom our kingdoms to be rul'd by France!
Must revolution's terrors on death's wings
Pursue us all our days; while millions mourn;
While nature's face a drearer aspect wears;
Ev'n God's own works are marr'd by human pride!
Soon o'er the ample field th' artillery roars;

An iron tempest falls on either host,
And ghastly slaughter grows. Discord elate
Flies to and fro amidst the stormy scene,
And swells the fury of contention's fires.
The bleeding conflict, rob'd in smoke and flames,
Incessant thunder'd all the dreadful day,
Thousands on thousands to dark Hades hurl'd,
And heap'd the field with steeds and warriors dead.
And thou, Moreau, while with the Russian King
Conversing, heard'st the summons of the grave.
Sad was thy fall; lamented was thy doom;
It cast deep sorrow o'er the federate Kings;
Their brighter star seem'd snatch'd from hope's fair heaven,
Where cold the blast of disappointment blew;
For much had they depended on thy skill,
And evil influence o'er the mob of Gaul.
As Sol was gliding down the western skies,
Napoleon thus Murat commands: Behold
The enemy's left, where Austrian forces war,
By Plauen's vale are separate from the main;
Against them lead thy cavalry, fury-wing'd,
While I assist thee, by manœuvring well
On this rent centre, and decide the strife.
Thus he: Murat his ardent squadrons leads
With headlong expedition on the foe.
As surges swelling under angry storm
Fall foaming from mid heaven on rocky shores,
With dreadful clangor rush the squadrons bold
On Austria's bands: As flexile corn, assail'd
By mighty tempests, bends, and breaks, and sighs,
The Austrians yield before the onset dire.
Loud screams and groans succeed; wild disarray,
And unavailing flight; for myriads quit

Their frustrate arms, and prisoners leave the field.
Napoleon eagre to secure the spoil
Vandamme past Pirna urg'd. The nations saw
Th' ominous movement; Fear her banner wav'd
Above the host, foul signal of retreat;
Nor more th' allies of high dominion dream'd,
But personal safety, and swift flight began
Through fields, and woods, in unfrequented paths,
O'er prostrate fences, and down steep descents;
For Gaul on Pirna and on Plauen stood,
Both wings victorious, holding each highway:
Great monarchs, marshals, squires and soldiers fled
Her fiery face in wild uproar, nor stopp'd
When darkness settled on the stormy sphere.
But fled through darkness, tangled thickets wild,
Deep miry vales, and chilling rain, till morn,
With cheerless aspect, greets their weary eyes;
Then Osterman beholds Vandamme behind,
From the high ground of Peterswald, descend
The vale of Culm, and he, oblig'd to brave
That Marshal's tyger fury, or expose
Toplitz, that lies beyond, with all the kings,
To capture. Straight on fight resolv'd,
He passes Culm, close follow'd by his foe,
Approaches near Toplitz, and sudden turns,
Like boar at bay, and pours a furious blast,
Bold earning Victory's favors, faces death,
Excites the guard: For by the heavens! he cries,
There stands our father, yonder come his foes.
Shall we, his sons, his guard, his favor'd band,
Prove recreant in this hour? O! if you lose
The memory of your bleeding country's wrongs,
Th' examples of devotion, that she boasts,
The sacrifice of Moscow, all her tears

And cries for vengeance, still, regard yourselves;
Soil not the glorious title, that we bear;
Nor let the world, with scornful finger, say,
There goes the guard, on which their sire relied;
Their shameful conduct clos'd his life in chains!
Thus he, and motionless, the listening powers
Look'd stern defiance through the thickening storm.
Vandamme makes dreadful onset; like wild waves
Thundering on rocks, his army moves; as rocks
Meet boisterous waves, the Russians breast the surge
Loud, fierce and deadly; corps succeeding corps,
From Peterswald moves darkening all the vale,
And breaks, in thunder, on the Russian shield;
That, like a mountain, midst tempestuous storms,
Which shiver giant rocks, and oaks, stands firm,
What lives, though scath'd and torn, & dripping gore,
Where reel'd the fight, brave Osterman was seen,
Exhorting, threatening, urging on reserves:
In greeting fierce Mars snatched away his arm,
That bleeding flew along the darkening heaven.
Just then De Tolly reinforcements brought,
And Schwartzenberg dispatch'd essential aid;
Still undecided raged the fearful fray.
Kind night, at length, a starless banner wav'd,
Earth ceas'd to tremble at the battle's voice,
And silence o'er Bohemia's mountains reign'd.
Now, now Vandamme, reflect, Napoleon bade
Thee, pass not Peterswald; thy steps retrace,
While darkness calms the stormy sea of war,
Seek not to mend what loftier genius fram'd;
But, ah! 'tis thine to give another proof,
That he, who deals with evil, feels her fangs;
The Emperor soon shall curse the luckless hour
vice or folly could his fate control;

For morn and danger overtook the French
In that forbidden vale: Superior force,
Led on by Schwartzenberg, compell'd their flight
Towards Peterswald; but Kliest, (escap'd St. Cyr
Through Schoenwald's woods,) advancing from that town,
Believ'd them bent to intercept his flight:
The powers of France, too, deem'd he them waylaid:
Each nation quick resolv'd to force a path
Through th' other, onward plunging in despair;
Both striving to retreat; but Kliest, at length,
Sees Austrian armies press the Gallic rear,
And tries no more to fly, but seize the prize:
Vandamme and twice four thousand, with his park,
Are captur'd, and his host, disbanded, fled.
Thus was dissolv'd the net Napoleon cast
To seize th' advantages of Dresden's field.
So fate ordain'd; for when he left her walls
To aid Vandamme and take the federate Kings,
His countenance glowing with the light of joy,
Disease, with hasty fury, on him threw
Her withering venom; sudden dimness veil'd
His eyes high prone; life's vigor ebb'd away;
On the dark verge of death his senses reel'd;
The routed nations, the whole world he lost.
Borne back to Dresden, on the bed of pain,
Three days he suffer'd heedless of events,
While fled th' allies and swept the French before.
Meantime Silesia witness'd dreadful fields:
There Blucher on McDonald drove war's storm,
Who, girt by foes, and Bober's raging flood,
Lost ninety thunderers, twice seven thousand troops.
While Bernadotte brave Oudinot o'ercome:
Gross Beeren witness'd that tremendous fray

Just as the fervid Sun in Virgo blaz'd.
When thence the life of worlds the fifth day gave,
And at the moment Gaul from Dresden flam'd,
Girard endur'd like fate; the venturous Swedes
Dispers'd his legions with destructive rage,
While Belzig blush'd with gore of slaughter'd men.
Next Dennewitz, the shock of armies views;
There Sweden's prince foils Ney; ten thousand men,
And forty guns are lost; the field is strew'd
With human ruins, wither'd, pale in death,
Crush'd by the iron feet of cruel war;
So flowers, by steeds proud bounding o'er the lawn,
Broke from their vital roots, shrink, fade and die.
Zehista next attested mortal fight,
And Dohna's turrets smok'd with iron showers;
Thence, Wittgenstein retreated—Gaul pursues
Led by her Emperor (just escap'd disease,)
To Peterswald. Soon Culm again surveys
Contending armies, and sad havoc spread;
There Coleredo, with his Austrians bears
The brunt of combat, and his army leads
To safety from Destruction's closing jaws.
Next Altenburg saw Cossack battle burn:
There Platoff on Lefebre warr'd; their steeds,
Like meeting whirlwinds, mingled in wild fray,
And with their warriors strew'd the slippery plain—
France met defeat, and flew the mournful field.
Bladin the while was shock'd by iron storm;
DeYork and Blucher, there, against Bertrand
Destruction pour'd, and France was doom'd to yield;
At Mockern, too, where Langeron, St. Priest,
And Blucher, warr'd on Ney, Bertrand, Marmont,
Who fled, sore beaten, o'er the Parthian stream.
Thrice Blucher tempted, and thrice Wittgenstein

Napoleon's onset, and as oft pursued
Moreau's advice, and shunn'd the fatal blow.
His rear now threaten'd, he from Dresden moves,
Leaving St. Cyr th' important town to hold;
On Pleisse concentrates his shatter'd hosts:
His foes in combination on him press,
Moving towards Leipsic, and to Europe's doom,
With giant armies, lately reinforc'd
With three score thousand, by Beningsen led;
Midst these were Tartars, e'en from China's wall,
And Baskirs, clad in skins, with arrows arm'd,
Drawn in war's vortex from their distant wilds.
Twice twelve times had the sun in Libra shone,
When Europe's banded powers round Leipsic
throng'd;
They cover'd earth, as forests, seen from peaks
Of Caucassus, or Alleghany high,
With limbs light waving to the summer breeze.
What pity such vast numbers should contend!
Celestial Wisdom calls the world to peace;
But few, a mourning few, attend her voice.
Oh! mighty Jove, fast hasten that glad time,
When war shall end, and Justice rule mankind,
All tyranny and fraud to hell remov'd,
And human hearts no more to evil prone.
Half circling Leipsic stands Napoleon's host,
Each wing on Pleisse's stream that laves her walls,
His centre on Probstheyda; In his front
Bristled the conjunct force of mighty states,
Out numbering twice his own; In various robes,
With standards waving proud. At early dawn
He leads the giant battle, big with fate,
And hopes to rout the hosts in front before
The Swede and Blucher on his left will fall;

Whose coming, rockets, in the nightly sky
Red streaming, told, answering the silvery glare
Of signals from the neighboring camp upthrown.
A thousand raging thunderers Earth alarm,
As when the hand of Jove hurls angry day
Of quivering bolts, red hissing o'er her realms:
An iron tempest rends the darkening air;
Long lines fall groaning on the trembling ground,
And crimson streams roll, smoking, o'er the plains.
Through Pleisse's marshes, Mehrfeldt's legions wade;
On Markleberg Kliest pours a deadly storm:
The Gallic right here reels; the Polish Prince,
By Souham aided, from the left recall'd,
The man-devouring tempest fierce returns,
Drives from the shelter'd town the Prussian host,
Assails Mehrfeldt in flank, and him secures.
Wirtemberg's Prince fought Victor at Wachau;
Klenau on Lauriston at Liebert flam'd;
Thither, six times, th' allies like furious floods
Impetuous dash'd; as oft they backward roll'd,
Like surges from the wind-tost ocean's shore.
Napoleon noting well the pulse of fight,
And where the tide of courage ebbs and flows,
Bids sage McDonald sweep Klenau away,
Lauriston aids, and bids him swift advance,
And break th' enemy's centre, weary grown,
With efforts vain. Straight, forward rush his powers,
And soon on Gossa rolls the thickening fray;
The Emperor's genius on the tempest rides,
His armies moving with resistless force:
As day's bright orb illumes the worlds around,
Their course directs, and animates their soil,
So he enlightened, with new strength inspir'd,
And rul'd his host. On all sides now ascends
The thundering voice of battle: Muskets burn,

Thrice ninety thousand in one deafening peal,
Effusing flames and smoke and leaden showers,
O'er many a league the march of death resound.
E'en while from Gossa vanquish'd Russia flies
From Gaul's advancing centre, busy Mars,
At Blucher's furious onset, startled turns;
He on Marmont, with thrice his numbers, falls:
The Gallic left can scarce withstand his blows;
Swift breathless heralds, from Ragusa, claim
That Souham's forces to his aid return;
But these were fiercely warring on the right,
Where Poniatowsky hardly held his ground
Against Bianchi, and the Austrian host.
The while, Napoleon bids Murat assail
The broken forces, just from Gossa hurl'd.
The King of Naples his fleet powers arrays;
They fly, like whirlwinds, wheeling at his call;
Himself, in front, intent on victory's palms,
Careers sublime, by peerless valor fir'd.
O'er all his host, conspicuous, bright with gold,
His brows o'ershaded with a snowy plume,
High nodding, like the foam on troubled waves,
He rides upon the foremost surge of war,
And leads his squadrons headlong on the foe,
Scattering in storm his serried files; as floods
Swift down Niagara's cataract thundering hoarse
Dash from their path the foamy tide below;
While flash the water's lightnings through the rising
mist,
And from the streaming column bound the boiling
waves.
Maubourg and Kellerman like ardor moves;
With grenadiers reserv'd, Rajefsky seeks
To stop their progress; but they o'er him drive,
To Magdeburg advancing. Russia's King

Observes them now disorder'd by success,
And bids his guard attack: While Leipsic's bells
Proclaim'd th' advantage brief, his Cossacks charg'd:
Then horrid Discord rag'd; tremendous sounds
Of arms loud clashing, screams of fallen men,
Low trampled by steel'd hoofs, extended wide;
Though furious, disunited, France oppos'd;
Her broken clouds to Gossa's heights return'd
Before the Cossack blast; condensing there,
Beneath the sheltering thunder, dark she lowers.
While Saxony's King, with sounding bells, rejoic'd
At coming victory, Leipsic's walks were strew'd
With wounded, groaning men, and blood, and tears;
Tremendous thunders roar'd from Lindenau,
That hurl'd an iron tempest o'er the field,
Fast sweeping the leagued armies from life's stage;
Kleinschacher, answering loud the murderous showers,
On France a man-destroying torrent hurl'd:
But sudden now, east, south, and north he hears
The voice of fight with tenfold fury rise:
That drowns the sounds of joy and shakes his towers:
The Gallic left reels under Blucher's blows:
Torn Mockern to superior numbers yields,
With twice ten thunderers, twice ten hundred men.
On all the warring circle wasteful rage
Labors in slaughter. Fierce on Gossa falls
Th' impetuous Russians, like rocks, bounding down
Stupendous mountains craggy vast and steep;
As rocks, long seated in some woody vale,
Withstand the might of ponderous rushing floods,
The French sustain the shock, with bayonets red,
Muskets revers'd, and fierce athletic grasp.
Then swells loud tumult; hideous Discord storms
In wildest fury; darker frowning, Mars

Shoots round the field, and fiery tempests breathes,
Like lightning, burst from blackest cloud of even.
Impending terrors deck his stormy brow;
His hasty glancing eyes infuriate burn;
While laugh hell's demons on th' infernal main,
And ghosts of warriors glide into the gloom,
Where winds ne'er rove, nor light, nor sound invades.
Blood and disparted limbs round Gossa roll'd:
Thence thrice the French, the Russians thrice were driven,
With shouts, the clash of arms, and cannon's roar.
When taming darkness hush'd the battle's voice,
Fortune with Russia left the gory prize.
The while, on thundering Lindenau a host
Was led, but Gaul repell'd: Her voltigeurs
Pour'd copious ruin on th' advancing mass:
From tree to tree, from shield to shield they sped,
Their arms disploding with incessant blaze.
The leaden tempest, beating on th' allies,
Compell'd them soon to fly the face of France,
And answering bolts from shielding heights discharge.
Now Phœbus drives beyond th' Atlantic waves,
And truce-imposing night broad Europe shades.
The hostile myriads quit their wicked jar,
Encamp midst gore, and kindle fires along
Their far extended lines. Each party holds
The ground he cover'd when the fight began,
Except Marmont is nearer Leipsic's walls.
The morn rose sacred to the sire of worlds;
Nor will'd the warring nations to profane
Its sanctity with battle's odious din;
Though much they toil'd, preparing to contend.
Gaul look'd for peace, th' allies for Sweden's prince

Whose rockets, blazing on the nightly air,
His presence promis'd ere another day.
Mehrfeldt, just captur'd, to the Austrian King
Napoleon delegates to ask a truce;
The same Mehrfeldt, who erst, at Austerlitz,
On Austria's part, solicited kind terms
From one who wielded kingdom-crushing power:
Go, says Napoleon, bid your Emperor heed
The interests of his child: Tell him we yield
To all the terms th' allies required at Prague:
If they accord the truce we now request,
Forthwith from Germany will our army move.
The sire and husband's interests both demand
The measure, since Bavaria on me wars.
To circumstances let our steps conform.
Mehrfeldt, adieu! When on my part you name
Armistice to the Emperors, at thy voice,
Doubtless, will many a recollection rise!
The Count departs, but never to return:
To Sovereigns, less accustom'd to success,
Than Austerlitz' great victor, he held forth
The olive branch, tempting what might exist
Of generous nature to reciprocate
One tythe of the indulgence he had given
On that fam'd field, where, with heroic grace,
He spared the feelings of imperial foes.
He wanted no permission to retreat;
For on him, still, the hope of victory blaz'd;
And time had prov'd, the things conceded worth
Less than the needful price of their defence.
The while Deceit forsakes her sombre cave—
On gloomy pinions hurries through the deep,
Which opening to the surface gives her way,
There, wrapt in silvery clouds, she glides along
Swift as inclement winter's loudest gales.

The bright ey'd Sylphs & Demons round her throng
Revealing actions of terrestrial men;
But sly depart her presence, as she tends
Where danger frowns, bordering on Fear's domain.
Still on through darkening air, and louring sky,
Menac'd by surging billows, fares the queen,
Her veil of mist blown off by whistling gusts,
And wings, stretch'd on the fitful blast, till lost
In blackest clouds, with heaviest thunder stor'd,
Threatening to burst and set the heavens on fire:
Here she loud calls: What being rules this wild,
Where furious winds blow adverse, and convolve
Such frightful ocean of electric cloud,
That, were it to explode, might singe high heaven
And scatter to and fro Earth's rocky hills?
Hear thou dark spirit of the midnight storm,
(Sure, here thou dwell'st,) bestow some kinder blast,
That soon shall waft me from this dreary plight
To rest's calm haven—Or thou eternal Jove,
Help me to traverse this perplexing gloom.
Thus spoke she, louder than the roar of floods
From some huge continent's bosom pour'd, that mix
And thunder down a craggy steep, in foam,
Shaking the mountains round; The goblins heard,
And groans swell'd on the murky air o'er all the waste.
Fear, at the sound, with all her haggard train
Forsook her trembling palace, to explore
The region dark, whence came the wondrous voice,
Exclaiming thus: What stranger wanders here
Nor calls my aid, though none beside me holds
This stormy reign! Some wretched one, I ween,
Who on Hope's lofty summit tottering stands,
And dark despair's drear wild with horror views—
Some rash adventurer for unlawful prize,
Who finds presumption's fit reward—Thus she-

And now the bursting clouds hurl'd angry day
Of thunderbolts, red hissing o'er her main;
Swift rush'd a furious tempest on the waves,
And lash'd them foaming to the blazing skies;
On a fierce quivering bolt Deceit flew down,
Thrown from the summit of the roaring clouds
To the dark bottom of the sea profound:
Ascending thence she spies the wild-ey'd queen
Beside her dome, half buried in the flood,
And thus bespeaks her, louder than the storm:
O sister, what great perils have I pass'd!
Lost, and bewilder'd in a night of clouds,
Thou might'st have heard me wail my evil plight;
At length the lightning hurl'd me headlong down
The dark profundity of this wild main;
Just from its lurid vale, thus sing'd, I rise,
After short durance midst the whirlpools there.
But now brief time is left me; let us fly
Towards Leipsic, and thou lead the shortest way
From this bleak waste; for now methinks Gaul's Chief
Admits thy presence. In Silesia late
He triumph'd o'er the nations; and by pride
Of victory, spurn'd their offers of repose;
For so, mankind, or dup'd, or not, believe.
Now hemm'd round Leipsic by superior powers,
His sole salvation must be courage vast,
Sure nought but superhuman skill can save.
He always, as thou know'st, derides thy name:
His fickle host unnerve, and take revenge;
Let them confounded fly the nations' rage,
And grant insulting pride full cause to mourn.
Thus she, and thus the timorous queen replied:
I heard and sought thee till the thunder rag'd,
threw me hither. Glad I learn thy aim,

And quick will guide thee from this boisterous wild;
But though that hero holds my name in scorn,
He erst hast given me sway o'er Europe's Kings;
These too, begin to scoff unhappy Fear,
Since they make head against his failing arms,
Perhaps, forgetful of my favors past:
To my advice the German Monarchs owe
Their present power: I taught them to repair
The faults of Valor with persuasive gold,
And from the victor buy the sceptred prize.
Thus she—and fix'd her steeds to cloudy car;
Each, with a thousand pinions smote the air,
And look'd for terrors with a thousand eyes;
Each eye, as sultry Sirius, brilliant shone.
High, on the dusky wain, Deceit and Fear
Together sit; the winged monsters fly
Through clouds and tempests o'er the rolling waves;
Before them, Hope's bright star exulting shines
Through fast decreasing darkness, and behind,
The storm, in lessening murmurs, dies away.
Ere this Intrigue had spread her radiant wings
For Leipsic, in the chill nocturnal gloom,
And there explor'd the minds of Saxon bands.
As high o'er Faucha sat the fraudful queen,
Involv'd in clouds, and night o'erspread the land,
The twain approach'd her; greeting small she gave,
Then fast them shrouded in redoubled night,
And thus address'd Deceit: Kind adjunct hail,
So much desir'd! I will'd, ere long, to go
To Earth's far end, where deep in caves thou dwell'st;
But much I dreaded that bewildering gloom,
In which Fear holds her watchful, hapless reign,
For travellers oft are buried in its night,
And driven by terrors to a wretched doom.
"Or happy state, that well repays their dread

Loud interrupting adds the timorous queen.
Then, after silence brief, Intrigue resumes:
Our subtle arts may now successful prove:
Napoleon late near fortune's slippery verge
Has wander'd rash, scarce able to sustain
The shock of hostile nations. Could we grant
His foe more might, or enervate his powers,
Methinks he tumbles from his wondrous height,
And all the subject nations break their chains:
E'en war-sick France would throw him from her breast:
For, were he in this battle overthrown,
Th' allies would rush resistless o'er his realm,
Like ocean, when he bursts some lofty shore,
And ponderous thunders o'er devoted plains,
Swallowing their busy tenants, herds and men.
Then while this darkness Europe's continent shades,
(Time oppertune t' accomplish dark designs)
Let us inspire the Saxon bands to fly
The lines of France on morrow's final fray.
They occupy important station, whence
When fled th' allies must be victorious, and
Gaul's daring Monarch, ne'er subdue them more.
Already I have on their leaders wrought,
Fearful as thou, when riding the red bolts,
That grasping hope's lov'd object it might die.
Their views accord with ours: They say, long strife
Will waste their native land; to end it soon,
And to Napoleon's harm, shall be their aim,
That peace revisit their unhappy clime.
Thus she; Deceit replies: O much lov'd peer!
My plight long past has perilous been; the dread
Of quick detection buried me in gloom
Pregnant with terrors, whence by stormy way
I came, with Fear, perhaps with useless pains.

Tis time we triumph'd o'er th' imperial Chief,
And fate seems favoring our conceal'd desire.
If here our arts prevail, and he retreat,
Far better game in France we soon shall play:
As unsuccessful her great champion grows,
Her friendship wanes, or into hatred turns;
In him will reason say the failure lies,
The great o'erruling Providence unknown,
Who works invisible to mortal sight;
Exalts and prostrates with resistless hand,
While mortals with erroneous reasoning jar
To learn the secret cause: They seldom know
Our devious courses—tools of passions strong,
That, as th' inconstant tempests drive the clouds,
Impel them, darkling onward to their fate,
As Providence directs, mysterious art of God!
She ended; to the Saxon troops they fly
And them determine to desert the French
By hopeful lures, and moving eloquence.
Through all the hosts the triune secret walk'd,
Exploring, where their fatal rule obtain'd.
And now Aurora sprinkled o'er the world
Her golden radiance—source of life, and joy—
By man perverted to discern, where hosts
On hosts, may readiest wing the shafts of death.
Loud music call'd the martial bands to arms;
The wheeling lines were fast array'd; frowning they stand
In iron forests, spread o'er many a league,
Reflecting Sol's benignant beams. The Chiefs
Prancing sublime, on conscious steeds, mov'd round
The gleaming myriads. Europe's destiny now
Had been decided by the conjunct skill
Of Wittgenstein, De Tolly, Bernadotte,
Blucher and Schwartzenberg, to that oppos'd

Of Gaul's fam'd Emperor; but Intrigue had wove
Her doom before. Monarchs spectators stand
Of the great onset. Half mankind await
Th' important issue, burden'd with suspense.
Blucher and Sweden's Prince begin the fray:
Twice eighty thousand on the left of Gaul
Pour fierce and terrible, as mountain waves
Dashing on ragged shores; Regnier, Marmont
And Ney, with sixty thousand, face the storm,
Break, and roll back the flashing, thundering tide,
That still returns: On all sides battle joins:
Against the Gallic right all Austria pours:
Homberg, Bianchi, Colleredo there,
On Poniatowski withering tempests send:
His valiant Poles an equal blast return;
The broken ranks before their blows recoil.
De Tolly, Wittgenstein and Kliest, assail
The centre; on Probstheyda ponderous falls
All Russia; Lauriston, McDonald, there,
With Augereau and Victor, breast the fight,
Rending the warrior clouds, with deadly arms.
Behind, on Thonberg high, Napoleon stands,
Views the vast field, and guides the growing storm.
Now fierce, in quivering flames, from flank to flank
Of banded myriads, thundering battle rag'd;
The sounding field, besmear'd with carnage, groan'd,
Quak'd, and wept crimson tears; omniverous hiss'd
The iron hail; loud clash'd ensanguin'd steel,
And rushing squadrons; rav'd devouring War:
With terror plum'd, midst toiling ranks he strode,
Discord and Death beside him; frightful powers
Of devastation! Where they go, distress,
And sorrow's tears, and pale dismay attend:
Now o'er Stollentz they rage; its turrets fall
Beneath the rending showers; its streets are strew'd

With wounded mortals, and their reeking gore.
Now o'er Probstheyda, where each centre storms
With deadly fury; now o'er Markleberg
And Poniatowski; Leipsic trembling sees
The dreadful labor; horrid slaughter swells,
And doleful ruin decks the shuddering field.
Sol from the zenith saw th' allies on Gaul
Rush and recoil, as waves from some rough shore,
Rocky remora of the horned flood;
But now o'er Partha Sweden's Prince advanc'd.
Ney from the stream to neighboring heights with-
drew
Th' out-number'd left, and took position strong
In vain: Deceit foil'd Prudence; friendship's guise
Conceal'd the viper sting of fraud; straightway
Ten thousand Saxons quit the cause of France,
Pass to the foe, with flags of truce display'd;
Who, viewing with distrust the treacherous troops,
Conducts them to the rear, and turns their arms,
(That half the day had roar'd against th' allies,)
On weaken'd Gaul; Ney, rushing through his lines,
While scorn and anger light his lofty mien,
Leads on reserves the fraudful breach to close,
And loud exclaims: Lo! treason! Treachery pours
Its hell of curses on yon field betray'd!
Shall France effuse her choicest blood in vain?
Shall meanness blast what valor has achiev'd?
Haste, haste, your isolated brethren call,
Who stand on Faucha, bleeding; thither pours
The hostile tide: Our safety bids us save
Our friends, now doubly dear. Thus he, in vain;
The darkness of defeat on Faucha lowers;
The Russians triumph; Thrice ten hundred yield
Their liberty; their comrades swift retreat;

And Ney, receding fast, contracts again
The line of battle; posting well his troops,
Inflicts, with force inferior, staggering blows:
With one to four the dreadful fight maintains.
At times, Napoleon lends him needful aid,
Though furious, on his right and centre, drive
Two mighty nations: O'er the stormy scene
He casts his guardian eye; his soul above
The great commotion, looks with calmness down,
Like the mild heaven upon a troubled world,
And props, on every point, the wavering fray.
Heralds careering through the raging storm,
On every side th' imperial will reveal'd.
Now at his feet a thunderbolt descends;
High Thonberg startled, trembles; headlong bursts
O'erwhelming myriads through Probstheyda; Pirch,
And Prince Augustus, urge the fearful flood,
Sweeping Gaul's centre backward, shrieking wild;
The clamor swells above th' artillery's roar:
Napoleon leaps upon his fiery steed;
Stern valor's lightning on his countenance plays;
He forms his guard—points to the tumult loud:
"Advance! myself shall breast yon ruinous tide;
'Tis ours to brace the faltering battle there,
And turn the flood of death upon the foe."
He spoke; in gallop, rush'd the excited guard,
Following th' imperial warrior; breathing storm,
He seem'd the thunder travelling o'er the field,
Descended from his cloud-encircled throne,
Tempestuous conflict round him raging wild.
Whole armies reel'd before his rushing force,
That seiz'd, with bloody triumph, the red ground,
O'erstrown with ruins of the brave and bold.
Increasing sounds now heard from either wing
He leaves the warring guard—up Thonberg speeds—

Snatches an optic tube, and instant casts
His practis'd eye through all the laboring field;
With confidence the reins of battle holds;
Nor frowning Fortune, nor unnumber'd foes
Can damp his courage, or relax his powers.
Sol from o'er Andes flam'd, when Langeron
'Gainst Schonfeldt led his legions: As strong winds
Rush on a forest wide of lofty oaks,
Rending their branching tops, and sturdy trunks,
They on the shatter'd village fall; brave France
The heavy shock withstood; wide slaughtering, burn'd
Her loud artillery; deadly muskets showered
Destruction on the nations: Terror now,
Flight by her side, out spread her gloomy wings,
Exerting influence cold: They own her reign,
And fly Gaul's fury disarrayed and torn.
Brave Langeron their drooping spirits cheers;
Renews the combat; But the French again
Repel th' assault, and drive them as the winds
Hurl chaff or smoky vapor through the skies.
This Blucher learning thus his herald bids:
Fly! Langeron inform, it is my hest,
That he obtain Schonfeldt ere night begins;
For much that station will our arms avail.
He spoke; the herald through terrific storm
The mandate bears; and straight the war-worn Chief
Darts, like a meteor, midst his broken powers,
Their lines arranging, and sub-chiefs commands
To keep their fire till closing on the foe;
Then, thundering, onward, with the bayonet, plunge.
And now, impetuous, midst a leaden shower,
Thick falling, as the hail of wintry skies,
Rush the bold legions to the fearful field;
France, with redoubled ardor, on them pours

Destruction terrible, but not repels;
O'er falling thousands brave survivors run;
Soon, in close combat, flame their deadly arms;
France, staggering, meets the shock; red bayonets clash;
Men, struggling, grapple men, in horrid strife;
Disorder wild begins; shouts, dolorous moans,
And frantic screams resound; blood, reeking, glides,
And Havoc rages o'er the dusky field.
At length, the French, forc'd step by step away,
Leave the torn village, and the nations hold
The scene of conflict, cumber'd with the dead.
Still formidably Ney the left defends:
Unhappy Gaul, most valiantly maintains
Her bloody ground; th' allies, deep gored, recoil
Before her right and centre, and discharge
Their heaviest arms, in distant war, till night,
In sullen state, her starry wings unfolds,
Taming the murderous rage of warring hosts.
Leipsic's scar'd inmates from deep cellars rise,
Or from high domes descend and mourn their plight:
With famine, conflagration, butchery near—
The wife and children hang upon the sire,
And he, dismay'd, can lean on nought but Heaven.
The streets are strew'd with wounded and the dead;
Fair beardless youths, still uttering childhood's cries,
The father's hope, the mother's pride, forlorn,
On the cold stone, in chilling darkness, groan'd
Their gentle souls away. Victims more fair
Were never crush'd beneath War's gory wheels:
With hearts of men, of heroes, they had crown'd,
With mournful glory, youthful beauty's brows,
And well their country's lofty valor prov'd.
Napoleon to the troubled town retires—
With weary mind unnumber'd orders gives—

To bridge the streams, defend the walls, assist
The wretched wounded, and his troops withdraw
In darkness from their well defended ground.
His marshals gather round him covered o'er
With dust and blood; their eyes the crisis speak,
And anxious turn upon th' imperial guide,
Who thus begins: Retreat is now decreed:
Unconquer'd yet unconquering have we bled:
Mehrfeldt and Austria give me hope no more;
On well stor'd Erfurt we direct our powers.
Our main supplies were ordered on Torgau:
Our ammunition, near exhausted, but
Two hours can feed the battle's fire; our troops
Want bread; Bavaria threats our road; Tis plain
Another day must not behold us here,
Thus hemm'd by thrice our numbers; but we scarce
Can half our forces o'er the rivers urge
Ere morn on Leipsic's walls will bring the foe.
You, Poniatowski and McDonald, have
The perilous honor to protect the rear.
May not your corps the southern suburb guard?
(He asks the Polish Prince, who thus replies:)
Ah! Sire, few soldiers to my corps remain;
But doubtless we will hold our ground; for all
Are ready in their country's cause to die.
From midnight, till the blushing morn disclos'd
Th' uncommon movement, pour'd retreating Gaul
From the red field, through Leipsic, o'er the streams,
Unharrass'd by the foe: but with the day
On Leipsic's suburbs rush'd the federate powers.
McDonald, on the north, the town defends;
Poniatowski on the south: On either shield
Fall ponderous strokes, and loud the battle grows.
Commotion frightful, heaven convulsing shouts

On all sides rise; gigantic Terror frowns;
The volleyed ruin sweeps whole bands away;
Fall'n thousands writhe beneath the laboring war,
And wild the furies of the conflict rave.
A thousand thunderers roar'd at Leipsic's walls
That shook her base; her reeling turrets burn'd,
Glaring on Gaul with threatning aspect dire.
Her troops thick-crowded o'er the narrow bridge,
In hideous uproar, like tumultuous floods
Through straiten'd pass loud growling, foaming high.
The while, the Gallic Emperor Saxony's King
Releases formally from th' engagements made
With France; the farewell scene was sudden clos'd
By peals of musketry, that loudly told
Th' allies had forc'd the suburbs, and now fought
From house to house, and hand to hand with Gaul.
The anxious Queen and King besought him quick
To mount his steed and save the soul of realms:
Scarce had Napoleon fled the war-rack'd town
When in it rush'd the nations—on they came
Like torrent waves; no time was left their foes—
Confus'd and wild, and unprepar'd, they hied.
Swift, from the north, along the river press
The Swedes and Prussians; from the south, advance
The Austrians; from the east, all Russia drives;
E'en Saxony's troops, quick shifting sides, discharge
Their arms against the French from Leipsic's walls;
There plac'd to aid the troops they now annoy.
Their conduct Blucher thus regards with scorn:
Lo! help is rife when weights are downward roll'd.
Conciliate victors by a treacherous deed!
A most substantial favor to our cause,
To shoot at foes, our valor made to fly!
His words are lost in sound all sounds above,
As Heaven and Earth had met in dreadful shock,

Quaking and thundering: In the clouds up hurl'd
Flies the dense peopled bridge, in fragments torn.
The crowds, just entering on the vanish'd road,
Impell'd by pressing masses, far behind,
Long time, in darkness and confusion, fall
Down the rough precipice, in watery graves.
Some twenty thousand, by th' untimely blast,
Are captur'd; others try to cross the streams:
McDonald plunges in th' obstructing waves,
Swims the corse-laden floods, and France rejoins.
Meantime the Polish Prince, near Borna's road
Contending, saw him midst surrounding foes,
Hears Pleisse's bridge untimely blown away,
And thus exhorts his friends: Behold our plight!
Unhappier far than if we strew'd yon field.
Heavens! who shall view me, while possess'd of life,
And while our country is not quite o'erthrown,
Surrender'd to my foes? Hope, Valor calls—
Come, with the lightning's fury, let us plunge
Through you obstructing host, and make retreat,
Or nobly perish: Though oppress'd with wounds,
Still Cuirassiers, what yet remains of me
Shall lead the desperate onset; swift advance,
You, who love glory, more than shameful life,
And emulate your long victorious Chief:
If we succeed, the act will honor give,
And if we fail, in great endeavors fail;
Our friends shall never blush to tell the deed.
Nor merit leans on Fortune's frowns, or smiles:
In dark adversity it glorious shines;
Prosperity gains lustre from its beams,
And on it Death exerts his rage in vain.
He spoke—his listening warriors look'd applause;
Superior valor, midst them, towering burn'd;

Their eyes reflected his enlivening light,
With bold intention fraught: They sudden drive,
With fiery steeds, against the Russian lines;
Poniatowski foremost on a bristling grove
Of shining bayonets rushes in a shower
Of whizzing bullets—drops his blasting arm,
Pierc'd by a winged death in thunder hurl'd—
Still onward striving with his valiant band,
He gains the Pleisse, plunges in its waves,
The admiration of his vanquish'd foes;
For much he seem'd a fiery tempest fled,
The windward groves in smoking ruins laid.
Hard struggling he attains the farther shore—
His faithful steed was buried in the waves;
He mounts another, to the Elster hies,
Its banks already lin'd with swarming foes,
Down the deep stream he dashes, and no more
Attains its surface; fate fast binds him down
In watery grave, and cold he slumbers there.
Illustrious warrior! oft shall memory dwell
On thy great actions—Admiration haunt
Thy glorious life, and Elster roll in fame,
That quench'd thy spirit, in heroic blaze.
Fleet Czernicheff, with Cossack bands, preceeds
The flying French; their scatter'd host assails;
Each bridge removes, and fills their way with plagues.
And when the tenth revolving sun beheld
Their dismal flight, in strong position, Wrede
At Hanau with twice thirty thousand arm'd,
Their homeward course, with hop'd success, oppos'd;
Yet not dejected, their great Emperor guides
The furious onset, rousing thus his chiefs.
We fight no more for grandeur; but to save
The relics of our greatness, the remains

Of triumphs brilliant. Fortune's evil star
Hath shed malignant lustre on our arms;
She hurls us from that height to which we rose
Lur'd by her smiles. A darker cloud impends.
The nations in pursuit, and Wrede before,
To fight or perish is our doom: Behold!
Bavaria's treachery and our vengeance near!
Though sure of nought, of nothing I despair:
We still have much to lose and much to gain:
Renown shall not forsake whom Fortune leaves;
And though we perish glorious be our fall.
Then, with protended bayonets, each his train
Against th' audacious enemy lead, and soon
Our might shall vanquish his obstructing powers,
And France, victorious, cross their gory bed.
Fierce on his right begin th' important fray;
Let all th' artillery at one time displode,
And when the field is wrapp'd in smoky gloom,
Swift, with our heaviest force, his left assail;
Thither the torrent of the conflict pour—
There, bold Lefevre, with your cavalry, plunge;
And thither, Ney, impel thy conquering tide.
He ceas'd; his generals quick their shatter'd bands
Array for fatal fight; himself sublime
Along their front strode with imperial air,
Infusing in his host heroic fires:
Is this our glory's grave, (he loud exclaims)
Approach we to the tomb of all our power!
I hope in you no funeral train is led
To such sad burial: Spread your banners now!
Your friends & parents stretch their pleading hands,
And ask their safety from your noble deeds.
Now, now's the time—yon host must fly our arms.
Or we abandon France, and all her joys.

Be firm, your country sees—make known her trust
Is not in cowards; but Marengo's race.
By braving death you drive him on the foe.
Advance! the victor of a hundred fields
Shall guide your rage o'er prostrate legions slain.
He said; in nitrous clouds and iron storm,
They rush infuriate on Bavaria's host;
Then dire the din of warring nations rose,
Flames, furies, terrors, raging through the field;
Trees, men, and domes in mingled ruins fell,
Torn by huge iron globes in tempest hurl'd.
The ground sad groan'd, with vital fluid stain'd.
The mountains trembled on their base profound,
And shrieks, and shouts, reecho'd through the skies.
Long time fell Havoc triumph'd; France, at length,
Her column-scattering bayonets dripping gore,
With furious might, dispers'd th' opposing foe,
Ten thousand of whose dead bestrew'd the field,
And mov'd on sternly, o'er the sheltering Rhine.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK XII.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon, inclining to peace, struggles with Pride—is reassured by Valor. At the suggestion of Policy he levies three hundred thousand men—Declaration of the allies—Address to the Senate and reply—last interview with the Empress—Battles of Brienne and La Rothiere—Brief notice of events to the time of his taking position in the rear of the allies—Intrigue, seeing this step, urges Schwartzenberg to march to Paris and effect a revolution, and detaches Marmont and Augereau from Napoleon. He abdicates the throne—takes leave of his guard, and departs for Elba; on his way thither, the Deity, at the prayer of Wisdom, decrees that he shall reascend the throne of France, and teach the world the folly of despair.

Fled from the wasteful rage of Europe arm'd
Napoleon in his Capital appears.
His shatter'd armies on the Rhine remain
To guard th' inviolable soil of France.
Freed Holland's orange banner waves again;
All Germany rejoices, disenthrall'd:
To Rome is Pius, Ferdinand to Spain
Conducted from long durance: Fetters fall
From Kings and nations: Still untam'd, Gaul's Chief
Prepares to smite his foes on every side—
Who, dreading much his skill and power, propound
To own him King of France, and sheath the sword,
Crimson'd so long by unexampled strife.
While yet he meditates, with wise intent,
Of holding sweet communion with fair Peace

Though shorn of much dominion, Pride begins:
Will the great conqueror, to his glory blind,
Relinquish tamely, what he earn'd so well—
Nor boldly seek to gain that dazzling height,
Whose brightness hides the woes of humbler days?
Though peace you need hold Italy and the Rhine,
For thee my face shall then no blushes wear.
She ceas'd, the Emperor answer'd: Wouldst thou rule
As erst in Moscow? Wisdom there, though late,
From thy disastrous counsels tried to save.
Thy sway was such her heavenly voice displeas'd;
Yet, but for her, Napoleon had no more
Directed armies, nor his France beheld.
Much inauspicious then thy presence seems,
Presage of ruin, or my period dark.
None is so great but he may bow to Jove,
Rejoins the haughty power, and upward flies,
Sweeps through the murky clouds—Fame's crystal gates,
In music opening, through the shining way,
With lofty mien, and graceful step, she moves:
Indignant then before the burning throne
She loud begins: Thou Minister of Jove,
Who guid'st his lightnings, grant Napoleon hurl
Destruction on the nations, till his power
Be as of old, or they th' Italian realm
Resign to his dominion. Why should he,
So late thy favorite, feel thy direst frown?
Remit thy anger, hear a great man's prayer
Amidst calamity; nor hear unmov'd;
Or fear'st thou his beneficence to man
Will rival thine? E'en while he breasts the war
Of Europe's Aristocracy, he scans
The maze of polities, and Justice arms

With ready law; rears sciences, and arts,
And leads Improvement, with a father's care,
O'er every obstacle, through all his reign.
If at his throne thou driv'st the tide of ill,
And doom'st his ruin, O direct some ball
Through his bold heart, and end with him my pain;
Let not the great in power, the grand in soul,
See meanness on his noble ruins prey.
Thus she; and Valor thus, with scorn, remark'd:
Thy mad suggestion suits not his firm mind:
True greatness trembles not at Fortune's frowns;
But braves life's ills; Philosophy divine,
A stranger to thy counsels, is its guide.
If all his realm be faithful to his cause,
By valorous deeds he may retain his power.
He spoke; meantime the many color'd dame,
Arch Policy, the Emperor thus address'd:
Is war the worst of ills? Think, ere ye act,
What force your deeds will have on future days,
Their tendency, and virtue: Fickle France
Must, like a child, be led by pleasing toys,
Or drove by rod severe. Hard is the task
To combat Europe; but more hard to hold
The reins of empire on a tarnish'd throne.
If, at Manheim, diplomacy is tried,
Be England's naval claims in question brought.
'Tis not for peace, but war, thy foes would treat:
I counsel then, that thou new armies raise,
And put in vigorous action all thy means:
This course will much affect th' allies; 'twill show
Twixt thee and ruin many a bloody field.
She ceas'd—he thus: By what is now propos'd,
I doubt not that th' allies attempt to gain
New matter, for objections to our sway,

And make us odious in the public eye;
For kings and people, most inveterate foes,
Forget their jealousies, in hate to me;
The first adroit deceive, to make the last
Against their champion lift ungrateful hands.
Yet, such is our desire for peace, we hope
Though met to trifle they will serious treat,
As France imposing attitude assumes.
Besides, if we the offer'd bases take,
Th' intended manifesto of th' allies
Will of it's main foundation be depriv'd,
On which to blame us, for the future war;
These give to France, the Alps and Rhine, for bounds:
I readily accept them; Nor the deed
Shall make the enemy deem we feel too frail
To guard, what he agrees we may retain,
(Our gathering conscripts such belief will bar;)
But show the world our wish to sheath the sword.
He spoke; to arms three hundred thousand call'd,
Against his fate in great attempts to strive.
The nations then, before the world, declar'd,
On France they warr'd not; but against the power,
Which hapless for herself, and half mankind,
Her Chief had exercis'd beyond her sphere;
Their use of victory, was to offer peace
With greater power than erst her kings possess'd,
And give her freedom, as to Europe's states;
For they desir'd her to be great and strong,
A mighty link in th' European chain.
To equalise the strength of states, that France
Might not afflict them more with war, they strove;
Nor, till that end was gain'd, would quit the field.
Thus they; then with vast armies cross the Rhine.
The while Gaul's Chief his Senators address'd:

Exalted late by victory, future times
Wore fairer face than now: False friendship's sting
Has made our triumphs vain, and brought us here
To seek resources to maintain the war.
New sacrifices we regret to ask
Of our lov'd people. Wishing to repose,
We treat on bases, offer'd by th' allies,
For peace, the bliss by us so oft conferr'd
On luckless nations, in our prosperous days.
If this should fail 'twere through no fault of France;
Nor she defers the meeting at Manheim,
Where 'tis propounded to compose the feud,
Which, twelve long years, has bath'd the world in gore.
As fortune ne'er seduc'd me I shall prove
Superior to adversity. Our arms,
With your support, may still resist the foe.
Kings I enthron'd, who now desert our cause.
Denmark, and Naples, only, faithful hold,
Of our allies. How much depends on you!
Be firm, and active, and this gathering gloom
Will fly before the brilliance of our deeds.
Thus he, three days before refulgent Sol
From Capricornus made the worlds rejoice;
He quaffs th' all healing balm, domestic bliss
Ten days, ere thus the Senators replied:
We come to offer tribute of our love
And gratitude, to whom our country owes
Her proudest days. Thou ample pledge hast given
Of thy desire for peace, and acted from belief,
That power is stronger, limited; that Kings
Should always try to work their people's good,
And first in toils, as first in honors, stand.
The French, united under thee, will not
Permit the foe to triumph. May our Emperor strive

With ardor, worthy his exalted name,
To conquer peace, and sign the world's repose!
With martial glory sated, France beholds
(Unhappy laboring on this troubled sea)
The shore of peace, with longing wishful eyes.
There, in thy reign she hopes, in bliss to grow,
And with her steel improve the fruitful glebe.
They spoke; The Chief rejoins: "While peace we seek,
The foe invades Brabant, Alsace, and Bearn.
Man's bliss is all my prayer: My heart recoils
From scenes before; but firm we must contend:
We fight for safety, not for conquests lost."
Events now loudly call'd him to the field:
Invasion's wave, outspread from Marne to Seine,
Towards Paris roll'd. Victor, Marmont, Mortier,
And Ney, with fifty thousand, fled before.
The rustic population, steeds and wains,
Loaded with young and old, in terror fly
Th' impending danger. Paris, startled, sees
The crowd, and learns the enemy comes so strong,
He masks the frontier fortresses, and moves
O'erwhelmingly towards her sacred walls.
The Emperor in the Marshals' hall convenes
The officers, that rule the National Guard.
Amidst them, with his Empress, and his son,
Borne on the nurse's arms, he grave appears
Pale with the cares of empire, and thus speaks:
France is invaded: Forth to head our troops
I march—and by their valor, and God's aid,
Beyond our frontier hope to drive the foe:
But should his arms approach our capital,
The town, the Empress, and the King of Rome,
My wife and child, I to your care confide.
Act well your part—my own shall be perform'd.

He spoke, with feeling-shaken voice, and tears
Were seen to course on rigid faces stern.
And having ordered all things for defence—
Louisa Regent made, and Joseph plac'd
As President of her Council, when the fifth
Bright morn from cold Aquarius spread her wings,
He bids his Empress, thus, a last adieu;
For they, on Earth, were doom'd to meet no more.
I go, Louisa, to the tented field;
Not as of yore: Oft to the battle's front
I now must rush to turn the tide of fate;
If there the hand of Death should end my days,
Let France accede to terms th' allies propound,
If unabridg'd they leave her old domain.
With me the bar to their acceptance dies,
As fail the means, t' enforce her present claim.
The remnant of our Empire sacred keep,
For him, in whom our mingled graces shine;
Be him thy constant care. Take counsel oft
Of those whose fortune on thy power depends.
Weigh well their different views and arguments,
Which, understood, perform, as fits thy weal,
With due dispatch, and in the fortunate time.
Step not, through haste, in darkness; judgment slow
Is yet efficient—indecision springs
Of thought deferr'd, or unexerted mind
To suit th' occasion, not the steady march
Of cautious sense, which comes to firm resolves.
I know my Empress will unceasing pray
For my ascendency, although her sire
Rules hostile hosts: Prosperity gives friends,
And flatterers vile, adversity them tries!
Winnows the chaff; one that withstands her gale
Is worth a world of those she blows away.

We now may learn on whom we can rely:
The genuine patriot shines in trouble's night:
Carnot and others have assum'd their arms:
The Emperor's foe is still his country's friend,
And much priz'd Antwerp to his care is given.
Superior to misfortune I will move,
As Sol, majestic smile above the storm.
Though fate deny our claim may we deserve
The praise of fortitude! My part well done,
I yield: They are not deem'd unfortunate,
Who cheerfully resign to Heaven's decrees,
And those o'er fortune are above all thrones.
Our foes shall purchase at no common price
Our overthrow, though less our force than theirs.
Though conquest shun my sword, I'll win renown;
Though dies the sceptre, still the man survives,
And shows his greatness needs no aid of power.
The Emperor thus—And thus his Queen replies;
Belov'd Napoleon! well Louisa knows
Thy mind is proof against misfortune's storm.
Even now I view thee fallen from great height—
Yet steadfast in good purpose, and sublim'd
By valorous hope. What boots it that thou gain,
Or lose in war? Thy merit beams the same,
Or Fortune frowns, or smiles: Still fame attends
Thy various plight, and still the world admire.
May Heaven dispose our offspring to pursue
The fame his parent won, that sire and son,
In matchless glory, go to future years.
What solace thence my fading days would know!
What kind ideas animate my shade
Beyond the grave! Though that dissolves our cares,
O, can a mother's fondness cease to burn!
But strange commotion must the world endure,
Sign'd to Ate and Erinnys dire,

If chance he find to go his father's ways;
Which, ward, O Heaven! and give the nations peace.
Chief him direct in Lucien's harmless course,
To court the Muse, to give the canvass life,
And woo philosophy, whose sons renown'd,
In undecaying glory, walk with time,
Diffusing virtue's seeds through every age.
Sad is my state, but taught by thee to bear,
With humble dignity, the ills of life,
I will not grieve, but go where duty calls—
Protect our Empire and its hopeful heir.
Hard are the duties of my royal sire;
Alas! the Emperor, not the father wars
On his Louisa's lord. Ill-fated Kings!
Their hearts are crush'd by national interest's wheels:
I see the sacrifice, and can but mourn.
Remember France and me, nor rush on death—
It ill becomes the sovereign thus to fall.
Alas! what miseries might our realm o'erflow,
If thou wast dead! perhaps destruction come
To half thy labors, and the stifled tide
Of faction burst the bounds thy genius gave,
With ruin fraught to all thou now hold'st dear!
Thus the fair Queen; her mighty lord impress
A tender kiss upon her blooming cheek,
And, bearing battles, sought the tented field.
It seem'd to her she ne'er should see him more,
And dropp'd some tears, as from her presence pass'd
The hero breasting Europe's realms in arms.
He now scarce seventy thousand troops array'd,
Though thrice that number of his foes converg'd
Toward Paris: On the invaders' right, where rul'd
Frederick's great pupil, ere thrice Europe bat'

In day and night, he furious onset made,
Out rushing from a shadowy forest's gloom
On Brienne, of his youthful toils the scene,
When science' starry heights he scal'd. Short time
Had Blucher for escape; he down a stair
And through a friendly postern led his steed.
But Alsufieff the sudden shock withstands:
His Russians, bleeding breast the angry blast,
Midst flaming domes; while Blucher snatches swift
His threaten'd army from the man of fate;
Who, compass'd with fierce Cossacks, hand to hand,
For life and empire with the Scythians fights
That boldly charge his rear: The bolt was rais'd,
Whose stroke had laid the spirit of the war;
But thou, Gourgaud, with Death, unnerv'd the arm,
That imminent o'er the fate of nations hung.
The hapless town in smouldering ruins lies—
Lefevre falls in everlasting night—
Brave Blucher to Rothiere his host withdraws;
While thither Schwartzenberg approaches fast,
Warn'd by the battle's thunder. Midst the fray
Napoleon marks the oak beneath whose shade
He, in gay youth, read Tasso's deathless song—
Ere from life's humble vale his glory's sun
Throne-withering rose—before imperial cares,
The fate of millions, labor'd in his breast.

When morn had thrice her golden splendor shed
Th' allies, with armies vast, on La Rothiere
For battle bristling, thus, the Prussian Chief
Directs the nations to the mighty fray:

Lo! thus far we have penetrated France,
Long deem'd invincible; triumphant long
By our disunion; but her glory fades;
Adversity's drear winter kills her joys;
She gave the nations to detest her sway,

Great Monarchs their preeminence to mourn,
Till, lost to mutual jealousies, they join
Determin'd to subdue her warrior King.
Hard was the combat, which destroy'd his power
Beyond the Rhine, and glorious to our arms;
More glorious will it be to crush him here.
Much will he strive to oppose our way; but well
Our host must combat, nor their laurels stain,
So bravely won in Leipsic's bloody field.
Yon steely barrier, to our course opposed,
Before Sol's farewell gaze skirts night with gold
Must, ruin'd, strew the field, or, scatter'd, fly
The victor terrors of our raging arms!
The corps of Sacken in two lines will move
From Trannes towards Brienne, by Dienville's road;
Part towards Rothiere; the force of Guilay form
Reserve to that, and Alsufieff's to this;
The Russian guard will be support to all,
Plac'd on the heights, twixt Trannes and Eclance;
From which the Prince of Wirtemburg will march
On Chaumenil; there, from a wood, dislodge
The enemy's force, and junction form with Wrede,
Who thither, from Doulevent, is marching fast.
Be all your movements rapid, and th' attack
Resistless: 'Tis not life, but victory most we prize.
Thus spoke the Chief; his mighty forces mov'd
To the dread onset. France held La Rothiere,
Dienville, Chaumont, and intermediate plains.
Here first the combat rag'd: loud roaring guns
Began destruction; shelter'd by their blows,
Wirtemburg's Prince impetuous leads his host
Against the French; the French, fierce battling, reel,
Their gleaming arms hoarse bray, besmear'd with gore,
Laboring in slaughter; deadly bullets hiss;

La Gibrie trembles under iron showers;
Wrapp'd in a night of clouds Mars round her storms,
And Death stalks ghastly through her shatter'd paths.
At length, Mortier, high coursing midst the war,
Turn'd his torn bands against the rushing foe:
Loud ring their arms; musket on musket breaks,
Bayonets and swords thick clash; men tumble round;
Soon fly the nations through the groaning town,
France thundering on their rear. This Blucher mov'd;
He quickly reinforc'd the royal Chief;
Who, charging swift, the gory town regain'd.
The while Napoleon threats his enemy's flank;
But well brave Blucher knew his greater power;
Nor chang'd his early purpose to o'erthrow
The Gallic centre. Great spectators came;
The Russian, Prussian and the Austrian King:
Glad, in their presence to fulfil his plans
The veteran Chief conducts his ardent powers
On La Rothiere. Him Sacken bold attends.
And now tremendous grows the rage of fight,
Th' artillery thunders, levelled muskets burn;
In squadrons deep the cavalry rush amain,
Like tempests sweeping o er the foamy waves,
And mournful ruin strews the ample field.
Resistless pour the nations; France recedes,
With flaming arms, before the deadly blast.
To prop the fight, Napoleon midst his guard
High moves conspicuous as the moon, new risen
O'er orient hills, when snow invests the land,
And silvery ice the trees, and cloudless heaven,
Bespangled thin with stars, smiles o'er the scene,
And thus bespeaks them: Lo! th' occasion calls
Our army's bulwark to the field of fame!
Myself will lead you on yon boisterous powers:
This breast shall foremost in the combat stand,

So long detested by the foes of France,
Victor so long o'er potent states combin'd.
Advance! Our country looks to us in tears!
He ceas'd; their answering shout th' battle claim'd.
As clouds on wings of whirlwinds traverse heaven,
Following their Monarch, rush'd they on the foe:
Then stormy conflict rag'd, shouts, screams & moans
Resounded—double night o'erspread the field;
Discord assum'd her direst form, and Mars
Inhuman rav'd amidst the thickening gloom;
For now the sun had left the western skies
To cast his burning eye on happier lands.
Napoleon's steed in thickest battle fell,
Pertus'd by ponderous ball; the Emperor rose;
Midst vulgar warriors urg'd the dreadful fray;
Midst falling thousands, facing death, he stood,
And in his troops thus breath'd heroic fires:
On, fellow soldiers, fortune helps the brave!
Let not our country mourn our valor lost,
So oft triumphant o'er these foes, who dare
Invade that France, whose arms have awed the world!
Where e'er he wends tremendous conflict grows;
His legions rush infuriate, dire, and wild,
Scattering destruction, like heaven's fiery bolts,
Hurl'd from the dark abode of storm, when winds
Tumultuous drive the thundering night along.
On other steed he mounts and high carreers
Through the wide uproar. Mighty nations reel
Before the army by his presence fir'd.
Night veil'd the horrid field; but Blucher rous'd
His bleeding forces to maintain the strife,
Leading their van: Again the dreadful shock
Of furious armies tragic scenes disclos'd:
All La Rothiere was wrapt in warring flames
Alternate with thick darkness. Havoc t

With maw distended, drove, with fearful speed,
The dogs of slaughter round the labouring fight,
Terrors and furies screaming in their course.
At length the French in midnight's gloomy reign,
Withdrew their legions from the direful fray,
Which swallow'd thousands of the bold and brave.
There fell Bouvier, of valiant men the pride;
Heroic patience, persevering zeal
Were his; bereft of hands by Russian frost,
He yet bore fatal sword; fronting his band,
And midst the tempest of the fight he died.
There Mowatt perish'd in his glory's bloom;
Beneath the tempest of his arm war groan'd
And stormy battle wheel'd; like some tall oak,
Whose broad unyielding arms made whirlwinds moan
Their vain assault, by thunder prostrate laid,
He fell, transpierc'd by balls. No more his peers,
In doubtful fray, on him turn hopeful eyes:
Their rock of fight is scatter'd in the dust;
Nought lives of Mowatt, but an empty name.
As wild winds prostrate forests, Discord laid
Unnumber'd thousands on the crimson ground:
Fair youths, rejoicing for the days to come,
And seniors, careless of Hope's flattering tales;
All ghastly wan; no more defeat will grieve,
Nor victory glad their breasts, in death clay cold.
Unhappy France, whose frown made nations mourn,
And thou, among whose courtiers kings were seen,
Must meet the doom, rash enterprize provokes,
And teach the strong to reverence Justice' bounds,
All sacred, nor them pass, though Avarice tempt,
Hope promise, and Ambition's voice conceal
The present ill with views of future good.

The French repass'd the Aube, and fir'd its bridge.
At Chattillon ambassadors now meet:
For Prussia, Humboldt; France, Vizenza's Duke;
For England Stewart, Cathcart, Aberdeen.
In Razumowski Russia there appear'd;
In Stadion Austria. These, for peace, demand,
That France relinquish Belgium, and resume
Her ancient limits. Caulaincourt's despatch,
Divulging the hard terms, her Emperor reads
In trouble; Maret and Berthier, with zeal,
Urge their acceptance: He to peace inclines,
Thus pondering silent o'er his luckless plight:
Alas! to circumstances all must yield:
Sol's fires unfed must fail, and he in gloom
Midst faded planets mourn. My throne, ill arm'd,
Will cease t' exert a vivifying power,
And I, in grief, shall look o'er blighted France.
State after state, lopp'd by the arm of Jove,
Has from my Empire pass'd. When I assum'd
This purple, full of thorny cares, France held
The Alps and Rhine, her natural limits; now
E'en Belgium fast is crumbling from her side.
Can I to this assent? The Bourbon might—
Then let him be restor'd. But where shall I
Find rest and safety? Did not Fox say well,
That kings, restor'd, forgive not those who fill'd
Their thrones? May monarchs, that to me have bow'd
Beyond the Rhine, not wish me far remov'd,
When Russia threatens? When their subjects mourn
My power's declension? Hannibal affords
A mournful illustration of the snares
That compass helpless greatness: Distant realms
Gave him no shelter from the shafts of Rome:
She fear'd his mere existence. Can I hope,

Untroubled, life's sad pilgrimage to end?
Or, that the world hath place of rest for me?
O come, kind grave, your dark embrace shall hide
The ingrate's meanness, and the flatterer's praise
From my tir'd senses. Patriotism calls
All France to arms; but calls, alas! in vain;
I stand, a head, upon a shrivell'd trunk,
Its vital heat, its patriot warmth decay'd
So much, the insults of barbarian hordes
Scarce stir the national blood; as Nature's self
Were chang'd, attraction and repulsion lost,
And toil-worn nodded on her starry throne.
Naples has left our cause: Eugene can send
No succour o'er the Alps to Augereau.
Denmark obeys Necessity, and leaves
My failing fortunes: Wellington invades
From Spain, and thrice my numbers threat my rear;
That now, in mass resistless, onward pour,
Too well instructed in my rules of war.
Still, I shall wait till morn, ere I direct
Th' acceptance of the odious basis. Sleep!
Drown in your balmy tide my cares. Thus he,
Down lying careless on the grateful bed,
And straight in slumber's downy arms repos'd.
But, ere day dawn'd, returning scouts made known
To th' wak'd Emperor, that th' opposing powers,
Though taught th' advantage of each other's aid
At La Rothiere, and at Brienne its need,
Had separated; Schwartzenberg in front
Remain'd; but Blucher to the Marne had led
His army, and towards Paris by that vale
Approach'd. His eagle eye detects the fault—
And quick bids Oudinot and Victor face
Tho Austrian left; while he the country cross'd,
In swift pursuit of Blucher; nor responds

To Caulaincourt's inquiry: Hope had now
The ruin promis'd of Silesia's host:
Accomplishing his destiny, he heeds
The Syren's voice, and leaves th' ambassador
To grope in darkness, till the sword may give
The needed light. He urges on his troops
Through pathless tracts, woods, ditches, snow and
fens,
Towards the road, where Blucher's host, disjoin'd
In three divisions, march'd on Paris—sure,
That Schwartzenberg, Napoleon well employ'd.
At Champaubert, he on the central corps,
By Alsufieff commanded, headlong fell,
Like lightning from Jove's hand and quick subdu'd.
The voice of fight made Sacken and DeYork
Retrace invasion's road, from where they view'd
The spires and smoke of Meaux, to Montmirail.
There, Gaul's impulsive Emperor them oppos'd:
He bids Marmont obstruct gray Blucher's march,
While he in torrent, sweeps their hosts away.
As foaming billows thunder on the shore,
His valorous legions on the Prussians fall;
As meets the shore the shock of boisterous waves,
Th' astonish'd Prussians meet the fearful charge,
And, horrid swells the fray. The Emperor fans
The battle's fires; tempestuous round he drives,
And lightens through the gloomy files of war.
Mars, gorgon-rob'd, and Discord hot from hell,
With blighting breath, hard laboring, shake the field
Dire on Marchaise the storm of combat rag'd;
Thence thrice, by bayonet point, the French were
driven,
With odious carnage; and the Prussians thrice
Retreated thence, in wild uproar; at length
Half fall'n, they fled, hard press'd by thundering Gaul

They cross the Marne, involve its bridge in flames;
Towards Chalons retreat: Mortier pursues
O'er the deep stream, his Emperor close behind,
Till night invests the land, and morn appears
In rosy stole; then glad, Napoleon learns,
That Blucher, ignorant of his centre's plight,
Is, with swift steps, advancing to its aid,
Driving Marmont before on Montmirail.
He bids Mortier, pursue the routed powers,
While he, from Thierry, to Ragusa's Duke,
With all his guard, returns, and sudden falls,
With cavalry strong, upon th' invading foe:
Vast squadrons gallopp'd on his bristling lines.
Brave Blucher, midst the iron tempest, forms
His troops in quadrates, and retreats in gore
O'er many a bloody league, till, at Chalons,
He joins the corps of Sacken and De York.
There Gaul must needs permit him to repose;
For Schwartzenberg approaches Paris proud.
Him t' oppose the watchful Emperor hies;
But leaves Marmont t' observe the Prussian Chief.
E'en now his Fontainbleau hears hostile arms:
But, ere two days, on Nangis he descends.
There, driving Oudinot's and Victor's bands
Before, towards Paris proudly march'd th' allies.
Impetuous on them, like a tempest dark,
That sweeps the heaven & earth, & rolls the waves
Far off their wonted shore, Napoleon rush'd
In the strong panoply of valiant hearts.
His foes amaz'd exclaim: Can this be him,
And these the troops, who late on Blucher warr'd!
Has not some Angel, Guardian of the land,
Borne hither its arm'd sons in gloomy clouds!
What active valor animates the Chief!
With half our numbers he defeats our aims!

And loud the battle rages; slaughtering guns
Pour ruin forth, and strew the field with death;
Squadrons encounter squadrons, fury wing'd;
Steeds rear, and plunge, arms clash, disploding burn,
And horrid tumult many a furlong reigns.
The dread commotion fills an empire's bounds;
Pyrenee calls to Alp, and Alp throws back the roar.
Soon fly the nations; by dire terrors driven,
They cross the Seine, France thundering on their rear.
On Montereau then rolls the storm of fight,
Where Wirtemberg's brave Prince th' allies con troll'd.
Short time he stood the rage of furious Gaul;
Conducted by her King of mighty name,
Like torrent floods, or burning winds, she drove
O'er many a league her potent foe far off
Th' vicinage of her Paris, beyond Troyes.
Nor twice seven rounds had made the orb of day,
When Oudinot and sage McDonald, left
To check the numerous host of Schwartzenberg,
The indefatigable Chief of France
Returns to oppose the vast Silesian host—
O'er Aisne's stream his war-worn veterans leads:
Then on Craone loud storm of combat rose;
DeYork and Sacken, after peerless fray,
Flew his fierce presence, and the deadly field,
O'erstrown with thousands, and at Laon took
Position strong, defying their great foe.
Nor had Hyperion twice drove round the day,
Ere Gaul advanc'd beneath the fog of morn,
To renovate the angry flames of fight.
Twice forty thousand men her banners bore,
Gleaming in steel, and tipt with wavy plumes,

These led by skilful Chiefs, at once begin
The mournful fray, thundering amain; nor less
Th' assail'd Silesians: Wide around, the lands
And skies were wrapt in flames and smoky gloom;
Earth trembled under raging squadrons, bent
On havoc vast, and tiers of thunderers huge,
Spouting big cataracts of fire and death.
All day th' earth-shaking battle rag'd, and night
Faint truce impos'd: Twice Sol meridian blaz'd
On the great conflict, and twice left the field
Groaning in darkness. Blucher scarce sustain'd
The deadly shock, save where warr'd Sacken and
DeYork;
There, as the second dismal day hung in the west,
Veiling his radiance in the misty air,
France from their death-dispensing front recoil'd,
Deep fraught with ruin—unpursu'd, for sore
Her foemen tarried on selected ground,
O'erspread with ruins of the form divine.
Now Discord and her demons, wrapt in clouds,
Roll'd up the cone of night, with stormy sound,
And, as they soar'd thus sung the hideous crew:
To see Napoleon bound from host to host,
O'er floods and hills, deep snow and miry vales,
Against such odds contending, fills with joy,
As when the Titans cast the hills at Jove,
And he and Nature on the rebels fell:
One storm then wrapp'd the globe, that quak'd and
rock'd
Beneath gigantic forms, reeling before
Th' Almighty's blows from clime to clime; each step
Passing broad zones: One hand the frigid swept,
The other, in the torrid, seiz'd an isle,
Or mountain huge, and hurl'd it through the heavens.
Th' abruptions vast made vales for watry worlds.

With smiles, th' Eternal their presumption sees,
Assists the upward flight of mountains; gives
Auxiliar strength; dilates, in central caves,
Th' imprison'd air, that breaks Earth's ribs, and sends
The Moon from out her bowels, ne'er to fall,
But wheel forever round the fearful scene,
And, constant, at her shatter'd parent gaze.
Seeds, from the gloomy deep upthrown, now felt
The vital heat: New forms of being rose.
Th' internal fires broke out on every side:
Etna to Cotopaxi call'd, in groans.
Far Hecla loudly roar'd, and audience claim'd,
Midst deep-ton'd thunders, and all heaven on fire
With quivering lightnings, bursting from thick clouds,
Borne by rock-tossing winds, that forests bore
In rustling uproar on their thundering wings.
At either pole storm'd Winter, and between
Blaz'd thunderbolts, and floods and tempests rag'd.
Whole oceans bounded from their beds, in foam,
Like tigers from their lairs, unnumber'd leagues
Above the highest mountains, in their course
Sweeping whole continents. The Giants toil
Beneath the tempest, staggering to and fro:
Now in th' Atlantic, now in India's deep,
On Labrador's and then on Falkland's shore
They trod, and shook the globe; as when a tar
Leaps quick from side to side, on some small boat
And shakes and rolls it with the shifting weight.
At length, th' Eternal hurls a comet huge
Unnumber'd miles along the crashing Earth,
That sweeps the rebels from her stormy face
Far east, toward the region of the Sun.
Her surface smouldering, with the attrition, glow'd.
Her woods were charr'd and swept to beds of coal,
Quench'd by the fall of mountains, interchang'd:

While ocean boil'd and raging, roll'd in flame.
The spirit of the Titans still remains;
Still man against himself and Heaven rebels.
Unhappy being! for our sport he dies;
To get a bawble plunges worlds in war;
He runs on death to win the praise of fools;
His rights determines by contention dire.
He millions pays that knaves may thousands gain;
His conduct proves, with him unnumber'd lives
Can not outweigh a phantom; wo of realms,
And death of myriads scarce suffice to test
A statesman's scheme to seize his neighbor's gold.
The will of one makes many millions mourn,
Since in societies the race have join'd.
What hopeful prospect rational man presents!
Obtruding Wisdom, nor maturing Time,
Nor Christ's pacific lore shall change his ways;
Rejoice then dark companions; Earth is ours;
We still shall quaff the gore of battle fields,
We still shall hold communion with mankind,
Inspire their counsels and direct their deeds.
Rejoice, O, Sovereign of th' infernal world;
Thrice louder let the blazing tempests howl,
In joy of our great prevalence on this globe,
Of all the planets most to us endear'd,
Its tenants more to wo than bliss inclin'd.
Ah! could the souls, that wander on the winds,
Their great discoveries tell, our sway would end;
But all their organs moulder in the grave,
That may win audience of material forms.
Roll on, contention's years! Ye gladsome days
Advance, when warring hosts, pour'd from the north,
And from Napoleon's fall, shall glut our shrine.
Thou, Wisdom, source of peace and human bliss,
Preside with man no more, nor harm our reign.

Thus they, in darkness, and now morn advanc'd,
With blushing cheek, and golden tresses fair,
Showering new life along the brightening world.
Upon Soisons the frustrate French retir'd;
Which, garrison'd, they sped to Rheims; St. Priest
There held position: Nor had Phœbus thrice
Blaz'd o'er the world, when Gaul against him drove
With thunders, bayonets, flames, and iron showers.
Long, with disastrous violence, rag'd the fray:
At length, th' allies resign'd the mournful field,
Where early fell their Chief, by cruel ball
Hurl'd headlong from his prancing steed on heaps
Of dying mortals, quivering, cold, and pale:
Like a fair rose, torn from its parent trunk,
That faded, withers on the sultry plain,
Its living red, and grateful fragrance gone,
The lifeless general lay with kindred dust.
Unnumber'd captives, victor France retain'd.
Much Schwartzenberg the wasteful conflict mourn'd,
Which broke a needed link in hope's bright chain;
But when seven suns on St. Priest's grave had shone
In front of Arcis came the Austrian Chief,
Frowning defiance on Napoleon's power.
And now Necessity thus Wisdom moves:
Gaul's Emperor, reaping error's fruit, demands
Thy aid. On him much rests: Fair Science mourns
His wo; but Inquisition whets her fangs
And views, with ghastly joy, his tottering power.
His genius shines out cloudless at my call;
But force must be oppos'd by force; he stands
Too weak to cope with either hostile host.
Shall he the frontier posts, or Paris seek,
T' increase his army? Help him backward turn
The tide, that threatens France and liberty.
His late bad counsellors around us mourn;

Ambition asks of Prudence glory's road;
Pride views her faults, and sickens at the sight;
E'en Vanity laments; Conviction holds
Such dazzling reign!—Thus Need, & Wisdom then:
For him 'twere best to march to Paris—curb
The factions there, and fight before her walls.
To threat his foe's communications would
Best serve his country—whom he seeks to serve.
Who risk'd his life may risk his crown for her,
And to the patriot sacrifice the man.
Thus she—Ambition reassur'd, begins:
I blame myself no more, for having turn'd
His thoughts from Chattillon to Blucher's host,
When pondering the power-palsying terms of peace;
For now Captivity, with menace stern,
Looks on the federate sovereigns; proud success
Smiles on his trophied Eagles, and Renown
Lifts her loud trumpet to astound the world.
Yet, since diplomacy no longer aids,
I fear hope flush'd to light him to the tomb;
That e'en success, to urge his fate, was given;
That five successive victories, only prove,
Europe unsafe, with France in hands so brave!
Vain dread—the frontier fortresses will yield
The needed reinforcements—harder terms
Will not be ask'd of Austria's relative
Than were required at Chattillon; besides,
The Lily can not bloom in Austria's sun;
For thus Louisa's father has declar'd.
She ceas'd, and Wisdom darts, like ray of light,
From Need's rough dome along th' expansion blue,
Mid frolic breezes wafting silvery clouds—
Descends on Arcis, and the Chief bespeaks:
Here Schwartzenberg approaches, Blucher there;
March quick between them, and attain their rear;

There war, while Marmont and the national guard
Defend fair Paris, and the federate Kings
Shall not escape, if thou victorious prove;
But owe again their forfeit crowns to thee.
She spoke, he pass'd the Aube, towards Vitry march'd,
But first on Schwartzenberg's gigantic host
Infuriate rush'd; with boldness weakness hides.
He gains their rear, and much th' allies alarms;
On him they look, as pious pilgrims view
A lion, intercepting their return
To populous caravan, which slow proceeds
Through the pale wilderness to Mecca's shrine.
Deceit and sly Intrigue long time had rode
In gloom, avoiding day, accompan'ing night
Over vast continents, and lonely seas;
But now the twain remit the dark pursuit
To circle France: Observing Fortune cast
A doubtful radiance on her Emperor's throne,
Her lowering changeful face, they thought, design'd
Great revolution in th' affairs of men;
And thence took courage: Wellington they saw
Advancing far in Gaul, compelling Soult
From field to field in gore; an Austrian force
In Lyons, and th' allies, with numerous hosts,
Twixt Paris and Napoleon interpos'd.
Intrigue, assuming Borgo's form and air,
Thus timely Schwartzenberg address'd: Why not
A revolution, as a treaty, make?
For know, the nation's not the Emperor's weal
Employs the most distinguish'd sons of Gaul:
Corruption throws her soul-debasing darts,
And Patriotism toils to blast his power:
Both Honesty and Fraud conspire his fall!
By venturing all you venture nothing still;

To Paris then—be War himself dethron'd—
Nor heed Napoleon threatening in thy rear.
She ceases—flies to Paris—takes the form
Of Talleyrand—the Senate moves, and shows
Rebellion is not treason, when the force
Of banded Europe justifies the deed.
Then to Marmont departs and thus begins:
Oh Chief! behold two hundred thousand foes,
Foes, not of France, but of the man you serve,
Approach our Paris; Canst thou stop their march?
Thy late attempts against their van were vain;
Why sacrifice thy troops for him, whom France
No longer deems her Emperor? Then remit
Thy hostile toil; with warlike honors yield,
And let the nations glad the world with peace.
She spoke, and thus the war-worn Chief replied:
One who for Gaul has bled and toil'd so long,
When Paris' barriers by th' allies are forc'd,
May sacrifice the Emperor to the state;
E'en Patriotism will command the deed,
When loyalty to him is perfidy to France.
Thus he; then swift to Augereau, the power,
With like intent, discourses, and the Chief
Makes like reply. And now eight times had Sol
From Aries cast his vivifying beams,
When Schwartzenberg, near Paris' walls appear'd;
There thrice three hours rag'd battle, scattering death,
Wielding his thunders, and tempestuous showers:
Marmont, with slender force, and valor great,
The torrent breasts; at length, to save the town,
He truce obtains; in Paris stalk the Kings.
Meantime to Fontainbleau Napoleon comes,
A day too late to keep his tottering power.
Still jovial, undepress'd, his host reviews—
Bids Ney, McDonald, Caulaincourt defend

His dynasty before the victor Kings,
And do the best for France, nor him regard:
Th' ambassadors depart, and urge his views:
While yet they speak, the march of Marmont's corps
Within the lines of the allies is learn'd:
The weighty fact the sovereigns moves to claim
An unconditional abdication of the throne.
The Senate straight decree his reign has ceas'd,
And call the Bourbon to the helm again.
The flatterers groping for the stronger side,
Soon see a fiend where late an angel stood.
Th' ambassadors to Fontainbleau return.
Ney in his palace finds the fallen Chief,
And thus bespeaks him; Sire, 'tis vain to seek
Thy dynasty's continuance: Force prescribes
Our movements now: 'Tis wise in man to yield
To what his efforts can not overcome.
Marmont has quit thy cause, on plight thou live
In circumscrib'd domain; his corps has pass'd
Within the enemy's lines: This luckless deed
Came to the sovereigns' knowledge while we urg'd
The object of our mission; straight they claim'd
Thy unconditional abdication; next
The Senate snatch'd the sceptre from thy hands!
For revolutions never backward move:
All seek power's rising sun: So fates adverse
Darken our path. Thus he; Napoleon heard,
With indignation fir'd, and quick replied:
Great boon, indeed, Ragusa's Duke has given;
He takes my gold, yet kind, the dross returns,
Grateful, perhaps, for all my favors past!
Can I such gifts accept from less than Heaven?
The Senate equal obloquy deserve:
If (as is charg'd) I have despis'd mankind,

Their recent conduct proves th' opinion just.
As vines embrace the oak they round me twin'd
While revolution's tempest shook the land;
To foreign branches now they fondly cling,
Regardless of the trunk up which they rose.
The soil whence came my tempest-braving power,
Was France and God, it never came of them,
Who now so modest grant another's throne.
All is not lost; I might to Italy march
With yon brave host, and yet the crown retain;
Or, concentrating all our forces, show,
More Capitals than mine in hostile hands,
Or, back returning, glut our soil with gore
Of foes and traitors, and our sway resume;
But the sole obstacle to Earth's repose
I bide no longer: Be the throne resign'd
By me, and all my race; e'en life itself
I will upon my country's altar pour
To make her happy. Thus the hero spoke.
His abdication swift to Paris flew,
And on it's pinions smil'd all bounteous peace.
To him the sovereignty of Elba's isle
The arbiters of Europe straight assign,
That ocean's vast embrace may far detain,
Divested of his king-alarming power.
When twice ten suns had budding April grac'd,
Th' unthron'd Napoleon leaves his Fontainbleau,
Addressing first his guard: Brave men, our doom
Is to be separate; Heaven's o'erruling power
Has so ordain'd; but though with you no more
I tread the tented field, yet will I trace
Your ways, observe your conduct, and enjoy
The dear reflection, that ye once were mine,
And I was yours. Know, that ye have my love.
Your actions much deserve. All I cannot embrace;

But will your general, with respect to all.
The Emperor thus, majestic in his grief,
While mourning thousands heard bedew'd with tears,
And sorrow cast a sullen glory round.
Cambronne advanc'd from midst the weeping train;
Him the great Chief, with mournful grandeur, held
To the bold breast long fraught with Europe's doom,
The soul-born tears slow trickling from their eyes;
The trophied standard then embrac'd sublime,
Great triumphs blazing on th' imposing scene;
So bade adieu to victory's eagled sign,
And into exile took lamented way,
Pursu'd by Gaul's proud genius, and the tears
Of millions griev'd. Britannia's bark convey'd
Th' unconquer'd hero to the destin'd isle,
O'er the wide rolling deep; and as he sail'd
Fair Wisdom comes resplendent from her skies,
To him sole visitor, and thus begins:
Thou fall'st not with thy throne, more than the hill
With its tall forest, when before the gale
Wide countries reel, and from each mountain's brow
Is torn its verdant cloud; still, mild and bald
It stands indifferent midst the tempest's rage,
And soon resumes its wonted youthful green.
From this position every fault appears,
Which lopp'd thy power; with vexing clearness, shines
The better course, neglected, which, pursu'd,
Napoleon still had been the King of Kings,
And still triumphant o'er his foes, as now
Triumphant o'er his miseries; nor I blame;
'Tis luckless, not reproachful, to be wrong'd;
'Tis not in man to shun perfidious wiles:
Night-shrouded fraud eludes the hero's sword,
And fatal crime abuses Wisdom's trust.

Thy part was well perform'd; it now remains
To bear with patience, what thou canst not shun,
And from adversity snatch living crowns,
Of which nor fraud, nor arms, nor Fortune can deprive.
Thus speaks the power divine. The Chief replies:
I know too well, that life all things out weighs,
That all its dignity is virtue, and its pomp
A trifling ornament to lay it down
In grief for sceptres pageantry, and power.
They pain their Kings when Kings their people bless;
Such labor honest sovereigns must perform!
Let thrones attract the bubble-chasing world;
For such I am not weak enough to die;
Nor eagre, as to suffer France to bleed
At every pore to keep my royal state.
Yon isle is not too small for happiness;
Nor shall Renown forget Napoleon there:
His pen shall tell the deeds of former days,
Delineating his laborious life.
Of what is done 'tis better to dispose,
Than let it perish, while performing more.
He ceas'd, the fair one mounts her native skies,
Involv'd in golden clouds, and near the throne
Of Heaven's eternal Monarch thus begins:
Omnipotent creator, deign to hear
Thy Wisdom's voice of things in Europe's realms:
When angry late, thou saw'st her Kings conspire
'Gainst human rights, while thunders rock'd thy throne,
And darkness round thee roll'd, thou badst me guide
One gifted man to peerless height of power
In that great state, awak'd to Freedom's charms,

And him endue with mercy to forgive
Those he might conquer: Great Napoleon rose
From that high mandate, and the thrones around
Long trembled at his arms; war, glory-plum'd,
Trampled the nations low, and sham'd their kings,
Though not destroy'd: At length, in pride of power,
He strove to vanquish Russia; in her clime
Victor he march'd, and had her King subdued;
But, the unlucky passions rul'd him there,
And I, delay'd by Heaven to stop their sway,
Till hoary winter scowl'd with gathering storms,
Scarce sav'd him, and his host from icy graves;
For soon benumbing algor, tempest-borne,
Chill'd the wide land, and heap'd with silvery snow;
Then congregated nations on him warr'd;
He lean'd on interest, duty, nature, all in vain!
Nor I could aid, e'en when in France he brav'd
The rage of conjunct states; for treason there
My plan defeated—and the hero falls
From his proud eminence of imperial power—
Lo! how magnanimous, he bids not blood
To flow in civil strife, to save his crown:
For France and glory may her children bleed—
But not her sceptred servant! such his thoughts,
While he resigns the greatest throne of Earth,
And seeks repose in Elba's humble isle.
Too well he knows the worth of regal power
To deem it needful to the bliss of life,
Or listen to the voice of wounded pride;
Let me intreat then, that he reascend
The Gallic throne, his wisdom to reward,
And teach the world the folly of despair.
For mortals marvel, that he falls and lives,
Condemn the patience, which on misery smiles,